



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

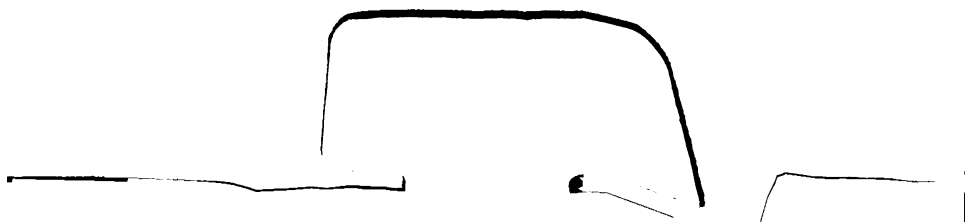
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

BEAUJEU





BEAUJEU

BEAUJEU

By H. C. BAILEY

AUTHOR OF "MY LADY OF ORANGE"



LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

1905

**TO
DASH AND JACK :
FRIENDS**

CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
I. KING CHARLES II. CHRISTENS HIS DOGS . . .	1
II. SIR MATTHEW DANE RECEIVES AN IDEA . . .	11
III. "OUR LOVES HAVE MINGLED WITH TOO MUCH OF FATE"	16
IV. MR ANTONY SMITHERS FOLLOWS A HAT . . .	28
V. SIR MATTHEW DANE GOES WALKING . . .	33
VI. A FRENCHMAN DRINKS OCTOBER . . .	39
VII. THE BLOOD OF THE MARTYRS . . .	50
VIII. A FAMILY AFFAIR	57
IX. IN ONE ORCHARD AND SEVERAL LANES . . .	65
X. MR WHARTON	74
XI. OF A CANDLE AND MOTHS	84
XII. IN HOLBORN FIELDS	93
XIII. THE BENEVOLENCE OF M. DE BEAUJEU . . .	99
XIV. THE GALLANTRY OF M. DE BEAUJEU . . .	106
XV. "A WOMAN WHOSE NAME WAS DELILA" . . .	117
XVI. THE SYMPATHY OF M. DE BEAUJEU . . .	125
XVII. MY LORD SHERBORNE SLAMS A DOOR . . .	129
XVIII. MR WHARTON UPON LOVE	134
XIX. MR HEALY COMES THROUGH WHITEFRIARS . .	141
XX. POLITICS AND GILLYFLOWERS	162
XXI. MY LORD SUNDERLAND RECEIVES AN EPISTLE .	161
XXII. MY LORD SUNDERLAND REPLIES	165
XXIII. WOMEN AND MEN	176

CHAP.	PAGE
XXIV. MEN AND A WOMAN	191
XXV. M. DE BEAUJEU LEAVES BY THE WINDOW	205
XXVI. M. DE BEAUJEU COMES IN BY THE DOOR	218
XXVII. M. DE BEAUJEU FIGHTS FOR ANOTHER	226
XXVIII. M. DE BEAUJEU OPINES HE IS DEAD	234
XXIX. MR DANE IS HUMBLE	244
XXX. LOVE IN A COTTAGE	251
XXXI. MY LORD SUNDERLAND LEAVES THE SHIP	257
XXXII. LOVE IN A CARRIAGE	262
XXXIII. A GENTLEMAN WITH TIDINGS FROM THE KING	267
XXXIV. MR HEALY WEARS A WHITE FLOWER	270
XXXV. MY LORD SHERBORNE MAKES AN END	279
XXXVI. MR HEALY DESERTS A CONVERSATION	282
XXXVII. IN DEATH	287
XXXVIII. CONCERNING DUTY AND M. DE BENTINCK	290
XXXIX. M. DE BEAUJEU ACHIEVES SUCCESS	297
XL. M. DE BEAUJEU RETURNS IN TRIUMPH	309
XLI. M. DE BEAUJEU RECEIVES HIS REWARD	313
XLII. M. DE BEAUJEU PLAYS WITH HIS SWORD	320
XLIII. M. DE BEAUJEU COMES TO HIS OWN	328

BEAUJEU

CHAPTER I

✓
b KING CHARLES II. CHRISTENS HIS DOGS

My Lord Sunderland halted behind the hedge and, invisible, surveyed his King. It was a morning of St Martin's summer, and the sun silvered the big bare elms and made the lawn gleam and glisten before his Majesty's purple shoes. King Charles II. leant upon the shoulder of the Vicomte de Vallorbes and spoke softly, swiftly, earnestly. So my Lord Sunderland remained invisible and strained his ears and shivered. For the dew was chill, and he feared vastly for his health.

But my lord with Roman virtue endured. Great matters were at stake, and he dared a cold in his head. In two hours the House of Lords would vote (it was my lord's conviction) that James, Duke of York, being a Papist, might never come to the English throne. And behold, in the Dean's garden King Charles II. held private parley with M. de Vallorbes, who was of the suite of the French Ambassador, who was to leave Oxford that morning for Versailles

and Louis le Grand. My lord's educated nose scented base dealings with France to thwart the Protestant cause. My lord suspected his King "of treachery untoward his people," of a villainous desire to preserve the throne for his brother and heir, and was virtuously wroth behind the hedge.

For my Lord Sunderland was at the moment a furious Whig. Titus Oates and his Popish plot yet loomed large over the land, and to be anything less than ardently Whig was rash. There in Oxford the Whig nobles and gentlemen walked the streets with retainers in martial array, and his Majesty's Horse Guards Blue would only go out from their quarters in pairs. That last had profoundly impressed my Lord Sunderland. By great majorities the Commons had voted that the Duke of York should not be the heir. The people for certain were mightily stirred. King Charles II. must bow to their will or go on his travels again. Yet my Lord Sunderland had marked for two days that the King bore his troubles lightly. The King, with a smile, declined to fear the imminent deluge. From behind the hedge my Lord Sunderland descried the reason. The King was building an ark for the Protestant deluge, and Louis of France was supplying the timber.

Hence the King's gaiety; hence this early, lonely talk with M. de Vallorbes. My Lord Sunderland, standing on one leg in the dew, strained his ears vainly to catch the words, for the King and Vallorbes kept far away, and only the spaniels favoured my Lord Sunderland's

hedge. It was surely matter of great moment, so close King Charles bent over Vallorbes, so little heed he took of the sportive spaniels. My lord, peering anxiously through the wet yew, saw something pass from the King's long thin fingers to Vallorbes' chubby palm. That was hidden quickly. But then came a packet, white with a black seal, and Vallorbes kissed the seal and put the packet reverently in his bosom. Then with a laugh, "*Au revoir*, Raoul," said the King, and M. de Vallorbes kissed his fingers and was backing away.

My Lord Sunderland also backed away. But a spaniel discovered his toes and bit them, and my lord, hopping, revealed himself. The spaniel enjoyed his hopping vastly, and gave thanks in soprano barks.

"Do you dance, my lord?" cried the King laughing, and then the black brows drooped, the red under-lip shot out. "You are abroad early, Sunderland?"

"I follow you, sir."

"No thanks for that, my lord."

"Your Majesty is displeased?" said Sunderland blandly. "Pardon, I did not know you had need to be alone."

"Slife, nor my spaniel that you had, neither. My lord, you hop marvellous well."

"I shall hope to earn your Majesty's praise of all my motions."

"Then to begin, my lord—depart! Sure, they need your honest vote in the Lords. Come, Moll!" The King turned and beckoned a spaniel. She came, but dared him to lift

her. King Charles laughed, and, "Sunderland, I have christened her a new name," he cried.

"Your Majesty's fruitfulness," quoth Sunderland.

"Faith, yes, I call her Exclusion."

"Why, sir?"

"Because she will not be carried." Sunderland turned up his nose and sniffed.

"Then, sir—à *demain*," said he in his thinnest voice.

"Oh, with all pleasure, till to-morrow, my lord." Sunderland retired to the strains of laughter and barks, reflecting that the King was a fool.

It was very difficult for him to guess that all the mystery was of nought more terrific than a parcel of brocades required from Paris by Mistress Eleanor Gwynn.

My Lord Sunderland, who was more subtle than any beast of the field, did not guess it. He saw battle and murder and sudden death in that packet with the black seal, and so he hurried off through the cloisters to the corn-market and his very dear friend, Sir Matthew Dane.

Sir Matthew sat over his breakfast, plump and swarthy, a contrast to the lean pallor of my Lord Sunderland; but the sight of Sunderland turned him to a light yellow, and he sprang up crying:

"Is all well, my lord? Is all well?" for the nerves of King Charles II.'s subjects were sorely strained. Sunderland shrugged up his lean shoulders.

"When all is well I will believe in a God," said he. Sir Matthew laughed in the manner of one who is not quite sure that he ought; and Sunderland, helping himself to wine, "I suppose, Sir Matthew, I suppose you were never a highwayman? Eh?"

"Oh lud, my lord! I?" cried that respectable knight of the shire.

"Ah, I was afraid not. Nor have I been neither. Do you know a highwayman, then?"

"If I did, my lord, I must needs hang him."

"That were wasteful. In the hour that ye think not—you need your highwayman. So we now—faith, and I doubt you have helped many to a hanging. Sure, you take no thought for the morrow, Sir Matthew." Sir Matthew stared at the humourless face and the little dull eyes, and said slowly:

"Do I take you, my lord? You need a man of courage——"

"'Tis why I come to you," Sunderland murmured.

"—and address and——"

"And other highwaymanly qualities. Did you suggest yourself, Sir Matthew?"

"No, my lord. But my nephew." Sunderland's eyes narrowed.

"Whig? Wholly trusty?"

"I answer for him as myself, my lord."

"Eh! I find an exemplar of virtue. *Allons*, Sir Matthew, produce your replica, your nephew."

"But to what end?" said Sir Matthew, turning with his hand on the door. Sunder-

land looked down at the ground, played with his signet ring, and spoke after his manner into his breast.

"Certain privy letters from England to France reside in the bosom of M. de Vallorbes."

"The King?" Sir Matthew gasped. Sunderland smiled faintly.

"Did I say the King? Neither now nor to your expected nephew." Sir Matthew stared at him a moment as a small sinner might stare at the devil, then opened the door and cried:

"Tom! Tom!" Through the open door came the joyful strains of song:

Once in our lives
Let us drink to our wives!
(Though the number of them is but small).
God take the best,
And the devil take the rest
(And so we shall be quit of them all).

"Tom!" cried Sir Matthew, impatient.

"In good time, sir, in good time," cried the singer, and they heard flint and steel. Then his feet sounded on the oaken stair as he chanted:

Now whether we smoke or whether we sing
Let us be loyal and remember the King——

Tall, loose-limbed, he lounged easily into the room, beating time with his pipe. He bowed to Sunderland with the pipe held to his heart, concluding the catch:

To the King! And may his foes vanish
Puff! puff! puff! like a pipe of Spanish.

"Your appearance suggested the sentiment, my lord," he explained, and let himself drop to a chair and drew great fragrant draughts of his pipe. My Lord Sunderland eyed him with no affection. A true Whig had no concern with loyalty. Moreover, he was too magnificent. Green velvet and Mechlin lace, red-brown curls growing from the head and not from a wig, rings, and a pair of golden chains were disagreeable to the modest taste of my lord, whose clothes, like his eyes, hesitated between grey and brown, who, without a wig, must have gone bare. "My lord having now admired me long enough"—the splendid singer murmured over his pipe—"uncle, what is it?"

"My lord hath been pleased to choose you for service of import, Thomas," said his solemn uncle; and Thomas politely yawned behind his pipe.

"Mr Dane," said Sunderland, "you are a good Englishman?"

"My lord, I have been sinful according to my modest abilities."

"And you can look with no favour on the plots of the King of France?"

"Zounds, being good nor to eat nor to drink nor to kiss, I do not look on them at all, my lord."

"You have a pleasant wit. But 'tis not wit I seek now."

"Therefore I gave it you, my lord."

"Mr Dane, I need a man!" cried Sunderland.

"Lud, it might be my Lady Sunderland speaking."

"Thomas!" cried his respectable uncle.

"Enough jests, Mr Dane. The State needs a man——"

"But the State possesses my Lord Sunderland."

"A man of courage and address to achieve a service from which—I am frank with you, Mr Dane—cowards would shrink." Tom flung back his curls. His hawk face grew sharper. And he signed to my lord to continue. "There is one going to France whom we suspect to bear papers of treason to the peace of the realm. It is urgent that those papers should never come to France."

"But to my Lord Sunderland?" Sunderland nodded.

"These papers, they come from Englishmen?"

"Yes, and to what purpose?"

"Your mind is keen. Such minds go far, Mr Dane. We suspect some compact against the Protestant faith."

"And who," said Tom carelessly, "are we?"

"We?"

"We who thus suspect. And, moreover, whom do we suspect?"

"Wise men are scant of names. Those who act with me, Mr Dane, suspect—and heaven forbid I should say how high our suspicions reach."

"Then God being out of the question, I take it you suspect the King. Well, my lord, so the King is plotting against the Protestant faith. Sure, an enterprising Majesty. But what have I to do in all this, my lord?"

"It rests with you, Mr Dane, to bring this plot to naught."

"Thomas Dane, *deus ex machinâ* to the Protestant faith on the election of my Lord Sunderland. Zounds! I faint beneath the honour. Please you, my lord, how does Mr Dane machinate?"

"M. de Vallorbes sets out for France to-day." Tom's pale blue eyes gleamed a little.

"And Mr Dane is to cry to monsieur, 'Stand and deliver.' Thomas Dane, private highway-man to my Lord Sunderland. Faith, you comble me with honours." He stood up and stretched himself and looked smiling from one to the other. "Me, unworthy, alas, my lord, unworthy. My lord, I wish you a happy issue out of all your afflictions," and he bowed and turned. Sunderland sprang up.

"You will do this, Mr Dane!" he cried in a tone of command. Tom made a little gesture of contempt at the lean sombre figure, laughed and went out. After a moment of amazed silence his uncle sprang after him crying:

"Tom! Tom!" He was answered harmoniously.

Here's a health unto his Majesty,
With a fa la la la la la.
Confusion to his enemies,
With a fa la la la la la.

"Like a fool you bring me a fool, Sir Matthew," said Sunderland tartly. "Here is your trusty Whig!"

"Odso, my lord, I am mazed. Why he

should take you so I cannot tell. But sure he is trusty!"

"Humph. As he is Whig," and Sunderland pulled his lip. The clocks of Oxford began to strike eleven. "Eh, it must go. Best pray he be trusty, Sir Matthew, for your neck's sake." Sunderland hurried away, for the House of Lords met at eleven to carry the Exclusion Bill.

So for lack of a discreet highwayman Mistress Eleanor Gwynn's brocade patterns came quite safely to Paris. And we, by good fortune, have nought to do with them more.

A few years before Mr Dryden had remarked that life was all a cheat. My Lord Sunderland "fooled by hope" (Mr Dryden again) went out to carry the Exclusion Bill. My Lord Shaftesbury and my Lord Essex strove valiantly to that end. But my Lord Halifax was very sarcastic in sixteen speeches; and after ten hours of talk three votes consigned the Exclusion Bill to the home of lost causes. The Whigs had sought battle and found it. King Charles had triumphed. His brother was still the heir.

Consternation and doubt possessed the Whigs. My Lord Shaftesbury held a council of them that night in his lodging. But my Lord Sunderland was not there. After the first moment of stupor at the issue my lord had collected his wits and they bade him go immediately to the King. Into the King's presence he broke crying out:

"Sir, sir, the Bill is dead!" At the com-

motion the King's spaniels rushed about him barking. His Majesty was striving to distil the essential oil of yew berries from a retort of Bohemian glass.

"Did you say something, my lord?" he asked.

"Sir, I thank God the Bill has been beat."

"Ah," said his Majesty and looked up. The light fell on his big under-lip and the pouch of the full sallow cheeks above the jaw.

"I am happy to be the first to bring your Majesty the news," said Sunderland bowing.

His Majesty continued the process of distilling the essential oil of yew berries. The spaniels continued to yelp at my Lord Sunderland. My lord shifted from one leg to the other.

"Sunderland," said his Majesty passing the spirit lamp about the retort, "Sunderland, I have called the dogs new names. I call them" (and they yelped gloriously at Sunderland's legs), "I call them 'My Lord and My Lady Loyalty.'"

My Lord Sunderland did not wait to ask why.

CHAPTER II

SIR MATTHEW DANE RECEIVES AN IDEA

WHEN the morning broke ruddy through the mist it found many fewer Whigs in Oxford. Some had fled the town and some their opinions. My Lord Sunderland and Sir Matthew Dane

remained in the town. Sir Matthew was summoned betimes to my lord's lodging in Pembroke, and found my lord without his wig busily burning papers.

"Ah! What of him?" said my lord sharply; and as Sir Matthew merely stared. "Your witty nephew."

"I—I think him trusty, my lord."

"Think!" Sunderland stirred a packet of letters in the fire. "Think! You ambition the block, Sir Matthew? You desire to be divided? A leg of yours on Temple Bar, an arm in your Guildford High Street? 'Tis kindly thought on. A plump leg is very grateful to the popular eye." Sir Matthew's dignity was outraged at the thought of himself in quarters.

"You are pleased to jest, my lord," he said stiffly.

"I am neither pleased nor jest," Sunderland snapped, and flashed a sudden glance from his pale eyes. "Oh, silly, your nephew will sell his tale to the King."

"My nephew is true as myself."

"And so will surely sell you," Sunderland sneered.

"What have I done, my lord?"

"You have been a Whig. Bah! what had the Tories done? But we have hanged them in scores. And now the wheel goes round. Sure, we swore they had a Papist plot. Will there be lack of honest men to swear there was a Whig plot? Nay. And your gallant nephew has admirable matter to tell. Who suborned him

to rob the King's messenger? Those damnable disloyal Whigs, my Lord Sunderland and Sir Matthew Dane."

"Who will dare assail our party?" Sunderland laughed, tapped his own breast, and pointed to Sir Matthew's. Sir Matthew sat down and stared at him, and still my Lord Sunderland laughed.

"Those that fear most being assailed. In this world who would not be hanged must hang. Apply that to yourself and your witty nephew."

"My lord—you mean——?" Sir Matthew gasped. My Lord Sunderland took snuff.

"My dear Sir Matthew, it is my habit to mean."

"Zounds! my lord, you are overwrought. You are too fearful. You talk wildly. The Whigs will stand firm. The Whigs are too strong to attack." Sunderland shrugged his shoulders.

"Your nephew—your nephew."

"And I answer for him as for myself."

"And so do I. And therefore desire to see him safe——"

"Safe?"

"In heaven, my dear Sir Matthew."

"God forbid, my lord! My brother's child! My nephew!"

"The kinship gives no confidence, believe me."

"It is monstrous, my lord. The boy is honest. And what has he done?"

"Nothing, as I hope. I am much concerned

that he should do nothing, and would be at pains to ensure it."

"In a word, my lord, I will be no party to aught against him." My lord took snuff.

"Your resolve," he remarked, "is moral. I am vastly edified. He is, however, as you said, the son of your brother. Your elder brother. The heir of your elder brother. I think I have heard that Bourne is a noble estate. Your resolve is the more moral. But, knowing your morality, I must still say that your nephew has your neck (which you, nobly, do not value) and mine (for which I have a deep regard) to sell. You tell me that he is like you. My good Sir Matthew, if you were he, would you sell them?" Sir Matthew looked down, looked up hastily at Sunderland's lean face, but avoided the pale eyes, and looked down again.

"You deem our lives in peril, my lord?" he muttered.

"Our twain lives are in the hand of a man like yourself. And worth a price."

"What would you do?" Sunderland shrugged his shoulders.

"The old, excellent way. A plot. A Whig plot. 'Twill shortly be the fashion. Treason and——"

"Not death, my lord?"

"Lud, here be qualms!"

"Sure, my lord, he need not die! Transported——"

"He would still be barred from inheritance. Dear sir, you have a comfortable conscience. Well, you may buy his life after sentence."

My lord chuckled. "Sure, I will let you buy his life. 'Twill be duly avuncular." Sir Matthew shot a hasty, fearful glance at him. The crowns for a pardon would pass to my Lord Sunderland's purse. Sir Matthew's spirit was rebuked by the magnificence of my lord's strategy. "He may tell what tales he likes in the Barbadoes," said my Lord Sunderland thoughtfully.

"But how will you work, my lord?"

"We, Sir Matthew, always we. Arrest, trial, sentence. Sure, you know the way with the Papists."

"But what witnesses?"

"Oh, silly, I shall find two score. Is there ever lack of knaves?" Sir Matthew looked at my lord and shook his head. "We shall not need you," said my lord tartly. "Now take him hastily back to Surrey before he blab here. I will send Bragdon to you. The Parliament is dissolved to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" gasped Sir Matthew.

"Ay, the King has been wiser than we. The country is sated with Papist blood, and thirsts now for the Whig liquor. Sir Matthew, let us ever serve our country."

Sir Matthew went slowly out; his education had much advanced in a little space.

"There goes a pretty knave!" said my Lord Sunderland, and turned to indite a letter to James, Duke of York, wherein he humbly gave his Royal Highness joy of his victory over the traitorous attempt to filch from him the crown. That is a very skilful letter.

CHAPTER III

“OUR LOVES HAVE MINGLED WITH TOO
MUCH OF FATE”

DWELLING two miles apart they must needs write letters to each other. This to show how deep they were in love. Nor would they deliver the letters, but left them within a hollow tree to be explored by the wood-flies and afterward kissed by the exultant lover. This because they loved in the heroical manner.

A westerly gale was whistling in the woods, and the pale December sun made the wet meadows a pavement of stars. She came swiftly through the clear rain-washed air, a dark figure of grace, lithe, light of foot, and laughed for joy of the morning and herself. So she came to the gnarled oak and took from her bosom a letter and set a kiss on it and hid it and ran away.

Thus the romantic maid. And soon came her hero, galloping home to dinner, and checked his fiery steed with due heroical violence and snatched her letter from its hiding.

“Dear child!” said her hero, with something of condescension and a smile, and broke the seal.

“MR DANE,—Indeed, Sir, you are a very great Person. And many mighty Matters have eat up all y^r Time. And I think you have not given me a Thought for fore Days. And indeed, Mr Dane, I’d not call you to come to y^e Red Barne Inn ever more (because of y^r great Greatness, noble

Sir). But a Gentleman in y^e vastest Hurrie hath brought me Papers y^e which I did promiss to give in mine own Hand to y^e right worshipful Mr Dane. And indeed I will not come to you, being very well contented. My Cousins Bedfords, y^e great Players, stay with us and do make good Entertanements. So I have no Leesure to think on y^e great Mr Dane. And he must come if he would put me in mind of himself. Indeed I have forgot whether he be *Dark* or *Fair*. And I am to be a Player myself. For my Cousin Bedford wants me. So fare well, Mr Dane.—From y^r humble servant,

" ROSE.

" Do come."

At the admirable conclusion the great Mr Dane laughed and galloped on to his dinner.

Before his father, Squire Silas, a Puritan of the straitest sect, Mr Dane did not speak of the letter. Already his father disapproved of so much in him that it was supererogation to give further cause for blame. But as Mr Dane combed his ruddy locks after dinner entered his uncle, Sir Matthew, and approached the matter jovially :

" Always adorning yourself, Tom ! Ah rogue, rogue ! " Tom turned from the glass and looked his uncle up and down. Now Sir Matthew was of frugal mind, and his riding-coat in the country testified thereto.

" Gad, sir, let us have one in the family who looks a gentleman ! " said Tom, with the gracious arrogance of youth. But his good uncle bore no malice.

" A hit, lad, a clean hit ! " he chuckled and looked down at his weather-beaten garb without shame. " Odso, my gay days are past. No

fine ladies wait for me in the lane, eh, rogue?"

"Why, sir," says Tom, getting into his boots, "why, sir, they would be very sore in need of a gallant."

"Well, lad, well! There is no answering you. And zounds, I came to ask not answer. Will you bide with us at Send for a week?"

"I thank you, sir. But I believe my father needs me." Sir Matthew looked at him and began to laugh.

"Father, eh? Not two bright eyes at the Red Barn? Oh rogue!" and again he laughed.

"My dear uncle, believe me, you are not witty," said Tom, picking up cloak and hat.

"No? No? Good lack! Zounds, I'll swear you are off to her now."

"You may swear, sir, as much as your conscience allows," said Tom and went out. On his departure Sir Matthew ceased suddenly to laugh and stood at the door listening to the footsteps. Then as they died, he moved across the room, tried a cabinet, found it open, dropped in a bundle of papers, closed it, and then with a jaunty air went out. From the door he watched his nephew riding towards the village, then mounted himself and made for the London road at speed. Where the trees grow thick about the cross roads beyond Cobham a man waited, leaning against the gibbet.

"Smithers?" The man stepped out and touched his hat. "At the inn, after all—the inn or thereby. But presently search his room at the manor. Be sure of that above all."

"I be minded to be sure of all, m'lud," said Smithers, jerking his big shoulders.

"No violence!" Sir Matthew cried hastily. "No rashness! At your peril, do not harm him."

"I, m'lud? I dandles my bully-boys, m'lud. Leave it all to Tony Smithers." Mr Smithers, who was broad and bandy, waddled off down the hill to Cobham. Sir Matthew watched him a while, then rode for Send and home. To be just, his aspect may not be called gay.

Of grey chalk flint and rubble, with thatch drooping over the little casements, the Red Barn Inn spread itself long and low in face of the road to Byfleet Mill. Set back in the meadow the great barn, with red tiled roof and ruddled doors, and walls of mellow brick, made a splash of bright colour on the dank dark grass.

Thither came Mr Dane in a hurry, and dismounting in the stable-yard was greeted with a grin from the ostler's boy and melodious strains from the barn, strains of an indifferent guitar and an admirable woman's voice.

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

"Brava! Fine, I protest!" cried another woman's voice; and Mr Dane opening the door,

"Fine, I agree!" He beheld a pastoral

scene. A swain in purple velvet reclined on oat straw and strummed the shrill guitar: a lady in yellow silk beside him clapped thin jewel-laden hands: before them, where the light fell through the open door of the loft on the gravel, a girl was dancing. Her dress of russet brown clung close, and swaying to the music, she showed her maiden beauty quick with life and eager. The kind light played on her bare white neck, and gave to desiring eyes the shell-pink and rose-red of cheek and parted lips, the heavy black cloud of her hair. She put a curtesy into her dance, and Mr Dane bowed with a whirl of his plumed hat, extravagantly.

"Oh, brave!" cried the lady in yellow. He was approaching the dancer, when "La, sir, 'tis not your cue!" said she.

"Madame, be my call-boy," said Mr Dane, with a more exaggerated bow.

"Oh, gallant!" the lady simpered, and swept her yellow skirt from the straw to make a place for him beside her.

"Shall I profane the hallowed sheaves?" says he, with another bow. "Nay, faith! My Ceres, reign alone!" The yellow lady giggled, and again Rose sang:

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

"Brava! brava!" cried the lady shrilly.

"I protest, Mr Bedford, she would carry the town." Mr Bedford laid aside his guitar, and rose.

"A song rude and rustical," he declared. "Would we could hear something more polite! I yearn, I protest I yearn, for Mr Shadwell's graceful passion—that Apolline verse:

'Though darts and flames from her eye fly, sir,
And her breast is warm and spicy——'

He hummed those immortal words, then made a tragic gesture of despair. "But our rustic Rosa hath not heard Mr Shadwell's name, I apprehend?"

"No, indeed, cousin." Mr Bedford repeated his gesture with a hollow laugh of scorn. "But you do not know Mr Dane." Mr Dane was straightway presented to Mr and Mistress Bedford, twin stars in the firmament of the King's Playhouse.

"Madame, your most devoted—Sir, your humble obedient—" said Mr Dane, with dramatic reverences.

"La, sir," the lady simpered.

"I am proud, sir, proud," cried Mr Bedford.

"Sir, I am prouder," said Mr Dane, with a lower bow, and the lady made eyes at him.

"Sir, you are very polite——" Mr Dane put up a deprecating hand. "Nay, I repeat. Of urban grace! We are vastly honoured——"

"Vastly, faith," the lady sighed and languished.

"Dear lady!" murmured Mr Dane.

"We had not hoped for such an audience." Mr Dane started. "To pleasure our rustic Rosa here we had sworn ourselves to give somewhat of the majesty and melody of——"

"By your leave, nay, by your leave! I must needs deny myself your majestic and melodic splendour. Mistress Charlbury desired to speak with me. And a lady, sir, a lady—you take me?" Mr Bedford bowed stiffly and walked away, baulked of a victim, and wroth.

"Mistress Charlbury will not speak to you ever if you are so rude, sir," said Rose to Mr Dane's ear.

"Mistress Charlbury could never refrain." Mr Dane laughed at her earnest brown eyes. Whereat Rose made him a little curtsy, and cried:

"Pray come, cousin. Mr Dane begs!" At which Mr Bedford turned and returned with alacrity. "Now, sir, dare to be rude again!" Rose whispered, and her eyes flashed royally. Mr Dane pinched her cheek. Mr Bedford lifted up his voice.

"From Mr Dryden's most admired 'Conquest of Granada.' The false Lyndaraxa," he bowed to his wife, "is judged by her Abdelmelech:" he bowed to his audience.

"Now are we doomed," groaned Mr Dane, and took Rose by the arm. "Thou rogue, what of this mystery of a letter for me?" Rose laughed. "Zounds, I believe there never was a letter!" Rose laughed again. "Oh rogue! Flee from the wrath to come."

"No you shall stay and see a sacrifice," Mr Bedford roared, grasping the yellow lady by the hands and whirling her round in the sunlight. Mr Bedford set forth in his chest voice the treachery of his love, Lyndaraxa. Lyndaraxa wept, grievous to behold and yellow.

"Is he not grand?" Rose whispered.

"As the village bull, love."

Lyndaraxa dried her eyes, turned and smiled upon Abdelmelech (Mr Bedford), who at that awful sight started back aghast. Lyndaraxa cast her arms about his neck. He appeared in agony. "Sure he has my true sympathy," muttered Tom. Lyndaraxa explained that she had always loved Abdelmelech, and betrayed him out of her affection: had, moreover, betrayed his foes to keep the balance even. The stern Abdelmelech puts her from him:

No Lyndaraxa (says he hoarsely): 'tis at last too late;
Our loves have mingled with too much of fate;
I would but cannot now myself deceive;
O that you still could cheat and I believe!

And after an exhortation in the style of the pulpit Lyndaraxa was repulsed, and went off breathing threats and slaughter into the straw.

Tom applauded tumultuously.

"Sure, madam, I had not believed one face could show so much passion—nor one voice call forth such terrors, Mr Bedford."

"La, sir!" and the lady simpered.

"Sir, we are pleased to please you," quoth Mr Bedford majestically.

"'Twas noble, cousin," said Rose simply. Mr Bedford laughed and nodded knowingly to Tom.

"Ah, sir, the rustic mind cannot feel the polite thrill as we."

"Sir, I deplore it." Tom shook his head sadly at Rose. "Mistress Charlbury, grieve for your rusticity." Her cheeks flamed.

"Cousin, you will pardon me? I have something for Mr Dane's ear." With bows and curtsies they parted, and Rose and Tom went out to the red sunset. "I am angry, sir. You were gibing in each word." Tom laughed.

"Why, the coxcomb could not feel it."

"The coxcomb is my cousin, Mr Dane."

"And 'tis the worst thing I know of you."

"You were not gentlemanlike."

"To that?" Tom laughed, with a jerk of his head towards the barn.

"Sure, Mr Dane, if you are too fine for my kin, you are too fine for me." It appeared to Tom a moment for tenderness.

"Dear, none is that last," said he, and slipped his arm about her, and drew her into the shadows of the lane, and bent over the white beauty of her neck.

"No,"—she moved away from him—"no; you have fine words in plenty for me—but for my friends sneers. And if that is your kindness, I want none."

"Why, I profess the good man is well pleased. And if I was huffing, it was because I wanted you alone. Sure, we want no

audience, dear. Why must you keep me waiting?" She came closer, and looked up a moment. They passed to a meadow path.

"Were you indeed impatient, sir?" she asked; and at that she was caught to him and kissed, and she laughed at him. "Sure, 'twas pleasant to make you wait."

"Oh, rogue. But you, too, were waiting. Coveting kisses, I protest."

"I will not be kissed any more."

"So she said rashly. And desired to be proved a false prophet. So. Why, I was but waiting for the letter. Egad, I had never stayed else."

"And what if there be no letter at all, sir?"

"Why then we will go into the copse, and on my knees shall the traitress ask my gracious pardon. On my knees, mistress."

"But indeed we will not go into the copse. We will go back into the lane. For there Mr Dane must go in fear of who comes by. And, alack! he need be in fear of something, or I fear him. And indeed there was a letter, for here it is." He kissed it, for it came warm from her bosom, and he kissed the hand that gave it. She blushed a little, and they came out to the lane. He broke the seal, and peering in the faint light read this:

"TO GREET CHARLES STUART.

"In Bushey Park by y^e hollow chestnut. The 20th December an hour before noon. Musketoons to carry eight balls. Fail not.—
BRUTUS."

She saw him frown as he read, saw the glint of his pale blue eyes as he looked up.

"Whence came this?" he said sharply.

"Why, a fat man in grey bade me give it to your own hand, Tom."

"What like was he?"

The white brow wrinkled. "Indeed I cannot tell," she said at last. Tom's keen cold eyes searched her.

"He said that only?" She nodded. "When?"

"Yester morning."

"On your honour—you know nought of him?" The hard voice, the suspicious eyes, made her stammer:

"Tom—why?—I—I——"

And then a half-dozen men came riding down the lane. Tom flashed one glance, crushed the paper, and dropped it behind him in the ditch. But:

"Mark that!" cried the first. "Stand, sir, in the King's name!"

"Will it serve if I sit?" said Tom, and sat down on the bank. "So, then, Mistress Charlbury!" he said with a sneer. Rose clasped the tossing wave of her breast, and gazed wide-eyed.

"Stick me, this is what I do like!" The first rider dismounted. "Mr Dane? I be Antony Smithers, with a warrant for 'e." He made a dive for the letter in the ditch.

"The charge, Mr Smithers?" Mr Smithers spread out the letter, and read it with a chuckle.

"Odso, Mr Dane," says he, looking up,

"why ask me? Be there ever anything but a plot? Stick me, but I do take it very handsome in 'e to have this writing here by, waiting for me." At that, and his knowing grin, Tom looked at Rose, and gave a little hard laugh. He beheld a traitress, nay, a Delila. For he could be no less than a Samson. But your hero is never more heroical than in his hour of defeat and betrayal; so,

"Your plan is most admirable, Mr Smithers," said the hero, bowing.

"Ods blood, and as it be!" He began in a swift manner to read the warrant—"plot and conspiracy—life of our liege Lord and King"—rolling forth copious phrases with unction. "There now! And here you be, Thomas Dane, Esquire, and I will say mistress here have done our business mighty well." He gave a guffaw in the direction of Rose, who was gasping and white.

"I am quite of your mind, Mr Smithers." Mr Smithers still guffawed.

"To keep 'e here quiet and lone and all—stick me! And to get the musquetoonus letters in your hand, so to put it—stick me, stick me! She be a King's maid, she be!" Mr Smithers' underlings were vastly delighted with Mr Smithers' wit: also Mr Smithers, who must guffaw heartily to Mr Dane's set smile and Rose's white lips before he could suggest, "Well, will 'e walk, Mr Dane?"

"To a horse, if you please."

"For sure. The Prisoners' Hackney be a waiting."

Mr Dane rose, and, with Mr Smithers' fat hand on his shoulder, swept a bow. "Mistress Charlbury, I can never hope to tell you all my admiration." But she ran to him and flung her arms about him, tearful, distraught, sobbing:

"Dear—dear—forgive me—I'd no guess—no——"

Mr Dane laughed.

"O Lyndaraxa! 'Would that you still could cheat and I believe!' O admirable Lyndaraxa! Mistress Charlbury, you are well suited in cousins, but sure, you surpass them both!" He put her away from him, and the girl, trembling and dazed, would have fallen but for a tipstaff's arm. "Nay, consider. You are but playing! Real tears? Nay, this is noble! I applaud humbly—and so—Delila, good night!"

Off swung the hero, betrayed but debonair, cocking his hat; and his false love was left holding tight to the lichened fence, looking after him into the mist of night. They loved in the heroical manner.

CHAPTER IV

MR ANTONY SMITHERS FOLLOWS A HAT

MR SMITHERS and his company splashed slowly down the sodden lane. Around them spake the voice of many waters, for the floods were out far and wide. White mist hid land and

water beneath a common pall. So Mr Smithers and his party, a little damp and a little cold, jogged on towards the bridge at the mill, Mr Smithers having no mind to ford the Wey in flood-time and by night. They could ride no better than slowly, for the Prisoners' Hackney was a steed worse than all others, to be overtaken easily by any creature with two sound legs. Mr Dane, jolting on this lame beast, considered his situation. A tipstaff, well mounted, held his bridle on either side, tipstaffs in front, tipstaffs behind shut him in. So, since 'twas no use to think of escape, he thought of his capture.

Some one was anxious to entangle him in a plot. So much was clear at the first sight of that theatrical epistle. He wasted no time in reflection that he was, after all, innocent. There was no profit in being innocent. When all juries ran mad at the mere whisper "plot!" the one safety was not to be accused.

"Humph!" says Mr Dane to his wits, "and who has a profit in hanging me?" and received at once an answer. Clearly his dear uncle, who would become the heir of Bourne. And, egad, clearly my Lord Sunderland, who would be rid of a man that knew too much. Sunderland and dear Uncle Matthew! Faith, the whole idea smacked of Sunderland. It might have been Sunderland's self in the jade's brown dress. To lure him from Bourne Manor where the serving-men would have struck for him, to hold him in dalliance till the tipstaffs came, to give him the damning letter just so that he could

not hide it—'twas worthy nothing less than the admirable brain of my Lord Sunderland. And faith, Sunderland's self it was beyond all doubt that made the plan. Dear Uncle Matthew's wits had never wrought thus well—dear Uncle Matthew had been no more than the ambassador from my lord to his worthy ally, Mistress Charlbury. Uncle Matthew had not brain enough to be more—yes, Mr Dane desired to be just even to Uncle Matthew, and must confess to a dry humour in that good kinsman. Sure, 'twas a happy thought to come rallying him on his love for Mistress Charlbury when she had been bought to betray him. A damnable happy thought!

Mr Dane surprised his captors by laughing aloud.

For he was not angry. Sure, no, he was not angry with her. He bowed to superior craft. Oh, admirable Delila! To scold him, to take offence at his manners—sure, this was the refinement of the decoy's art. Great was Delila of Byfleet, great past all whooping.

Once more, since it sounded bravely, he laughed aloud.

Faith, Sunderland owed her a heavy fee. It were well if she saw herself paid. Nay, trust Delila to guard her own interest. For her a prosperous future waited. Never decoy had brighter eyes (poor fool, he had said as much in her deceitful ear), never one a cheek more delicate, a wit more subtle. Nor, by heaven, a falser heart! But better laugh—laugh always. A splendid lure she was. Gad, he admired

her vastly. Vastly! Zounds, never so much as now.

On which admirable conclusion he was jerked forward as they halted all in a bunch.

Mr Smithers had come to his bridge and, holding a lantern aloft, peered to see if it were safe. Wherein he showed no cowardly caution, for the roar of the weir was thunderous and the river swirled in foam and fretted at the oaken beams. Mr Smithers was satisfied, and two by two (since the bridge had no room for more) they began sedately to cross. Two by two: on his near flank the Prisoners' Hackney had no restraining tipstaff, and, behold, the infatuate steed must needs try to rear and gesticulate at the river.

"Have a care, man, have a care!" cries Mr Dane to the one swearing tipstaff who jerks the bridle. "Death and hell! Have a care!" and drives his spur into the tipstaff's steed. That also begins a dance, and the two slipping, bumping, staggering on the wet wood, launch Mr Dane sideways. With a lusty oath and a splash he vanished.

"Stick me! Stap me! Here be to do!" Mr Smithers muttered, who from the bank beheld the war. "Jerry, you be a fool. Down to ground, boys, and watch the banks! Odso, be ye all jack-ass-babes? Will he float up stream? Get down, down, ye boobies!" Down the boggy banks they ran, puffing and cursing, and Mr Smithers gave tongue: "There a be, boys, there a be!" Dark amid the foam of mid-stream something rushed by. "Ods bones,

there a be!" Mr Smithers roared and splashed on over land and water till he was suddenly restrained by a frenzied yell:

"Oh, Master Smithers! Master Smithers, Oh!" and a subsequent splash.

For Samuel Bell was a lazy man. So Samuel stayed with the horses while his friends ran down the banks. Samuel remained with the horses and there was seen by Mr Dane as he trod water beneath the mill dam. Detaching his cloak to follow his hat for the amusement of Mr Smithers, Mr Dane paddled gently to the bank and crawled out unseen of Samuel Bell, who watched the fortunes of his energetic friends. In sportsmanlike fashion, stealthily, Mr Dane approached Samuel Bell, clutched him by neck and leg, and hove him into the stream. Whence his pitiful cry.

Mr Smithers turning, saw dimly through the mist a commotion of steeds, heard a great scrambling and splashing, and ran back roaring, "In the King's name! Od rot ye, sir, stand!" There was borne back to him the thud of galloping hoofs. Mr Smithers came back to the bridge, and found the Prisoners' Hackney trying to make a meal of sodden grass. "Stap me! Here be to do!" Mr Smithers muttered, and scratched his head.

In a while they brought to him Samuel Bell, who, shivering, offered him the bedraggled hat of Mr Dane. At that last straw Mr Smithers spoke his emotions.

CHAPTER V

SIR MATTHEW DANE GOES WALKING

THAT night Squire Silas, lean and grim, sat over the embers of a dying fire alone. To him came Sir Matthew, crying, "My dear brother——!" and in tender affliction could say no more. Impulsively he flung out both hands. Silas Dane looked up.

"You are kind, Matthew," he said quietly, and held one hand a moment. So Matthew sat down and wiped his mouth.

"You have heard, then?" he said in a tone of relief, then became lachrymose again: "I heard but an hour ago. I ordered my horse on the instant. Dear brother, a sore blow!" Silas stared at the fire.

"Would that it had been I!" he answered, and Sir Matthew started at an aspiration so marvellous. "Better the old tree. But I am proud of my son."

"Proud?" Sir Matthew echoed and gaped. "Proud—oh—ay—I take you. Sure I can never hold the boy guilty of treason, neither." Pale blue eyes turned upon him glittering, eloquent of scorn.

"Treason? Treason to slay this whore-master, this man of blood, this——"

"Silas! Silas!" Sir Matthew cried in horror. "Bethink you—'tis your King!"

"I have no King but God. I am earnest

in prayer that the man Charles Stuart may not go down to his grave in peace. I give thanks that my boy hath sought to be his Ehud."

"But they say it was murder he planned," Sir Matthew suggested, who had excellent knowledge of what they said. Silas laughed.

"Murder? Did Jehu murder who smote Jehoram in his chariot? Did——" A cry at the door happily cut off the catalogue.

"Master Tom have a bubbled of he! Ho, ho! Master Tom have a bubbled of he!" and Mr Smithers waddled cursing into the room while the old butler chuckled behind him. Sir Matthew started up, became pale yellow, and stammered:

"Sirrah — sirrah ——" But Mr Smithers scowled.

"I demands for to search this house and tenements in the King's name!" he cried.

"Ay, ay. Ye may seerch he up and seerch he down, and seerch he cross and athurt and find pig's leavings for all, Bandylegs," the butler chuckled. Silas Dane turned, made a sign for silence, and glowered upon Mr Smithers.

"You have searched once, fellow."

"And fine and naughty treasonous writings we did find laid by, stick me. Now, Mr Jack Presbyter, your rogue of a son be turned bolter, and I be here to smoke un out of his hole."

"Mr Dane escaped you, sirrah?" cried Sir Matthew.

"The prigster scoured with our horses."

"Then, fellow, let me tell you that——" Sir

Matthew suddenly restrained his wrath and told him nothing. Whereat Mr Smithers laughed.

"Ods bones, I knew as one man would be mighty gay at hearing of it. Odso, come on, boys!"

The damp tipstaffs surged in, and with oaths and violence to the wainscot began to hunt. But since Mr Dane was somewhere else they did not find him there. While they rummaged, even when they were gone, Silas Dane sat still in his big chair and rested his head on his hand. Sir Matthew fidgeted, watching Mr Smithers furtively, who shrugged his shoulders and grinned when he caught Sir Matthew's eye. Mr Smithers went out last. And then, "Brother, I am heartily glad," said Sir Matthew, having taken time to mature that feeling. A ghostly chuckle came from behind the door, where Mr Smithers listened. Silas did not look up.

"I would have chosen that he should die," he said slowly.

"Lud, brother!" Sir Matthew was shocked by the callous sire.

"Not without blood will the deliverance come. Not without blood. The Beast is with power. I would have had my boy of the martyrs. God forgive me if that be frowardness. Many must be killed before the idolater, seed of that old serpent, Charles Stuart——"

"Brother! brother!" Sir Matthew cried, catching a rustle at the door. "Have a care!" Silas Dane looked up and Sir Matthew pointed to the keyhole. Silas laughed.

"Ay, it were grievous that you should be taken listening to treason. You had best flee speedily, Matthew."

"Brother, you are unjust," cried Sir Matthew indignant. Silas laughed again.

"Nay, go, go!" And that was Sir Matthew's desire. So——

"Not in anger, then!" he said, and held out his hand. "Sure, we are brothers always." He looked into his brother's cold eyes.

According to his expectation, he found Mr Smithers without, and from him heard the lamentable history of the dive and the hat and the horses. At the end of which he was constrained to call Mr Smithers an ass. "So I be, or I would not be what I be," said Mr Smithers philosophically. "But what I asks 'e, Sir Matthew, be this: not what be I, but where be he?" To which Sir Matthew, being exceedingly angry, replied by calling him fool again. So Mr Smithers wished him pleasant dreams and went off to hunt in the barns.

The white mist hid the ground and condensed in chill drops on Sir Matthew's nose. On the park of Bourne lay the dead silence of a winter's night. When his own horse whinnied Sir Matthew started in the saddle and peered round. He saw nothing but the wet white cloud, heard nothing, and so passed out of the park, and on by the track through the heather. Here and there a fir loomed gaunt above him or a clump of gorse rose dark out of the mist; but still the only sound was of his own riding, the splash of a hoof in a

stagnant pool. He had come over the brow of the little hill to the corner where four tracks met when first he heard a thud behind him. He reined up, listened, could hear nothing. He rode on again. Again came the sound of hoofs.

"Who comes?" he cried, reining round. On the word came the scurry of a canter, a horseman broke through the mist to his side.

"Dear uncle, should I leave you without thanks?" cried Mr Dane, and caught his uncle's bridle. "Ride on, brave knight!" he jerked the horse round, and they trotted on shoulder to shoulder.

"Tom—my dear boy—this roughness—let me give you joy."

"Dear uncle—my wetness—you shall give me your cloak." Mr Dane, spurring on, disrobed his amazed uncle. "Also your hat. Dear uncle, thank heaven that I had no wig to lose. Else had you gone home bald as you were born. And now, dear uncle, your purse!"

"Dear lad, this is folly!" Sir Matthew cried. "O, stop and consider——"

"Nay, trot and deliver!" Sir Matthew tried to rein up. "Dear uncle——" Mr Dane slipped his own reins under his leg, caught Sir Matthew's in his left hand, and so freeing his right, delivered a lusty buffet—"you outrage the ties of kinship," he said plaintively, as his uncle retired backward over the tail of his steed. His uncle had no more than sat up and pushed the wig out of his eyes when Mr Dane was standing over him. "You grieve me. Nay, you pain me. Do you rub yourself?

Think of me who rub my affections, my bruised illusions. Now, dear uncle, that purse." Sir Matthew, sitting in a puddle, groaned.

"Thomas—this violence—these wild words. You forget yourself. Do you doubt me, do——"

"Nay, uncle, not I."

"Can you think that I should betray you?"

"Why no—not in person. It were indecent. But—uncle, that purse!" he pounced upon his uncle and swiftly extracted the black pouch of calf's skin. Then, with his foot in the stirrup, laughing: "Dear uncle, salute for me your noble allies—Mr Smithers—Mistress Charlbury—my very good Lord Sunderland."

"Thomas, you think me a traitor?" cried his outraged uncle.

"Dear uncle, devil a bit! Without a horse!" Mr Dane galloped off with the two steeds and was swiftly hidden in the mist.

So Sir Matthew must needs trudge three muddy miles in his riding boots. That was doubtless of service to his invaluable health, for the mist had been cold on an uncloaked rider, and walking brought him heat.

Two days after, a horse-coper of Dorking came with an offer to sell him his own cob for one hundred pounds.

Sir Matthew was deeply moved. He stormed mightily, and swore that the horse-coper should smell the smell of Guildford gaol. At which the horse-coper grinned largely. Sir Matthew raved anew, and the horse-coper remarked that he were a very fine talker.

The gentleman, he added, had advised him to take the cob to my Lord Sunderland, and state that this was Sir Matthew Dane's beast lent to his nephew for escape. "But bless 'e, I ben't minded to be hard on gentry," quoth the amiable horse-coper, and grinned again.

Sir Matthew gaped and gasped and paid the money in a hurry. The horse-coper went radiant away, and Sir Matthew strove to console himself with the reflection that at least he would not have to pay my Lord Sunderland for sparing his nephew's life. The world, nevertheless, appeared to Sir Matthew deceitful and desperately wicked.

Mr Smithers had discovered his steeds tethered tidily in the village gravel-pit. For all else his portion was, according to the word of the prophetic butler, pig's leavings.

CHAPTER VI

A FRENCHMAN DRINKS OCTOBER

Now my Lord Sunderland timed admirably well his conversion to the cause of divine hereditary right. He was (my Lord Halifax said it) "a little before the mobile, a little behind the wits." The apt place this for statesmen who must ever seem to lead, yet never make men fear that they be wise. The Papists came out of hiding. The Whigs went into their places. Whig plots became the

fashion in Westminster Hall, Whig legs on Temple Bar. And my Lord Sunderland found them profitable as the staler kind of old. Those that had set the mobile howling for Papistical blood heard it yell for their own, and, to be just, died decently. Their devil of blood-thirst was not easily laid or soon. The Whigs paid their murders treble-tale. Church and King forgot no debts. The lawyers raved in a long debauch of slaughter, and King Charles laughing found (he said) peace at last.

In four years Whig-killing lost its flavour. The Whig leaders were in quarters or exile. Then King Charles died more gentlemanly than he had lived, and James his brother was King in his stead. James II. was marvellously acclaimed—King by divine ordinance and three votes in the House of Lords. He was indeed a Papist, but as for that “we have the word of a King for our faith,” cried a parson to my Lord Halifax, “of a King who was never worse than his word.” My Lord Halifax took snuff: “This is treason, doctor,” said he.

But the kingdom reeked of loyalty. The few Whigs who found themselves in the House of Commons (Mr Wharton compared them privately to the household of Lot in the town of Sodom) gave up their party name and wisely attempted nothing. The King was dominant as never his brother had been, and found a most admirable tool of autocracy in my Lord Sunderland.

It is recorded that King James in those months of domination looked happy. But

his bastard nephew, James, Duke of Monmouth, speedily unfurled in Devon the blue flag of Protestant revolt, and proclaimed that the King was his mortal and bloody enemy, a tyrant, and a usurper. This eloquence brought to him a throng of west-country peasants, and King James began to be afraid. My Lord Sunderland also began to be afraid. The scandalous Court whispered that my Lord Sunderland was playing double.

But the Whiggish shires—the Midlands, the Fens—were quiet as the grave. What Whig leaders were left whole, my Lord Devonshire, Mr Russell, Mr Wharton, gave no sign. To Mr Wharton came in anguish a veteran of plots, Colonel John Wildman, and begged him in the name of things human and divine declare for Monmouth. “The Lord is on our side, Mr Wharton!” he cried. “Te-hee,” says Mr Wharton, “the Lord loves fools no more than I, Jack Wildman.” Nor then nor after had Mr Wharton a mind to be hanged or help his friends to a hanging. So he winked to the Midland shires and they lay still.

Monmouth’s army grew and multiplied in the west, and my Lord Sunderland fluttered and fidgeted at Whitehall. At last Churchill and the Guards met his Grace of Monmouth in the Somersetshire marshes. The silly rustic army stayed to fight it out, and were slain in their ranks. The Duke of Monmouth ran away, and was thereafter caught in a ditch.

So he was brought to the Tower. He

begged (not very bravely) to see the King. The King granted his petition. The unkind at Court whispered that his Grace would surely blab of my Lord Sunderland's treason. But they were put to confusion. His Grace of Monmouth did but beg humbly for his life. He was incontinently beheaded. My Lord Sunderland's honour was shown spotless to a wondering world.

Then began a new great slaughter. My Lord Jeffreys made holiday. Not only those that had fought for Monmouth, not only those that had given his hunted soldiers shelter, any man whom the King or a courtier deemed dangerous, any man by whose death some rogue might gain—all must fear a hanging. Gibbets lined the high roads in the west and the south. The King knew nothing of mercy. What pardons came were bought with good guineas. The Queen and her women filled their jewel-boxes with the price of lives. And my Lord Sunderland prospered vastly. It was a great and profitable massacre. But faintly through the glee of the Court was heard a murmur of distaste. A lord, a Tory lord, dare tell the King that the air stank with his traitors. To requite him, my Lord Jeffreys, a man of delicate humour, hanged a man in chains at his park gates. And yet, to the King's surprise, the murmur grew.

On a bright November afternoon of this happy year two guests came to the "White Lion" in Guildford.

"Stop, is it?" says one as the first dis-

mounted. "Sure I am heartily with you, Beaujeu. But I would be glad to know what we'll be doing here."

"I also, Healy." Mr Healy shrugged his shoulders and looked at M. de Beaujeu. They were a pair more than common tall and long-limbed, with no burden of flesh, and in holsters and belts they bore each two pair of pistols.

"You are troublous with your riddles," said Mr Healy as the ostler came running. "Now this is a mighty fine town of yours." The ostler grinned and pulled his forelock as at a tribute to himself. "I'll wager you'll have been here before, Beaujeu?"

"Guildford, is it not?" says Beaujeu to the ostler, who gaped at the ignorance. Mr Healy chuckled. M. de Beaujeu made a gesture at the inn. "A house for gentlemen—yes?"

"Oons, we has none but the gentry."

"It is ver' well; there!" M. de Beaujeu bestowed silver with a lordly gesture and swaggered away, bearing his pistols. Mr Healy followed, to find him saluting graciously the landlord, and demanding

"The good wine, the good supper, the good beds?"

"'Tis a desperate trinity to ask of one inn," says Mr Healy.

"Why, sir, yes, sir. But the 'White Lion' has 'em all in his belly," quoth the plump landlord. M. de Beaujeu clapped him on the shoulder and laughed merrily.

"Good, good! He is a wit, our host. My

friend, let us enter the amiable belly of the 'White Lion.'"

"'Tis surpassing the late Daniel," says Mr Healy, and followed into the oak parlour.

There, on the black wainscot, the sunlight flamed in many colours split by the rough glass of the casements; there, gorgeous also in crimson and purple broadcloth, with faces to match, stood two lusty squires. They appeared to disagree, for

"Oons, Sir Richard, I swear it is a dirty trick, and a dirty trick it is!" cries one.

"And, damme, Zouch, I say he is a vile Whig; and if you take his part you be no better!"

"Whig, sir?"

"Damme, Whig. Swallow that, Zouch!" Hands had come to sword-hilts when M. de Beaujeu said blandly:

"Monsieur, servant—servant, monsieur," and gave a magnificent pair of bows. Breathing hard, they turned and stared at him, and he smiled and looked vastly amiable. "Messieurs—an honour—may I beg? But to drink a cup of wine." Sir Richard bowed stiffly and clapped on his hat.

"Servant, mossos. I have other work. Zouch!"

"Curse me, I wait for you!" Zouch growled.

"Oh, messieurs; I am desolated. But I challenge you then——"

"You?" the two roared together.

"Ah, messieurs, but in kindness—in kindness. To drink to your King. An Englishman, he

refuses that challenge never—*hein?*” M. de Beaujeu smiled archly.

“Not I, damme!” says Sir Richard; and

“Have with you, mossoo;” Mr Zouch, anxious for his loyal repute.

“I am honoured of you, messieurs. But wine, then, wine!”

M. de Beaujeu lifted up his voice, and the drawer appeared.

“Odso, mossoo, but my stomach ’ll not stomach your claret,” says Sir Richard hastily.

“*Hélas*, monsieur, what you lose! But me, I shall drink the ale, then, the ale of Old England. Yes?”

“And a damned good liquor, mossoo.” Mr Zouch felt it due to himself to be truculent. M. de Beaujeu laughed and tossed back his black curls, revealing thereby a scar from his ear to his big chin.

“Too good for dirty Whigs, Ned Zouch! And there is for you!” cried Sir Richard; but the pacific Mr Healy, clapping each on the shoulder, struck in laughing:

“But for jolly Tories a liquor to drown in, eh, gentlemen?” and

“*Allons, allons*, drown us!” said M. de Beaujeu hastily to the drawer, who vanished at once. The two honest squires glared at each other. In a moment the tankards were brought. They drank deep to King James, and the squires, gasping, glared again.

“Now, here’s hell to you Whigs, Ned Zouch!” cried Sir Richard, and drank again once more.

"Hell to all Whigs — and all liars, Sir Richard!" roared Mr Zouch; which sent Sir Richard's liquor awry, and, dropping his tankard, he sprang forward spluttering.

Mr Healy intervened. "Sure, you are very tumultuous gentlemen," says he.

"Ods blood, sir, he called me liar!" roared Sir Richard.

"Begad, you called me Whig," says Mr Zouch. "Now, mossoo, and you, sir, be you judges——"

"Aha; it is a point of honour? Good! I love them." M. de Beaujeu kissed his hands to points of honour.

"You must know, mossoo, we have devilish few Whigs here in Surrey——"

"I felicit you," says M. de Beaujeu.

"But there was one, a sour old saint, Squire Silas Dane——"

"What a name of horror!" says monsieur.

"Begad, mossoo, he was as horrid as his name. Had a conventicle in his stable and preached to his servants, the ranting, canting Jack Presbyter!"

"But your eloquence!" monsieur murmured.

"Oons, no honest gentleman has a good word for him. Nor have I, damme. Mark ye that, mossoo."

"I mark it," says monsieur, "with impressment."

"His son, now, I wunnot say as I had no liking for his son——"

"How? He had a son? A vile Whig to have a son? Impudent! But you liked him,

monsieur? Ah! what condescensions. Pardon. Continue then."

"Yes, he had a son Tom. Well, 'Tom Dane, he fled the country——"

"Damme, with the tipstiffs after him, Ned Zouch, mind ye that," growled Sir Richard.

"The miserable! Another vile Whig—*hein?*"

"Why, mossoo, I do have doubts. He'd an eye for a lass and a mouth for a bottle, and your Whigs be surly saints for such. But Tom hath no more to do here than this—when he was fled and attainted the heir to Squire Silas was his brother Sir Matthew of Send Place." Mr Zouch paused for breath and a drink. M. de Beaujeu played with his mug, and murmured:

"Continue. Continue always, monsieur."

"Well, mossoo, a long tale and a dry tale I do make. But I had to tell you this or you would be no judge of the rest—you would be at sixes and sevens with it." Mr Zouch took another drink.

"But you are to me ver' delightful," says monsieur.

"Now belike you have heard tell of the bastard Monmouth's damned rebellion?"

"Ah, a crime foul, unnatural!"

"And a fool crime, too," Mr Healy put in.

"Oons, gentlemen, I am with you there. Well, now some of his runaways (blast their bones!) came running to Squire Silas and he hid them in his loft. Now mark ye, mossoo, 'twas a damnable disloyal trick, and I do say I am as hot against that as any man."

"Your adorable loyalty!" M. de Beaujeu

murmured, and, leaning back in the shadow, put his mug to his lips.

"But, damme, I do hold to it that for his own brother to smoke him and bear tales to the tipstaffs was a damnable——" M. de Beaujeu put down his ale in a hurry, and leant forward breathing hard. Mr Healy stepped swiftly between him and the light.

"Here, mossoo, what ails you?" cried Sir Richard, for the Frenchman's face even in the shadow showed white, and the line of his scar was livid. M. de Beaujeu laughed:

"*Hélas*, messieurs, this old October—it is ver' strong—I think—I think it has waked my gout." He rose and limped away down the room. "But continue, continue always," he gasped over his shoulder.

"An old wound—the gout strikes it—'tis a damned thing, gout, gentlemen," says Mr Healy sympathetically.

"Begad, so it is," quoth Sir Richard with fervour.

"But continue, monsieur," cried M. de Beaujeu sharply.

"Ods blood, mossoo, I am done. I say for brother to hang brother for the sake of his acres is a damnable dirty trick, and I do hold that."

"And I say, damme," Sir Richard cried, "a loyal gentleman could do no less than hang the dirty Whig."

"Sure 'twas Roman virtue," says Mr Healy. "And to know he would be gaining by it must have made it mighty hard for the dear Sir

Matthew. 'Tis a gentleman I would like to be meeting."

"Bah," says Mr Zouch. "Well, mossoo?"

M. de Beaujeu turned and smiled upon him. "Ah, messieurs, it grieves me that two brave gentlemen quarrel over one nasty Whig. *Mordieu*, he is hanged soon. What imports how? In a week his quarters, they will feed the crows."

"Damme in a day," says Sir Richard, chuckling.

"So? Reason the more to forget. Eh, drown his memory in another cup. Mr Zouch—to all loyal gentlemen—nay, drink, Sir Richard—to all loyal hearts. Good, good! So you have drunk to yourselves, each to the other:" he laughed and rubbed his hands. "Also to the brave Sir Matthew Dane." Mr Zouch gaped. Sir Richard scratched his wig.

"Nor I would not drink to him neither," Sir Richard muttered, and looked round for an explanation of his own mingled puzzling sympathies. Mr Healy supplied it.

"Sure, gentlemen, you are both of a mind. You both hate Whigs and you both hate rogues, and one hates t'other more than t'other hates one. And 'tis mighty honourable in both of you." On which lucid statement Sir Richard gave a hoarse chuckle and cried:

"Damme, so it is! Here, Ned Zouch," and he flung out his hand. Mr Zouch met it. "Oons, mossoo, we be your debtors. This is better than sticking each other, what, Ned? Curse me, I would have hated to stick ye."

"Begad, so would I. Mossoo——"

"Messieurs, the pleasure is mine, quite mine."

M. de Beaujeu made them a bow of such magnificence that the two honest squires were abashed and shuffled. They begged him come to Ripley, to Horsley, and they would show him a partridge worth shooting and an ale worth drinking, and departed.

Mr Healy, having watched them out, turned to the pale face and the gleaming eyes of M. de Beaujeu. "Now I would be glad to know where you have gout, Beaujeu," says he with a grin. M. de Beaujeu was not amused.

"This squire—Silas Dane—I knew him," he said slowly.

"Now I wondered what we would be doing here," says Mr Healy.

"My God, do you think I guessed this?" cried Beaujeu. Mr Healy stared. Then monsieur laughed. "Bah, the more fool I!" and sat down and cuddled his chin.

CHAPTER VII

THE BLOOD OF THE MARTYRS

GUILDFORD town was dark and silent. It was past nine o'clock, and even the naughtier taverns were going to bed. Round to the slippery kidney stones of Quarry Street clattered M. de Beaujeu and Mr Healy, Mr Healy leading a third horse which objected to turning

on the greasy hill. "Do you not like it?" Mr Healy mutters, "Begad, no more do I. Come on!"

Where the Castle keep towered above them in the gloom they halted, and Beaujeu sprang down and thundered on a door in the wall. Mr Healy knotted three bridles to a spike. A red face appeared at a grating. "Who be you? Want a lodging?"

"In the King's name! An order from my Lord Sunderland," says Beaujeu, and held up before the grating a paper with a big red seal. The bolts groaned and the door fell open.

"Who be you?" says the gaoler, holding his lantern to Beaujeu's face.

"Apparitors to the High Court—Jeremy Marsh and Vincent Nicholl."

"Humph. Well, and the devil has a plenty fine names too. And what be your business, Mr Jerry?"

"Order for an interrogatory," says Beaujeu.

"And what like fowl be he? Well, come your ways in, my nabs. Ap—paritors, be 'e? Lord love me! Have ye heerd now as the devil be christening hisself Beelzebub? He, he. Come your ways." Mr Healy coughed and nudged Beaujeu as the door was shut behind them. Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. They went after the gaoler down a small rough passage, while before them his lantern quivered like a will-o'-the-wisp in the gloom. "Mind your feet, my nabs. The beetles be slippery when you squash them. Yes, I thought as ye 'ld hit your heads theer. He, he. And

theer again, my nabs. Now here we be, and let me see your order." They were in a little square room used by master gaoler for all the needs of life, to judge by its furniture, infrequently cleansed to judge by its smell. Mr Healy pressed with both hands a kerchief to his delicate nose. "Lord love ye, and this stink be mild beside the prison, too," says the gaoler, holding out his hand for the order. Beaujeu gave it and put his hands inside his cloak to ease his sash. Mr Healy, still holding his kerchief, moved to open the window, and so came close behind master gaoler. Master gaoler was examining the seal when Beaujeu's hands flashed out of his cloak: he flung a noose over the gaoler's head, pinioned his arms and knotted it while Mr Healy clapped the kerchief over his mouth and jammed a wedge hard between his jaws. Pouncing swift as a hawk, Beaujeu had another cord round his ankles before he thought of kicking, and made all fast. Healy lowered him like a log to the ground, and Beaujeu snatched the keys and went swiftly out. They were clearly gentlemen of experience.

Master gaoler stared with swelling eyes at Mr Healy, who passed to the door and stood there on guard. The gaoler made a noise like to snoring and groaned faintly. "Indeed, my dear, I am not enjoying myself neither," says Mr Healy. "And I would like to know what we are doing as much as yourself."

M. de Beaujeu was seeking the treason cell. A dull medley of oaths and ribaldry told him

where the common prison lay, and beyond he found a stair, stumbled up and hit a door with his face. At last he hit upon the key. As the door swung groaning a faint glimmer of light shot out across the darkness. On the dirty uncovered wooden table one candle flared and sputtered and smoked and stank. From the bed Silas Dane raised himself and peered with bloodshot eyes at the visitor. His face was haggard and yellow.

"Father!" M. de Beaujeu cried, springing to him and grasping his hand. "Father!" Silas Dane rose and moved unsteadily to the light. He held it aloft in the foul thick air and his hand shook.

"You? You?" he said quietly.

"Yes, sir, I thank God, in time. Let us go hastily."

"Go?"

"I have the gaoler bound and gagged and a horse for you at the gate. Come, sir, quickly. Each minute is perilous." He tried to drag his father to the door, but the old man withstood him.

"I thank you, I thank you. You did esteem it duty I doubt not."

"Ay, sir. Come quickly. We dare not tarry." The old man smiled.

"Nay, go you. I am earnest in prayer to thank my God that I am here."

"Here, sir? To die on the morrow? Dear sir, 'tis madness this! Pray you, come."

"Boy, I would not ask for mercy. Am I like to flee the penalty?"

"My God, must I force you?" cried Beaujeu. The old man drew himself up.

"Dare you?" he cried.

"Father, can I let you die?" Beaujeu groaned.

"Ay, boy, ay, for the cause of our God. Not without blood will the deliverance come. My heart rejoices that I am of the elect. The blood of the martyrs shall cry from the ground for vengeance on James Stuart and wake the dead spirit of this people. 'To them that suffer, a crown in the city of God.'" His eyes gleamed strangely. "Worthy, worthy is the Lamb. I do choose the better part." His voice was high and clear, and he smiled. Beaujeu stood staring, dazed. "Boy, boy, shall a man fear to follow in the path that women have trod? Nay, go you. You are young. For you God keeps other work. I shall be zealous in prayer for you this last night. Farewell."

"Father, for God's sake——" Beaujeu flung out his hands in despair.

"For God's sake I stay. May He have you in His keeping." And Beaujeu fell on his knees, muttering:

"Father—father——" The old man raised him.

"Nay, rejoice rather even as I rejoice. What better end for worn-out body than to die in the cause of God?"

"Then I stay. I stay," said Beaujeu, through his teeth.

"Nay, not that. Not that." Beaujeu faced him stubbornly. "I bid you go, boy."

"God! Do not make me a coward, sir!"

"Coward?" the old man laughed. "Would a coward be here? Nay, go you. Still the Beast is with power. There needs who shall fight him. Fight! Fight! Go, boy. And now farewell—I thank you, I thank you. Go. You are—truly—mine own son." With gentle force he drew Beaujeu to the door, who caught his hand and kissed it and groaned. His father shut him out in the dark.

Beaujeu stumbled on through the darkness, falling, rising again, careless as a madman. Speedily he came upon Mr Healy, and Mr Healy, amazed at his reeling gait, his wild eyes, caught his arm, and muttered:

"Man, where is he?"

"He would stay," said Beaujeu.

"To be hanged. Sure, 'tis an original taste," says Mr Healy. Beaujeu broke away from him and staggered on. Mr Healy jumped to the gaoler, whose eyes were now like to come out of his head. "Now, my dear, consider," says Mr Healy, wagging a finger at him. "There is no poor soul that we will be taking from you. We have done, do you see, just nothing at all. In two minutes you shall, if you please, be raising alarms, but we will be gone, and you would but tell your friends that you have let yourself be bubbled. Do you perceive? If you do, wink for me, my dear." The gaoler laboriously winked. "Sure, 'tis worth a guinea to see your agility," says Mr Healy, put a guinea on the table, stooped and sliced the bonds on master gaoler's ankles and lifted him. "On your left

front—march! "Twill be healing to your stiffness. Oh, sure, you will see your guests to the door"—as the gaoler resisted, Mr Healy wrapped him in a mighty arm and bore him along. "Sure, 'tis narrow for two. I'm grazing you? Begad, I am flaying myself." They came to the open door, the keys were still in the lock, Beaujeu was in the saddle waiting. Mr Healy cut free the arms of the gaoler, who jerked the gag from his mouth at once and fell a-coughing.

"No thanks now, my dear," says Mr Healy, pushing him in: "'tis polite, but superfluous," and he shut the door and sprang to his saddle. "And where is it now, Beaujeu?"

"Back to the inn," Beaujeu muttered. Back they went and roused the landlord, to whom, since amazement loomed behind his politeness, Mr Healy courteously explained that M. de Beaujeu had had a fall, and was too shaken to go further on his journey. The landlord bustled monsieur to his bedroom, and there commiserated him at length, while Beaujeu stared through him with wide unanswering eyes. When at last the two were left alone:

"Sure, Beaujeu, 'tis all very dramatic, but a trifle confusing to me," says Mr Healy. Beaujeu laughed.

"Ay," he said, "ay," and laughed again. Mr Healy resigned the riddle and went philosophically to bed. And Beaujeu sat all night wide-eyed, torturing himself with imaginings of the morrow.

CHAPTER VIII

A FAMILY AFFAIR

M. DE BEAUJEU, haggard, dull-eyed, made a breakfast of ale, and the landlord counselled him a surgeon.

"I shall find my own cure," said Beaujeu. The landlord hoped indeed that mossos would do so, and was surprised by a laugh.

Beaujeu went to the window, and stood looking out on the steep street, while Mr Healy ate heartily. He was biting his nails when Mr Healy joined him. "Begad, is it a holiday?" cried Mr Healy amazed, for there were scores of people hurrying up the hill, a throng wondrous in a tiny town, strapping lasses and lads sun-burnt and ruddy, in rough grey frieze, and their clogs clattered for their haste, and all were mightily gay with knots of red ribands and shrill in laugh and chatter. "Is it a holiday, my lass?" says Mr Healy to the waiting maid.

"Aw no, sir, 'tis a hanging." Mr Healy took out his pipe.

"The devil!" said he. "And you would be giving your eyes to see it, eh?"

"Aw, sir, I be going, I be going," she cried, and scurried off. Beaujeu's eyes gleamed as he watched.

"Well, will you follow the lady?" says Healy, with a chuckle and a wave of his pipe.

"I?" Beaujeu laughed.

"Sure, and I have no taste for cold meat neither," said Healy, and fell to sucking his pipe. Beaujeu stared at him.

Then there rose on the air a dull roar. The folks in the street began to run. Beaujeu shook and caught at the sill, and his knuckles grew white, his arm quivered with the grip. The roar endured a while and was hushed, while they heard only the noise of those who ran to be in time for the death. Mr Healy was gazing in wonder on emotion visible in his friend. The noise in the street grew fainter: the last comers had come and there was silence.

Then rose a louder roar, and grew, and grew, broke into volleys of cheers and yells and still endured. Beaujeu's broad chest was heaving and his lips were white. Healy heard him groan. A little boy came running down the street, then others close upon him. A woman screamed from a window:

"Be they have hanged he, Willyum?"

"Naw—did cut off he's head."

"Might so well have bided at home, then. Come in, ye little houn'."

Beaujeu's hand let go its grasp, and he reeled against the wall gasping. Mr Healy arose, and—

"Why, what is ailing you now?" he said. "The poor devil is out of his pains."

"He—he was my father," Beaujeu gasped. Mr Healy dropped his pipe and came to put his hand on the quivering shoulder. Beaujeu

flung it off and turned with eyes ablaze in his haggard face. "My father, you understand? My father!" Mr Healy bowed his head. Beaujeu's face was not for a friend to see. Then Beaujeu caught his shoulder roughly. "Healy—you heard the tale yesterday—his brother—my uncle—you see? Will you come?"

"Why then?"

"To hang him." Healy started back and stared at him. "Will you come?" cried Beaujeu fiercely.

"By God, I will!" said Mr Healy slowly, looking into his eyes. Beaujeu clapped his hands and demanded the reckoning and his horses.

Down the hill, and by devious lanes shunning the sight of that bloody market-place, M. de Beaujeu went out of the town. Once he laughed: "Healy, I came to see my father and my uncle. I shall have seen them both."

"You will be proud of your father," said Mr Healy with a keen glance. Beaujeu frowned. They came to the wider London road at last, and trotted on between the brown bracken. The blue deep-bosomed downs close above them barred their view on one side, while on the other tilth and meadow and moor lay dark and flat as far as the sky. Soon they wheeled round to a hollow lane where the dead leaves stank, then came quickly to the sunlight and clean air again and passed by a grey rubble lodge to the rolling turf of Sir Matthew's park. A horse-

man passed them going the other way, and Beaujeu eyed him keenly. But face and figure were hidden under a cloak and he rode at a gallop.

"'Tis not my uncle," said Beaujeu, "my dear uncle."

"Sure, and it might have been simpler if he were." Beaujeu laughed.

"No. It would have relished less. Out of my dear uncle's own room opens a secret chamber. None know the trick of it but we of the Dane blood. Better men than my dear uncle have lain there *perdus*. We will take him there. When I undo the door he may guess who I am. That should comfort him." Again Healy looked at him sharply.

"Well! 'Tis for your father," he said at last.

"What do you mean?"

"Just that," said Mr Healy.

But when they came to the mellow-red walls of Send Place the butler told him that Sir Matthew was gone to Bourne. Beaujeu, wheeling round, muttered to Healy, "Already!" and laughed.

"Aceldama!" said Mr Healy. Beaujeu laughed again.

"Was Judas the brother of Christ?"

They rode on a while before:

"You hold to it, Beaujeu?" said Healy.

"Does he not ask for a hanging?" cried Beaujeu.

"Sure, 'tis a very foul knave," Mr Healy confessed. "But 'twas not a gentleman did the hanging for Judas." He looked at Beaujeu.

"Still, if your father desired it——," and he shrugged his shoulders.

"What do you mean?" cried Beaujeu for the second time.

"Did he?" said Mr Healy. Beaujeu bit his lip.

They rode on silently, and Beaujeu slackened his pace, went out of the park by the river gate, and splashed through the ford into the dark grass of Woking common-mead. Then on past the grey church and up the hill to the bare dark moor, where the villagers were chopping dry furze for the winter fires. Beaujeu drank the smell of the heather while Mr Healy conceived that he had come upon the abomination of desolation, mile upon mile of billowy barren land with a clump of firs in the west, dark and gaunt against the golden sky.

There came a cottage or two with a scrap of garden stolen from the heath, then stony brown fields, outposts of the cornland, and then, as they dropped down the hill, the green valley meadows. With the red roofs of the village in view, and the slim church spire, they turned away to Bourne Manor, hidden behind great oaks in a dell of the park. There was no sign of life. The little casements amid the ivy were shuttered, and for long no one answered Beaujeu's rapping on the door. Came at last an old dame unknown, who told him sourly that Sir Matthew was in the orchard ordering the setting of new trees. Beaujeu laughed. Tying their horses by the door, they went

round the house, and on their way met a pair of gardeners.

"Yes, sir, in the orchard he be," says one to Beaujeu's question. "Ha' just bid we go."

Behind the tall yew hedge Beaujeu checked and gazed. There was his uncle, plump, swarthy as of old, but with him a younger man taller than he, who was crying:

"I am come, sir, to learn if this damned tale be true. Will you tell me?"

"My dear lad, my dear lad," said Sir Matthew feebly, and the two voices were very like. Then as the younger man turned to face him and showed his face to the sun,

"My God!" Beaujeu muttered, and caught Healy's arm.

"'Twill be the gentleman's son?" Healy whispered, Beaujeu nodded. "Now will we be hanging his father before his face?" And Beaujeu staring at them, muttered:

"No . . . no . . . not that."

"Will you give me an answer, sir?" cried the son.

"Now wait," says Mr Healy, "Wait!" to Beaujeu, and strode out across the grass, leaving Beaujeu lurking. "Sir Matthew Dane?" Sir Matthew started round. "Sure, your conscience is quick this morning. Sir, I am grieved to tell you that your brother has died like a gentleman. Ay, it will be most distressing to you"—as Sir Matthew became pale yellow. "But I am charged to bear to you fervent congratulations on your ingenious devices."

"F-from whom, sir?" Sir Matthew stammered.

"Sure, from the devil," says Mr Healy.

"Sirrah—sirrah—" Sir Matthew cried. Mr Healy approached him.

"Do you desire satisfaction of me?" he asked, and his breath beat upon Sir Matthew's cheek. "Begad, I am desirous myself." He flashed out his sword. Sir Matthew started back. Mr Healy laughed.

"Sirrah, I am an old man, else——"

"But, begad, here is a young one!" Mr Healy swung round upon his son. "Will you fight, sir, will you fight for the father that's Judas to his brother?"

"Sir, will you give him the lie?" Jack Dane cried to his father. "Did you betray my uncle?"

"I did my duty to my King," said Sir Matthew, not without a snuffle. "I would to God, my dear boy, this grievous burden had fallen on another." His son flung away with a laugh of contempt—then came upon Mr. Healy's steady eyes and stood a while staring.

"I cannot meet you in this cause, sir," he said in a low voice. Mr Healy slapped his sword home and turned on Sir Matthew:

"Mr Judas," says he, "I envy you your proud joys at this present." Sir Matthew was gasping in short breath.

"Have you shamed me enough, sir?" Jack Dane muttered flushing. Mr Healy made him a bow.

"Sir, 'tis not you that are shamed," said he. "Sure, you are true kin to the man that died."

"I do not forget it, sir," said the lad proudly.

"He would ask you no more. He nor his friends."

"You were of them?"

"I am friend to all of his, sir. James Healy, your obedient." They bowed to each other.

"May I beg—will you wait me at the Red Barn Inn, Mr Healy?"

"'Tis a pleasure," said Mr Healy, and with that departed.

Behind the hedge Beaujeu held out his hand and the two men gripped. Then, as they rode away: "You were right, Healy," says M. de Beaujeu. "You were right."

"Begad," the merciful Mr Healy gave a merciless chuckle, "there's worse things than a hanging." And he jerked a nod to the orchard where the son was left to deal faithfully with his ingenious sire. "But will you tell me now where we will find the boy's Red Barn Inn?"

M. de Beaujeu flushed very dark. He appeared to attempt speech and fail. He pointed with his whip.

Mr Healy, observant, seemed to himself a man in a fairy tale, and came to the inn with anxiety as to whom his friend would be hanging now.

CHAPTER IX

IN ONE ORCHARD AND SEVERAL LANES

IN the orchard father and son looked askance at each other.

"My dear lad," said Sir Matthew, "my dear lad——" and stopped abashed by the dear lad's angry eyes. Jack Dane laughed:

"Is there more to say than a good-bye, sir?"

Sir Matthew licked his lips. "Dear lad, you apprehend the matter amiss — nay, consider. My brother harboured rebels, rebels, Jack——"

"Poor hunted devils, and so would any man!"

"Jack!" cried his father aghast. "Dear lad, they were rebels against the King. It was my duty to seize them. To let them escape were treason. And I am in the Commission. Ah, lad, it was grievous to uncover his fault. Pray you may never know such pain. I——"

"Oh, must you cover it with cant? Is it not enough to find you here in his own garden on the morning of his hanging?"

"Nay, dear lad. You mistake. You misjudge. He has not been hanged."

"What, sir?"

"I procured that he should be beheaded. I have been very urgent with my Lord Sunderland. My lord has been much my friend, and saved us the shame of a hanging."

Jack Dane broke out in a bitter laugh. "I misjudged indeed! I never thought to hear

a man boast that he only beheaded his brother. Nay, say no more. You'll not better that. God be with you, sir! I pray to God I may never see your face again. 'Tis enough to know I am your son." He cocked his hat and strode away.

"I have but a few years to live,——" said Sir Matthew, sighing plaintively. But his son was gone, and the sad reflection saddened none but Sir Matthew himself. He was left in his Acel dama exceeding sorrowful.

Sir Matthew quoted to himself concerning Jeshurun, who waxed fat and kicked. Sure, 'twas the boy's comfortable estate had bred this wanton insolence. Nay, he had not dared defy his father but that he knew himself provided. The impious boy must mean to claim his mother's Kentish manors. Oh, sharper than a serpent's tooth! Sir Matthew sought to persuade himself that he might hold those manors still, but repeating the clauses of the settlement (he knew them by heart) found no hope. Sir Matthew enquired of Heaven why he was cursed with an impious son—and then cast a balance. Gain—Bourne Manor and the table money of a wicked boy. Loss—Dunton and Westerham. A poor hundred pounds by the year was all he had gained by the grievous mournful duty of killing his brother. Such in this world (Sir Matthew reflected) is the reward of stainless virtue. He had been much advantaged in his morality by friendship with my Lord Sunderland.

His unnatural son was riding away through

the park, and twice in a theatrical manner he laughed loud. He appeared to himself a character from a tragedy, and pulled his hat over his brows, in which picturesque array he was startled by a gay:

"Holà, cousin!" and saw galloping down upon him a roan mare and a girl in grey. Behind her a cloud of brown hair hung upon the wind. Jack Dane halted. "Why, cousin!" cried the girl. "Oh cousin, you picture of woe! Come for a gallop with me."

"Nay, Nell, I have no leisure now," said Jack, with solemnity. The girl reined up by his side and looked at his gloomy face and laughed.

"'No leisure!'" she mimicked solemnly. "Oh, alack! And is it in Heaven you are needed, Mr Dane? To sober their joys, sir?"

"I have no heart to jest, Nell. Good-bye." He held out his hand.

"Faith, I crave your divinity's pardon!" the girl cried, and bowed and drew away. But he held out his hand still, and while she looked defiance at his eyes she saw they were gloomy. So she came again and gave him her hand. Jack Dane held it a moment.

"Some folks," said the girl modestly, "would kiss it." Jack Dane obeyed.

"Good-bye, little girl," said he.

"Till——?"

"God knows!" said the tragic hero, and rode off.

"Oh brave!" the girl laughed, and sat

looking after him. "How cross he was!" she murmured, and reflected: "I like him cross. He was never so much a man. I suppose he has quarrelled with his father. I should! He is—he is worse than mother." To which flattered parent Mistress Nelly d'Abernon then rode home.

M. de Beaujeu and Mr Healy had come to their rendezvous. "Ye Red Barne: by J. Ottaway: for man and beast." Mr Healy read aloud from the sign. "Shall we stop and bait, Beaujeu?" Beaujeu, who was staring at the inscription, shrugged his shoulders.

"I would be the better of a dinner," said Mr Healy, dismounting, and was surprised that Beaujeu showed no reluctance to enter nor any interest in aught inside. Also relieved.

At dinner Jack Dane found them; and Mr Healy, rising: "My friend, M. de Beaujeu, a French gentleman of the Imperial service, Mr Dane."

"At your command, sir," says Beaujeu bowing. "I knew your uncle and honoured him." Jack Dane flushed.

"Pray favour us, sir," says Mr Healy, waving his hand to the dinner.

"I wish to say, Mr Healy, that if you desire to meet me in any other cause—I carry a sword, sir," said Jack Dane majestically. Mr Healy shook his head.

"Faith, I will have no quarrel with you at all, sir. I spoke for the sake of the dead."

"Whom we all honour," said Beaujeu gravely. "In that bond, sir, we are all friends." Jack Dane bowed and sat down. Beaujeu eyed him keenly while Mr Healy, carving the pheasants, pondered on the unlikeness of kinsmen—compared Beaujeu's tall lithe frame and long swordsman's limbs to the square strength of his cousin, Beaujeu's pale hawk face and the glittering light blue eyes half hidden beneath his brow to the open stare of the lad's big brown eye and his round rosy cheeks. Mr Healy, an amateur of beauty, approved both, and began to eat and talk for three. He expounded that M. de Beaujeu and himself having made some small fortune in foreign wars (which he described elaborately) were come to spend it in England.

"Gad, sir, I wish you joy of your choice," said Jack Dane, and essayed a laugh of sarcasm. "We are like to be very merry under King James. Merry! Good luck to you, gentlemen!" He lay back and drained his glass. Beaujeu and Mr Healy exchanged a glance.

"Sure, merry is what we hope to be," says the innocent Mr Healy.

"It is, henceforth, my endeavour," said M. de Beaujeu. And Jack Dane wondered if they were laughing at him, but could see no joke.

Since by a strange chance they were all going to London, they rode together. The swift November twilight was falling before they had come nearer the town than Brentford. As they lumbered through the narrow

muddy lane beyond Turnham Green Mr Healy's quick eye caught a glimpse of a horse's head and shoulders and a rider lurking at a cross way.

"And will you be a gentleman of the road?" said he, nodding at the vision. The other two peered through the shadows.

"Why damme, 'tis Tom Wharton or his double the devil!" cried Jack Dane, as they came nearer. "Here, Wharton!" he shouted. But at the word the horse was reined back, the rider hidden behind the hedge, and when they came to the mouth of the lane horse and rider were vanished.

"Sure, 'tis a very elusive gentleman. Did you say his name was Wharton?" says Mr Healy.

"No. The devil," said Jack, frowning; and wondering (as M. de Beaujeu was wondering) what could bring Mr Wharton to Turnham Green of a November evening.

"Begad, then, he need not have cut me," says Mr Healy. "But—oh, ma'am, your servant!" He reined back in a hurry to give place to a lady on horseback, who swept round a bend in the road. She was masked, she was cloaked in black, and her horse was black. M. de Beaujeu also pulled his horse out of the way, begged a million pardons for jostling her; and the mysterious lady, bowing, passed on. "Sable on sable," says Mr Healy, "'tis mighty bad heraldry, but duly fit for the devil's mistress." Jack Dane, beholding now an explanation of the presence of Mr Wharton,

laughed. For other reasons M. de Beaujeu also laughed. Upon the bridle of that black steed he had beheld an initial—"S."

They came past the twinkling lights of Kensington village and my Lord Nottingham's new mansion, and on down the gloomiest of tree-shadowed highways, with weird shadows a-dance before them on the mud. Where the houses met them at last by St James's Church, and the smell of the seacoal smoke, "Mr Dane, we are lodged in Essex Street, in the Strand. Do you come by our way?" says M. de Beaujeu.

"Why, monsieur, across Leicester Fields, at least. I rest with Mr Wharton in the Lincoln's Inn Fields."

Turning they passed again to a country lane, and, skirting the white palings of Leicester Fields, came to the scattered cottages beyond St Martin's. At the door of one was a splash of colour and light. Four footmen on either side held aloft flaring torches. The flames fell on their liveries of scarlet and gold, and a great crimson coach and its four black horses, harnessed with an abundance of glittering brass. As the three came up the door was flung wide. A blaze of clearer, whiter light shot out, and through it came a woman white and dazzling as the light itself. Her dress was white, and whiter still her shoulders and arms. In the little hollow below her neck one big diamond shone with many coloured flames. Her dark hair hung in ringlets round her temples. She walked with a strange

smooth step that bore her sailing on like a swan upon the waters. Behind her was a handsome, lusty fellow in green velvet and a yellow periwig, smiling, mightily pleased with himself.

But Mr Dane was not pleased. He sprang down and thrust forward to her side, leaving in Mr Healy's ears the sound of a muttered oath. Mr Healy, hearing also the scrape of hoofs, turned to find that M. de Beaujeu had reined back to the shadow, whence came the sound of his harsh, scornful laugh. "Now, where is the humour?" Mr Healy enquired of himself.

"La, Mr Dane!" cried the lady laughing and giving him her hand. "I go to sing to the King. Is he not blessed?"

"Beyond his deserts, ma'am," said Mr Dane. "Would I were King!" he sighed amorously. And again Mr Healy heard the laugh of Beaujeu.

"Then Majesty would be better favoured," said the lady smiling. "Would he not, my Lord Sherborne?" she turned to her cavalier.

"For the body, ma'am, yes. For the brains—oh, God save us!" and my lord handed her in laughing.

"My lord!" cried Mr Dane, catching at the carriage door.

"Your Majesty—good-night!" said my lord. "Go early to bed!" and with that and the laughter of the lady and my lord the carriage rolled away down the hill to Whitehall with the footmen running beside the horses.

"Curse him!" muttered Mr Dane dramatically. And for the third time Mr Healy heard the laughter of M. de Beaujeu. Then: "Well, gentlemen, good night to you!" said Mr Dane sharply turning.

"Oh, good-night!" says Mr Healy. "We'll doubtless be meeting again."

"Doubtless," said Beaujeu; and, with Healy bowing and Beaujeu touching his hat, they rode away from the suddenly unsocial Jack Dane. The lad sat his horse in the darkness, a statue, waiting romantically his lady's return. M. de Beaujeu glancing back once saw him and laughed for the fourth time.

They came out to the filth and stench of the Strand by the long arcades of the New Exchange, and went down the steep slope of Essex Street under the jutting windows on either side to the last house built out on arches over the river. Servants swiftly answered Beaujeu's whip-rap and led away their horses. In the narrow hall stood bowing with a candlestick in either hand a sturdy Swiss.

"One has done what one could, monsieur," he said in French. "But, alas—in two days!"

"It is well done, Dubois," says Beaujeu, as the man backed before them into a room hung with blue tapestry.

"D'you know," said Mr Healy dropping into a chair, "I have not had a house of my own for ten years. And 'tis consoling at last." M. de Beaujeu grunted. At supper Mr Healy found him morose, and forgave him readily, remembering the work of the morning. But

afterwards, as they smoked over the fire, Beaujeu broke twice into a laugh, and on the second Mr Healy was moved to ask:—

“And where is the humour, Beaujeu?”

Beaujeu stared at him. “Where is it not?” he said, and laughed again. Mr Healy took out his pipe and opened his eyes.

“I would say you had known days more mirthful,” said he.

“By God, not one,” said M. de Beaujeu, and laughed again. Mr Healy shrugged his shoulders and began to smoke once more. More than ever he seemed to himself a man in a fairy tale. “And damnable well ’twill serve our turn,” said Beaujeu suddenly. “Good-night.”

“Oh, good-night to you,” cried Healy, staring at the shut door. Then took off his wig and scratched his head. “Will you tell me now,” says he to his pipe, “am I real?”

CHAPTER X

MR WHARTON

ON the next night Mr Wharton had a little party of Whigs: Mr Edward Russell, the Earl of Twyford, the Earl of Laleham, and Mr Jack Dane—and Mr Wharton zealously passed the wine and they debated gravely, thus:

“Tom Wharton, you rogue, who’s the

woman in the black mask?" cried the Earl of Twyford.

"Which of 'em?" says Wharton coolly. "Here? Or in Mulberry Garden? Or the fat dame of Fetter Lane? Or——"

"Fie! Think of Jack Dane's moralities. Grafton saw you by Turnham Green."

Mr Wharton laughed easily, "Oh, that!" He shook his head. "Find your own women, Harry. Mine are dear."

"Zounds, they get so little of you, they're devilish greedy to your successors. Jim Bellasyse is cleaned by your little brown wench from Whetstone Park."

Mr Russell drank off his wine. "What Jim ever saw in that natural the devil can tell."

"Humph! Just a woman." Mr Wharton explained, "But the devil doubtless knows very well."

"Meaning that you do," cried Twyford.

"Mellow your wit, Harry," Mr Wharton laughed and passed the bottle.

The Earl of Twyford drank a bumper, and, turning up his eyes to heaven: "Now, Tom Wharton," says he piously, "no more loose stories. Jack Dane shall give us a discourse on true love. Silence for the man who knows an honest woman!"

"Whose fault is it you don't, Harry?" said Jack Dane.

"Egad, I never could tell! And, of course, if I had met your flame——" he paused.

"The better for you," said Jack quietly.

"And the worse for her," growled Mr Russell.

Jack Dane flushed, and Twyford and Wharton seeing it, struck in together to keep the peace:

"But I say, Tom Wharton, to come to business——"

"But, Harry, what is this tale of——"

They both stopped, laughing at each other, and the large and stolid Earl of Laleham broke in deep-voiced: "Now you are choking, here is my chance. Wharton, have you heard about Windsor Races?"

"Damn it, Dick, that's my story," spluttered the Earl of Twyford.

"Old Dick Marston——" Laleham began.

"He's as fat as a hog—and as bristly," cried Twyford——.

"Set his heart on the Stock Plate——."

"And the Whigs have won it the last ten years——."

"So he means to run his 'Zenobia'——."

"And the deuce of it is she'll win!"

"Be damned if she shall!" cried Mr Wharton at once.

"Huzzah! Send down 'Drawcansir'!"

"Or 'Careless'?" said Laleham.

"Bah! Let the fool win," Mr Russell growled. The wine was bright in his eyes. "We'll not beat Black James at Windsor Races, gentlemen," he said sharply. Mr Wharton jerked a nod at him and laughed.

"Ned o' the Scowls," said he. "Be damned to politics! Here's to 'Careless,' gentlemen—a cursed good mare if I say it! And a cursed good toast for good fellows! 'Careless!'" They drank that in bumpers.

The wine went round and round. Louder and looser grew the talk. The flood of Burgundy washed away Mr Russell's politics and his sneers, and he grew feebly jovial over the empty bottles. Mr Wharton's Whigs debated noisily of horses and women, with Mr Wharton loudest and loosest of all. The night was old when Russell and Laleham and Twyford lurched off arm in arm, Mr Wharton bidding them good-night in a view halloa! from the door. Coming back, he found that Mr Dane was fallen asleep with his head on the table. Mr Wharton shook him vigorously and in vain. Mr Wharton leant back against the wall and regarded him austere:

"Do—you—know," says he slowly and very distinctly, "you are a sad sot?" Mr Dane snored. A servant came in and touched Mr Wharton's arm.

"Pardon, sir. The gentleman you was to see—I do not know if you will see him?" Mr Wharton stared.

"Damme, I think I will see two of him," says he. "Put Mr Dane to bed." And off he went.

So regard Mr Wharton holding on by the table with his wig awry and a leer on his ugly flushed face while his guest bows to him. "You are my M. de Beaujeu?" says Mr Wharton, with penetrating clarity of speech.

"I am, Mr Wharton. But that is not my name."

"Oh, the devil!" said Mr Wharton, and sat down and stared at him. "Are you a

plot? If you are—good-night! Plots always upset me.”

“When sober?” M. de Beaujeu permitted himself a sneer. Mr Wharton straightened his wig.

“I am,” says he modestly, “as drunk—as I can ever get—but I am sober enough for you, Mr An—An—onymous.”

“Nor I am not that neither,” said Beaujeu, smiling.

“Then what are you?” Mr Wharton roared angrily.

“On your honour to keep it secret ——” Beaujeu began.

“No damme, no!” cried Mr Wharton in haste. “I am not so drunk that I’ll listen to secrets.” M. de Beaujeu’s cold blue eyes gazed on him a moment in contempt, then monsieur laughed and rose and took up his hat and made his bow:

“So a good - night, Mr Wharton. I have been deceived. I regret to have harassed a fine gentleman. I thought I was to find a Whig.”

The flush paled on Wharton’s coarse face, his loose lips trembled and he gulped. Then full in face of Beaujeu he sprang and “So I am a Whig and be damned to you!” he roared. “Yes, a Whig, and because I am a Whig I bid you to hell, Mr Nameless. I know your kind. You’d be a crimping for another Monmouth, would you? Zounds, do you think you have come timely when the stink of the Bloody Assize is still in my nose?”

He stopped breathless, glaring at Beaujeu, while rage drove out the wine. "Poor devils!" he muttered. "Poor silly devils!" then flashed out again. "I asked no man to get himself hanged, Mr Nameless. I am a Whig, by God. There is your answer and there is the door."

But M. de Beaujeu put down his hat and smiled. "Your pardon, Mr Wharton. I see that I was not deceived. I come from one man who knows how to wait to find another."

"Damn your riddles!" cried Wharton. M. de Beaujeu gave him a letter. Mr Wharton opened it in a manner of distrust: then "Sidney!" he cried quickly, seeing the signature of a friend in exile at the Hague. Beaujeu bowed, and Mr Wharton began to read. "What? What?" he cried in a moment. "You are Tom Dane? Son of the old saint Silas that——" he checked.

M. de Beaujeu finished the sentence:—"that was beheaded yesterday. But I wish to be unknown even to my cousin. I am outlaw. By the grace of my Lord Sunderland," and he smiled. Wharton stared a moment at the cold glittering eyes, then read on. Again he looked up, and tapping the letter with his finger, asked:

"This means?"

"The Prince of Orange," said Beaujeu, and went on softly to Mr Wharton's rising eyebrows—"who bids me say that when the hour comes for all England to cry for him—Whig and Tory, churchman and dissenter—he'll not fail."

Wharton laughed. "Vastly amiable in him. But, begad I'll be in hell before the Tories turn against Black James."

"Pray, Mr Wharton," says M. de Beaujeu gently, "have you ever thanked God that your glorious King is a fool?" Mr Wharton sat up and stared. "Ah, I see. You have not. I fear you neglect your religious duties, Mr Wharton. But sure you must have heard the prophecy of his dear brother, our late loved King Charles. You recall it? 'My good James, he will throw away three kingdoms for his mass and paradise for his harlot.' I like that." Mr Wharton gave a large unlovely grin, but he shook his head.

"'Slife, or exile, or hell is far away from James yet."

"For the second the devil provides. For the first," said Beaujeu modestly, "I. Nay, Mr Wharton, is there not already a murmur, a growl?"

"Damme, we have growled these twenty-five years."

"Ay, even under King Log we growled. Now, I think, we have found King Stork. Only let him play tyrant in the Ercles vein—let him but touch the Tories and the Church——" he broke off suddenly. "And do you think he is like to do that, Mr Wharton?"

"I doubt he is too clever a beast, Black James."

"Ah! And what are my Lord Sunderland's counsels?" said Beaujeu, carelessly flicking his stockings. Mr Wharton eyed him askance.

"Zounds, how can I tell?" said Mr Wharton.

"Pardon. It is then pure love, your affair with my Lady Sunderland. I had forgot that it might be." His light blue eyes were wide and innocent as Mr Wharton stared at them. After a moment Wharton laughed.

"Did you say you were the devil?" said he.

"I was born too late. The part had been filled. No. Pray, Mr Wharton, counsel your dear lady to cut the brass 'S' from her bridoon. 'Tis eloquent. And less charitable minds than mine own might misjudge rendezvous with Mr Wharton even in the chaste mud of Turnham Green. But let me admire your political foresight. Faith, I am a novice beside you."

Mr Wharton looked him between the eyes. "So you was with Jack last night?" Beaujeu nodded. "And you'd not have known me from Adam by yourself?"

"Alas, Mr Wharton, I was so sadly ignorant." M. de Beaujeu smiled.

"Jack's damned tongue waggles damnably," growled Mr Wharton.

"But it has given me now the excuse to ask—pray where does my Lord Sunderland stand?"

"He will keep Black James as quiet as he can. He has all to lose by a rising and devil a penny to gain. So he is for peace and quietness. What did you expect?"

"Just that," said Beaujeu with a shrug. "*Bien*, there are always the Jesuits. They will make our James meddle with the Church, and then we'll not hear the parson preach his

right divine to cut us in quarters." He came nearer and tapped Wharton's arm. "And also—and always"—he said smiling—"our good King James is a fool. Well, Mr Wharton, *pour qui sçait attendre* is my motto and Little Hooknose of Orange my man. What say you? Are you with me?" Mr Wharton walked away to the window, drew back the curtain, flung open the casement, and stood in the cool wind looking out at the night.

"I'll have no answer for you," he said at last.

"And do you love your good King so?" Beaujeu sneered. Mr Wharton swung round.

"No, by God!" he cried. "My hate is as good as yours, M. de Beaujeu, but I would have no man hang for my private hates."

"Faith, we can take heed to ourselves. We——"

"Ay, we can play our game, and bolt betimes if we are like to lose. We are mighty fine—we that cock our hats in town—but we are not England." He caught the surprised arm of M. de Beaujeu and dragged him to the window, and pointing through the moonlight to the meadows and the fragrant tilth and the ricks and houses looming lonely and dark far out beyond the town, "Look! that is England," he cried, "that——"

"Where the buttercups grow and the bumpkins," said Beaujeu sneering. "You affection them, Mr Wharton?" Mr Wharton turned to face him.

"I'll not have one brisk lad of the shires get his silly neck broke for me. And

there's your answer, M. de Beaujeu." Beaujeu stood a moment with the sneer on his lip. Then he smiled.

"'Tis so, in fact," said he. "We differ a little. 'Tis my desire to let nought hamper my hate for King James. A bequest of my father, Mr Wharton, you understand? With you other things weigh. But I am myself the last man in the world to be rash, Mr Wharton. Did I say that my present motto was 'wait'? May I hope, therefore, that we shall rest friends?"

"To a friend of Harry Sidney, Tom Wharton's a friend," said Wharton. "I am yours, M. de Beaujeu — and, damme, none the less because you are who you are, and not de Beaujeu at all."

But Mr Wharton, looking after Beaujeu as he strode away from the door, spake to himself: "Now I am passably a rogue; but you——!"

M. de Beaujeu found Mr Healy waiting for him. Mr Healy yawned, and, "Has the fish bit?" said he.

"Bah," says Beaujeu, "'tis a mere philanthrope."

"You would be well matched," said Mr Healy.

CHAPTER XI

OF A CANDLE AND MOTHS

THE King's Playhouse was crowded half an hour before the play. The stained velvet of masked women and Alsatian bullies filled the pit, and the orange wenches were busy. Overhead decent citizens in linsey-woolsey were packed tight, and purple and fine linen glittered in the boxes. Even the ladies and gentlemen of fashion were come in time. For the second part of Mr Dryden's *Conquest of Granada* was to be the play, and Betterton had for its sore-tried heroine Almahide the incomparable Rose Charlbury.

But there was one box still empty when the play had well begun. Abdelmelech (or it may have been Abdalla) was ranting to the roof when Mr Wharton, Mr Dane, Mr Healy, and M. de Beaujeu lounged in. Mr Wharton sat down and yawned immensely. He resisted Beaujeu's attempt to put him in front.

"I had rather you be deafened than I," said he as Abdalla (or it may have been Abdelmelech) roared on his way. Mr Healy and Mr Wharton shared the background.

"Sure the gentleman is himself a thunder-storm," says Mr Healy.

"Te-hee," Mr Wharton sniggered, "this is the heroical drama, sir."

"I'm ambitious of its remoter acquaintance," said Mr Healy.

But Mr Dane and M. de Beaujeu were watching the stage.

The roaring ceased. Then trumpets blared, a troop of guards gorgeous with copper lace marched on, and behind them came Boabdelin the King and his Queen Almahide—the incomparable Mistress Charlbury in cloth of gold. Alsatian bullies, sober citizens, and Mr Dane rose at her and shouted. Mr Healy leant forward to look. He saw Mistress Charlbury fall to the very ground in a curtsy, while her sparkling eyes looked archly upward.

"'Tis a beautiful woman—with eyes," says Mr Healy, leaning back again. Mr Wharton sniggered, and Mr Dane gave an angry backward glance, but Beaujeu took no heed.

Beaujeu was staring at the incomparable Mistress Charlbury. Sure, this was beauty unmatched! Tall as Diana she was, and Diana's own were the gentle curves of her form and her lithe grace. The yellow candle-light scarce availed to dim the dazzling whiteness of arm and neck and bosom. The incomparable Charlbury! M. de Beaujeu smiled and applauded his own boyish taste.

The act ended in roaring cheers. Mistress Charlbury must curtsy thrice with laughing wide-eyed glances to the fine gentlemen in the boxes. Mr Dane turned to Beaujeu laughing, "Well, sir, and is she not divine?"

Mr Wharton sniggered. "'Tis an admirable

actress," said Beaujeu. "But I've seen her in an after part. As Lyndaraxa she was reality."

"Lyndaraxa? The traitress?" cried Jack Dane. "Why, that would not suit Mistress Charlbury."

"Oh, by your leave! It became her mightily."

Jack Dane looked puzzled. "Begad, nor I cannot call her to mind as Lyndaraxa neither. Can you, Wharton?" Mr Wharton, who was looking curiously at Beaujeu, shook his head.

"I think it was before you went to the play, Mr Dane," said Beaujeu.

"I think not, sir. I can remember all her parts," Mr Wharton sniggered. "Why, 'tis but four years since she came to town, and till then she lived in a village on my uncle's estate." Mr Healy pricked up his ears. Mr Wharton still studied Beaujeu, who yawned and said lightly:

"Ah, is it so, then? My memory goes away."

"Now does it that?" said Mr Healy to himself. "'Tis the first time yet. And a mighty mysterious gentleman you are." Mr Wharton was trying to remember all the scandal he had ever heard of Mistress Charlbury. At last he was convinced that there must be some which he had not heard. The thought piqued Mr Wharton.

The curtain rose upon the next act. Charity forbids description. Through all the trials and tribulations of the heroical heroine passed

Almahide—Mistress Charlbury. Married to one man—loved by another—unjustly accused by her spouse—rescued by her lover—determining on a convent—saved by the timely killing of her spouse—the curtain fell upon her a widow ready (as she modestly declared) when her year expired to yield to the desires of her lover. Whereat tumultuous applause, and Mistress Charlbury breathless and lovely making her curtseys.

M. de Beaujeu arose. "A most goodly admirable farce, Mr Wharton."

"Heigho!" Mr Wharton yawned, stretching himself. "Damme, they rant louder every week. I got no sleep. Well, sir, shall we go see this consolable widow behind the scenes? She is wittier there. She speaks her own words." He yawned again, but from under his drooping eyelids watched M. de Beaujeu.

"Faith, one can scarce see too much of the lady," said Beaujeu.

Mr Wharton laughed. "Why for that I can't say. But Jack should know, eh?"

Jack Dane flushed. "I'll remind you again Mistress Charlbury is a lady, Wharton."

"Damme, now, what makes me forget it!" said Wharton, sneering and laughed at the lad's red face. Whereat Mr Healy was moved to say:

"'Tis your ignorance of the sex, sir." Mr Wharton, of unmatched repute as libertine, laughed loud.

"I am rebuked. Lead on, Jack Wisdom!" he cried, and they went out,

In the narrow passage to the stage Jack Dane ran against a sturdy fellow in crimson silks :

"Zounds, Sherborne, for your value you take up a devilish lot of space," he cried.

"Much like to your brains, sir," said my Lord Sherborne bowing.

"Poor things, but mine own—as Buckingham said of your lady."

"And worthy of you—as your sire is, Mr Dane."

"How am I to take that, my lord?" cried Jack Dane, and M. de Beaujeu's hand fell swiftly on his rising arm.

"With your abundant discretion," said my Lord Sherborne sweetly, and Beaujeu's hand gripped harder. But after a moment Jack Dane said :

"Observe it, Sherborne!" and stepped swiftly aside and tapped at a door.

"No fighting here!" cried a gay voice.

"Have you room for a grave, Rose?" Jack asked, putting his head in.

"For you or my Lord Sherborne, sir?"

"Begad, for him! He's a man of peace. Sherborne would not hurt a fly."

"Oh, but if it were a little fly, sir!" cried Mistress Charlbury. She flung the door wide on those who waited, she dropped a saucy curtsy. "And here is the great sight, gentlemen!" she cried, and laughed at them as they entered bowing. Mr Wharton contrived to place M. de Beaujeu in front, and tapping monsieur's great shoulders :

"This is not Goliath, Rose," says he.

"Nor, indeed, is this a wit, Rose," says Jack Dane, tapping Wharton.

"La, sir, I know what he's not. Can you tell me what he is?"

"God knows, ma'am," said Jack laughing.

"Who had little to do with it!" That came in my Lord Sherborne's voice from the background. Rose gave him a little mocking smile, and he scowled at her.

M. de Beaujeu turned to him: "The gentleman looks very ill," said he in a very French accent. Mr Wharton glancing at Beaujeu sideways saw that he had shaken the black curls of his periwig far forward. His face was in deep shadow.

"Mistress Rose," said Mr Wharton, "I present M. le Chevalier de Beaujeu, who has come all the way from—Timbuctoo was it?—to see you play Lyndaraxa—oh, pardon!—Almahide." M. de Beaujeu bowed over Rose's hand and his face was hidden. Upon her face Mr Wharton had surprised a spasm of pain.

"Ah, mademoiselle"—Beaujeu clung to the shadow and the French accent—"ah, mademoiselle, but of your splendour the half has not been told me."

"Go hark to Mr Dane, monsieur," cried Rose. "He'll tell you double."

"Begad, language could not do it!" cried Jack. "But I was forgetting. Rose, have you ever played Lyndaraxa?"

"Indeed no!" she cried sharply and flushed.

"Why, so said I! But M. de Beaujeu here would have it that he had seen you." Rose

turned upon Beaujeu a strange intent gaze: her eyes were very dark, her white bosom still. There was silence. Mr Healy and Mr Wharton watched curiously. But M. de Beaujeu met her eyes frankly and made a French gesture.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "I am ashamed. I must have confused another with you. It is unpardonable. But in London, in '80, I saw a lady——"

"Oh, I was a country girl then, monsieur."

"Then, mademoiselle, was the country happy," said Beaujeu bowing.

"'Tis the fact, Beaujeu," said Mr Healy with a grin, "you have a mighty bad memory."

"Alas!" cried Beaujeu, and flung up his hands. "You forgive it, mademoiselle? Unless you forgive it I cannot console myself."

"La, monsieur, spare your tears!" cried Rose laughing.

"'Tis so tender a heart," said Mr Healy with a wave of his hand to Beaujeu.

"Then, mademoiselle, I may thank Mr Wharton for bringing me to see the miracle of beauty—of graceful art!"

"Now for the first time," Mr Wharton drawled watching him.

"Ah, but, mademoiselle, but not the last?" cried Beaujeu amorously. Something inarticulate came from my Lord Sherborne.

"The gentleman is surely unwell?" said Mr Healy.

"No. 'Tis his nature merely," said Jack Dane. "The porcine strain, you perceive."

"Whose manners Mr Dane studies faithfully," said my Lord Sherborne.

"My good lord, he has finished his lesson. You may go!" Mr Dane flung wide the door. My Lord Sherborne laughed, crossed his legs and settled himself more easily.

"You are really a pleasant juvenile, Mr Dane," said he. "Pray, Mistress Charlbury, shall we chastise the child?"

Jack Dane flushed and started forward. Mr. Healy and Mr Wharton closed on him.

"I think I have let you bear with him long enough, Rose," said my lord carelessly.

But Rose's cheeks were white, and her eyes aflame. "'Let!'" she cried. "There is a frowardness of old age, my lord, and I like it less than a boy's. Mr Dane, may I beg your arm? Gentlemen, I have been honoured!" With a stately curtsy she was gone on Jack Dane's gratified arm.

My Lord Sherborne, crimson as his clothes, started up to follow. Mr Wharton obtruded a shoulder, and as my lord recoiled from it, "Clumsy, always clumsy," Mr Wharton muttered pensively.

"Sir!" cried my lord.

"Always your servant, my lord, always—at all places," said Mr Wharton. My lord thrust by without a word.

"Sure, a courageous gentleman," says Mr Healy.

"Why," said Mr Wharton modestly, who had never fought a losing fight, "I am thought deadly."

Outside the playhouse they saw my Lord Sherborne staring after a coach. Jack Dane was gone home with his flame, and my lord's venomous air was not soothed by the triple laugh, the mock reverences of Mr Wharton, and his friends.

"Te-hee," says Mr Wharton, "We mislike trespassers."

"Who is he, then?"

"Why, ask the lady's butcher and baker and candlestickmaker; for, damme, he pays them all."

Beaujeu laughed: "A fortunate nymph, egad."

"D' you know, you've a nasty tongue with you, Mr Wharton?" said Healy.

Beaujeu laughed again: "'Tis an idealist this, Wharton," he said, nodding at Healy.

"Damme, I envy him. We all were once in our youth in the country—eh, Beaujeu?" Mr Wharton's eyes were keen upon him. "Even the incomparable Charlbury was once, may be. What? And still she keeps an ideal tenderness for—Danes."

Beaujeu found both of them looking at him. "I admire my name of Beaujeu," said he quietly.

"'Tis damnable apt to you," said Wharton, and found another topic.

Come home, Mr Healy, having filled his pipe and lit it, referred to the lady:

"So you've found a friend," says he.

"Of the dearest," said Beaujeu, and his eyes glittered through the smoke.

"Now will you want to hang her?" said Healy.

"I love her too dearly," said Beaujeu.

"Then God help her," said Mr Healy, and lay back watching the white hawk face.

CHAPTER XII

IN HOLBORN FIELDS

MR HEALY has left it upon record that M. de Beaujeu had always "a decent, natural affection for green fields." Also he "put a proper value on his own legs." So it seems they went often walking to the Islington pastures in that idle spring, and, returning one day across Holborn Fields, observed Mr Dane in a hurry westward bound.

"Romeo goes to his pure Juliet," said Beaujeu with an ugly laugh.

Mr Healy waited for it to end. Then, "And will you be jealous?" said he quietly.

"Jealous? Who, I?" Beaujeu laughed. "But I'd not have the boy tie himself to a draggled theatre wench."

"'Tis benevolent in you," said Healy, and suddenly gripped Beaujeu's arm and stopped him behind a hedge.

For Mr Dane had become part of a drama. Before him was a fellow in faded brocade with a draggled feather, and this hero had paused to

settle his dingy ruffles where all the road was muddy save for two feet's space by the hedge. Mr Dane had tried to slip round with an easy, "By your favour, sir," when the faded hero started suddenly forward and pushed him into the mire.

"Curse and confound me, sir," he cried. "Who a pox are you to jostle a King's officer?"

"The jostling was of your own damned awkwardness, sir," cried Jack Dane.

"Death and hell, fellow! - No man shall use such words to me!" and the faded hero put up his cane to strike.

Jack Dane caught it and slashed it across his eyes: "So begad! And now I am your man when and where you will."

The bully had staggered back and was rubbing his eyes and swearing. Jack Dane laughed. "Beggar you, how do I know you're a man of honour?" growled the bully at last, still blinking.

"Faith, I should say you are little able to judge, sir."

"Enough, fellow, enough. Oons, but I'll teach you manners!"

Jack Dane bowed. "Where you have learnt them yourself, sir?" he enquired politely.

"So you shall never need them this side hell, sirrah."

"Oh, your humble servant without more words—Jack Dane I am, and you can hear of me at Locket's. Your friend will wait on me soon, doubtless," and with that he was going.

The bully caught his cloak: "Od's blood,

sirrah, do you cry off? Odso, you shall fight now or taste the cane!"

"As I tasted just now? Well, sir, where you will, and the quicker the better."

At once the bully became courteous: he smiled and bowed, and "I like to meet a gentleman," said he.

Behind the hedge Healy and Beaujeu exchanged glances.

"There is a very pleasant meadow fifty yards away, sir, if you will do me the favour," said the bully, and parodied the fashionable bow.

"Sure and we will," Mr Healy muttered.

The bully led the way. Jack Dane followed without a word. They turned off by a narrow muddy footpath across the fields, climbed a stile, and then the bully stopped and turned to Jack Dane. His red blotched face wore a grin. Mr Healy and Beaujeu, silent gentlemen of great experience, were again behind the hedge. "This will serve us, sir," said the bully with another bow to Jack.

Jack Dane looked round him. The sun was almost gone and the twilight shadows fell long and dark. On one side was a hazel copse, on the other the blackthorn hedge of Mr Healy, between the two a strip of dank grass. The bully watched him with anxious eye. "Well, sir, well!" he cried. "My time is short!"

Jack Dane flung off his coat: "Pray remember —'tis by your choice that we are alone," said he. Beaujeu and Healy grinned at each other.

The bully showed a broken set of teeth: "Do you cry off now, sir?" he asked, sneering. Jack

tossed down hat and coat and periwig, drew his sword and came forward bald and ready. More slowly the bully dropped his cloak, then clapped his hat firm on his head and saluted.

Jack stared. "Why, will you fight in your wig?" he cried.

"'Twill do for you, sir," snarled the bully, "and——"

"Oho, oho," muttered Mr Healy, and Beaujeu and he, silent and swift, marched for the strategic position—the stile.

The swords crossed and clashed. The bully kept his distance, breaking ground again and again. Jack Dane pressed on sharply and the bully fairly ran from him. But, "Rustic, mighty rustic," says Beaujeu critically, and "Sure we'll not be learning much here," quoth Mr Healy. But then from the hazel copse came the crash of bushes and trampling feet. Three men more rushed upon Jack Dane, who swung round and sprang away from them to the hedge.

Mr Healy trussed his cloak about his arm, vaulted the stile, and dashed in between the four points and Jack. Mr Healy's blue rapier whirled, a singing circle of light in the air, and the four bullies stumbled back, hampering each other. Mr Healy shook loose his cloak and flapped it in their faces, and sprang in under their points and pinked a sword-arm neatly, and was out of reach again in an instant. So Mr Healy, a giant of agility, and Jack Dane was for trying to copy Mr Healy's so simple deed, and had come doubtless to an end untimely but for Healy's cry of horror, "Be easy, now, will

you? Be easy! Don't flush my covey." He was himself feinting, had only three points against him (for one hero was cursing and binding his arm), and was vastly happy.

Towards the flicker of Mr Healy's blade M. de Beaujeu came delicately, swinging his cane.

The wounded hero saw him, and "Damme, boys, it's a diddle!" he roared, and was the first to run. But the others stood on no order in their going. They turned together and fled, Mr Healy and Jack hotfoot on their heels, to the copse.

M. de Beaujeu was left in the midst swinging his cane. He heard some stamping, some oaths, then the gallop of horses. Then Mr Healy came back laughing with his arm through Jack's. "Faith, Mr Dane, never look so glum! They have their *in memoriam*. Two arms and one in the ribs, begad!" He picked up the cloak of the departed bully and wiped the blood from his rapier.

"I fear, Mr Dane, we intrude?" said Beaujeu.

"Why, well for me you did! But I wish to God we had caught them."

"And who were they?" says Mr Healy.

"Zounds, I would give ten pounds to know."

"Well, do you know I could guess," says Mr Healy.

While Jack stared at him Beaujeu said coldly:

"If you will take my advice, Mr Dane, you'll be pure of other men's women."

Jack Dane flushed. "What do you mean, sir?" he muttered.

Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "'Tis no

riddle, Mr Dane. My Lord Sherborne fights for his rights."

"Zounds, sir, do you say Mistress Charlbury is his?"

Beaujeu laughed. "Nay, doubtless not his alone. 'Tis a lady of general kindness. But he appears to prosecute trespassers."

"Sir, if you mean insult to her——"

"Mr Dane, I could not," said Beaujeu bowing. "Are you breathed, Healy? Let us be walking. Believe me, Mr Dane, we speak and we act as your friends. A good-night."

Jack Dane made an ungracious bow and they parted.

Mr Healy glanced at his friend: "'Tis the first time you've left me alone in a fight," said he.

"I would have had the boy schooled."

"You would be having him killed to teach him morals? 'Tis an austere affection that you have for him."

"He is all my kin in the world, and I'll not have him break his life for a wench."

"Sure and you love that same wench dearly, do ye not?"

Beaujeu smiled in the gloom.

CHAPTER XIII

THE BENEVOLENCE OF M. DE BEAUJEU

THERE was a crowd in Jeremy's. Coffee, smoke and snuff loaded the air, and fine gentlemen (who had all called themselves Whigs four years earlier) scraped each other's legs with their rapiers as they turned to whisper or listen. Rumours were flying about the town of quarrels at Court and the Council Board, so "when thieves fall out" they said at Jeremy's and debated politics marvellously. But in the window stood Mr Wharton jesting on all heaven and earth, in a corner sat M. de Beaujeu alone smoking a pipe of his own Turkish tobacco, by the door a little man with bright eyes was teasing a waiter, and they three contrived to look careless.

A man came hurrying in with news writ large upon his face. He appeared to look for a friend, found one, and whispered something in his ear. A loud "Now, damme!" drew others in, and soon there was a covey chattering like rooks.

"Faith, they have a joke there," said Mr Wharton. "What is the *mot*, Temple?"

One turned and looked round the room. "My Lord Halifax is struck off the Council," says he in awe-stricken tones.

The buzz of talk died suddenly. My Lord Halifax was the one man on King James's Council with a name for honesty.

"And Sunderland turns Papist!" the awed voice spake in the silence.

The fine gentlemen in Jeremy's stared at each other and spake not. Here was cataclysm indeed! So the King would have none but knaves to serve him, and Papist knaves at that! Then who was safe, or what? They were mightily exercised, and their eyes half-timorous, half-suspicious of their best friends. M. de Beaujeu glanced round curiously, and observed that the little man with bright eyes was doing the same. They two alone were unmoved. And the silence endured save for the waiter's footsteps. Then Mr Wharton laughed loud. All turned to stare at him and still he laughed.

"Egad, gentlemen, you are a feeble folk," said he, and he laughed again. They crowded around him to ask him what he thought. "Faith, I never think," laughed Wharton. "What, will you weep because Sunderland has found salvation? Sure 'tis a gay day in heaven." He looked at his watch. "Well, we'll never miss him in hell. And I have the most pressing business. I have kept the lady waiting an hour. I'll have no time to hear your *Te Deum* for Sunderland's soul." And so he went out laughing. But M. de Beaujeu from behind his blue cloud of smoke observed a glance pass between him and the little man with bright eyes. Beaujeu paid his reckoning. In a moment the little man went out and Beaujeu attended him ten yards off.

So a procession of three went eastward along

the Strand with Mr Wharton in the van. Mr Wharton went straight to his house in the Lincoln's Inn Fields, and was surprised by M. de Beaujeu arriving on the steps shoulder to shoulder with the little man.

"So you never think, Mr Wharton?" said Beaujeu smiling. "You are perhaps like the King?"

Wharton stared at him, then broke out laughing. "You are passably diabolic," said he. "Come in with you!"

"And we will share your lady between us," said Beaujeu.

They passed to an inner room, and Mr Wharton gave some care to locking the door. "Now, do you know each other?" he asked.

"Oons," says the little man, helping himself to wine. "I think the gentleman will know me again. He stared enough in Jeremy's."

"Sir, 'twas your philosophic composure that attracted me. I am Thomas de Beaujeu, a Huguenot gentleman, and heartily of your—philosophic—party."

The little man laughed. "And I am Will Green, and no gentleman. I write the news' letters, and so I am drinking Mr Wharton's wine."

"Damme, Will, give the devil his due," cried Mr Wharton. "My door was open before you fell to news' writing. Mr Green is my friend, Beaujeu."

Beaujeu bowed. "I shall hope to see him mine," said he gravely.

The little man stiffened himself with a comical

air of dignity, filled his glass, and pledged them. Then he filled it again and drank and smacked his lips. "Odso, Mr Wharton, the King is a fool," he said with a small malicious smile.

Beaujeu smiled at Wharton: "Mr Wharton proposes to thank God for it," said he.

"Plain duty, Mr Wharton, no less," said Mr Green chuckling, and spread out a big sheet of paper. "Mark ye, sir," he tapped it and looked at Beaujeu, "this goes for gospel in five shires."

"I compliment the evangelist." Beaujeu bowed.

Mr Green chuckled. "Now, gentlemen, we begin mysterious. It works on your country squire. 'Strange rumours fly about the town. Honest men know not what to believe. 'Tis general talk that the hour is big with trouble for Church and State'—and so forth. I'll put something of embroidery to that. Then we go on: 'it may not be denied that late changes in the Church have sorely troubled the minds of good Protestants. The Deanery of Christ Church is given to a Papist, Dr John Massey, who——'"

"Eh, is that true?" cried Wharton.

"'Tis too dangerous to lie, Mr Wharton."

"How did you hear?"

"'Tis the quality of the news' writer to have long ears," quoth Mr Green. "We dilate upon masses in Oxford chapels, and then at the end we'll fire the great guns. 'Tis lately published that my Lord Halifax is dismissed the Council. My Lord Sunderland, who remains, hath turned Papist;" and I'll close shortly: 'On these things 'tis too dangerous to comment. Honest men

are much anxious. In the country you will know what to think."

"Very neat, Will," said Wharton. "Devilish neat. It will flutter their honest dovecotes." He took up a pipe. "And how will it end, Will; how will it all end?" He glanced keenly at the news' writer from half-shut eyes.

"How does it end when you fight a fool, Mr Wharton? You wait on him, wait, wait!" the little man stood up and mimicked sword-play. "Wait till he lunges a thought too far, and then—paff! Exit Master Fool on a hurdle." Mr Green folded up his paper, put it away, and took up his hat.

"A moment!" cried Wharton. "Papists are taking commissions in the army. Have that in, Will!" Mr Green made a note on his paper and departed.

Wharton turned on his chair and met Beaujeu's eyes. "My own motto was *qui sçait attendre*, Wharton," said Beaujeu quietly.

"You see how I wait," Wharton laughed, with a jerk of his head to the door. "But, mark you, Beaujeu, 'tis to-day first that I think there may be something to wait for. I am not sure of it now."

Beaujeu smoked on for a while. "I suppose," he said slowly at last, "in your tender passages—with Lady Sunderland—you are urgent to convince her that her lord should keep the King as quiet as he can?"

"Why, begad, yes," cried Mr Wharton. "Do I want him to hang us all?"

Beaujeu sighed. "You affect me to tears.

Here are we yearning to see our good King set up the mass in Westminster—make Petre Archbishop—proclaim the Pope—and you must needs tell him 'twill be his ruin. My dear Wharton, 'tis merely the truth, so why the devil must you tell it?" Mr Wharton gaped. "Pray reflect," says Beaujeu coolly. "Do you admire yourself as the saviour of Black James? Will you not tell your *amoureuse* that the country will bear anything, that 'tis the heart's desire of all to see good Father Petre Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury and old Sancroft burnt in Smithfield—or such fictions as your fertility provides? At least present me to Lady Sunderland as a gentleman who hath lately made a tour of the country and can assure her all the shires are vastly well affected to the King."

"You know," said Mr Wharton pleasantly, "till I met you I thought I was something of a knave myself."

"Indeed, I perceive that you have the natural gift. You were perhaps less fortunate in early training."

"I was reared on psalms."

"I also. But for my capacity I thank kind kinsfolk, and——"

"Lyndaraxa perhaps?" said Mr Wharton sharply, and made Beaujeu flush to his periwig.

"You remind me——" said Beaujeu coldly. "But first let us provide for the Sunderlands."

Wharton laughed: "Zounds, I'm with you. And I'll make you known to my lady. Sure you'll not play me false with her, will you?"

My heart would break. But, begad, Beaujeu, remember 'twill be Greek and Greek."

"I believe I am passably Grecian. And now of Lyndaraxa. I would take it friendly if you would speak ill of her to my cousin Jack."

"Jealousy," says Mr Wharton with unction, "is a sad vice."

Beaujeu's eyes flashed. Mr Wharton observed his fingers clench on the pipe. "If the wench were here on her knees to beg me have her I would kick her out of the way," said he. Then, observing Mr Wharton smile, "Do you doubt me?" he cried.

"Oh, lud, not I," said Mr Wharton.

"I would not have a theatre wench in my family," said Beaujeu sharply. "That is all my concern with Mistress Charlbury." He rose, and Wharton saw the blood still dark in his scarred cheek. "You'll do it, Wharton?"

Wharton shrugged his shoulders; "My tongue is modestly scandalous," he remarked.

Beaujeu nodded and went out. Mr Wharton, left alone, drew a long breath, then sprang up, flung open the window and stood in the draught of cool fresh air. It was curiously grateful—after M. de Beaujeu.

CHAPTER XIV

THE GALLANTRY OF M. DE BEAUJEU

MISTRESS CHARLBURY was complimented on her art by M. de Beaujeu. "Ah, mademoiselle, but not even on the stage of Paris have I seen so poignant a figure as your 'Almahide,'" said Beaujeu. And that was merely true, for he had never been in Paris.

"You are pleased to be kind, monsieur," said Rose.

Beaujeu put up a deprecating hand: "But no, mademoiselle. I am only honest—and that is quite different."

"Why, monsieur, for myself I would hope to be both."

"Mademoiselle, without doubt you are capable of everything. But we others, we cannot be honest and kind at once. So to you, since kindness would be impertinence, I am honest."

"Indeed, you explain yourself with great care," said Rose. M. de Beaujeu looked at her sideways, saw nothing but gaiety in the bright golden eyes, and lay back in his chair.

"Pardon, mademoiselle. I talk of myself because I dare not talk of you."

"I would that all the town were polite as you," said Rose, and her eyes grew darker.

M. de Beaujeu stiffened himself with a martial air. "Do me the honour to remember,

mademoiselle," says he, "if any rogue take your name in vain the sword of Beaujeu" (he slapped the hilt) "is sharp to maintain that you are Queen of Honour, of Loyalty, of Art!"

Rose laughed: "Why, monsieur, you have discovered all my virtues vastly quickly."

"Mademoiselle," said Beaujeu, watching the dimple tremble in her fair cheek, "they leap to the eye. I have never beheld their match."

Some tone of his voice, a gleam (mayhap) of the eyes, made her start and frown and look at him strangely. He recalled mysteriously the past, this M. de Beaujeu. But now he was bowing and smiling with a somewhat Gallic air, and—

"Ah, mademoiselle, but I envy you!" he cried.

"If I were a man I would never envy a woman," said Rose sharply. "And why me of all women?"

M. de Beaujeu was leaning forward in the shadow, for her gaze was steady upon him. M. de Beaujeu made a gesture with delicate white hand: "To be mistress of all the town!" he cried. The girl's cheek darkened at the dubious phrase. "Eh, one must envy," says monsieur easily.

"Can you understand, monsieur, that I hate the town?" said Rose, coldly.

Beaujeu laughed: "I was sure of it, mademoiselle! These people of fashion, all busy with their intrigues and deceits, I knew they could not please you. One sighs for the air of the heath."

"The heath?" Rose cried, and leant forward, gazing.

"My moors of Auvergne," said Beaujeu. "They breathe to me yet. But, alas! I am exile."

"I am sorry," said Rose, simply. Beaujeu bowed. "I come from a heath country, too, monsieur." She smiled at him. "Do you know the wind that blows over the moors after rain?"

Beaujeu's face hardened. "I remember," he said harshly.

Rose watched him, and her eyes grew dark and tender. "We shall breath it again perhaps—at last—you and I."

Beaujeu flung back his head, the black curls of his wig fell away, his face showed grim against the light, and the cold eyes glittered. "I shall never," said he. "Nor do I wish it—now." Rose had started. Rose gave a little gasp and caught at her heart. Her cheeks were white. Beaujeu's curls fell swiftly back to their place. "But what have you, then, mademoiselle?" says he, with an air of concern. "Alas, some pain? I will call your maid, then!" He rose.

"No—no—it is past," said Rose unsteadily. "Monsieur—you—you come from France?" Her eyes were dark and intent.

M. de Beaujeu in the shadow appeared amazed. "But yes, mademoiselle, from France. I am exile for my foolish faith," says he with a shrug.

"A good cause!"

"I am proud to win your praise." M. de

Beaujeu stood with his back to the light that fell on her eager eyes. He was smiling. "One must always keep the faith, is it not so, mademoiselle?"

"Monsieur, you have the right to say it."

"That is my enduring consolation. . . . But, alas, mademoiselle, I have wearied you too long. I must pray your pardon and go. Forgive that I have troubled you with my life—mine, a friend of two months. And, also—but pardon the impertinence—your pain just past, consider it, for the sake of your health, invaluable to your friends."

Rose smiled, and gave him her hand. Beaujeu bowed over it as if he were to kiss it. His lips did not touch. Beaujeu departed, and Rose sat in her low chair with her hands clasped tight on her knee gazing wide-eyed at nothing, and her low white brow was furrowed.

Indeed he was wondrous like, this Frenchman. That grim face, those glittering eyes—it was Mr Dane's self in his heroical moments . . . Tom's very self. . . . Ah, but it could not be he come back to her. He had gone to the French wars, hating her, scorning her, would come back to her never. Dead he was now, perhaps, dead unforgiving; or happy with another woman held in that strong arm. . . . So the incomparable Charlbury, torturing herself for the hundredth time.

Nay, if even he had come back, he'd not have met her so. Though he thought her traitress and scorned her, he would never come in disguise to cheat her—to make her his mock. Mr

Dane would never be so cruel : nay, he was too great of heart, too noble.

And in Charing Cross a noble gentleman, M. de Beaujeu, remarked to himself : "She was always a lady of an admirable fragrance," and walked to the Countess of Laleham's rout.

The case of the Earl and Countess of Laleham affords the only instance of Mr Wharton's approval of matrimony. The gentleman was a Whig by three descents, the lady a Tory of pure blood ; but neither he nor she was a fanatic in politics. Hence, as Mr Wharton has written, theirs was the one house in town "where a good Whig might meet a pretty Tory without scandal to his reputation."

So, beneath my Lady Laleham's rose-pink tapestry, you may behold the robust beauty of my Lord Sherborne, Mr Russell's saturnine face, Mr Wharton's ugly mouth whispering close to the spun gold of my Lady Churchill's curls, the Epicurean sneer of my Lord Halifax, the famed shell-pink cheeks, the serpentine grace of my Lady Sunderland. From the background, tall and stately in his old gold velvet, M. de Beaujeu studies human nature.

Towards him Mr Wharton cocked a humorous eye, and on a chance coming whispered a word in the Earl of Laleham's ear. M. de Beaujeu was presented by the Earl of Laleham to my Lady Sunderland. My Lady Sunderland looked at him sideways from the corners of her almond eyes.

"You know our English language, monsieur ?" says she.

"Ah, madame"—M. de Beaujeu made a gesture expressing joyful ecstasy—"I have never before been so glad of it."

"La, monsieur,"—my lady made room for him beside her—"you have not forgot your native grace neither. Do you know my Lord Sherborne?" who was on her other hand.

Sherborne bowed stiffly. "I have that delight," says the amiable Beaujeu smiling.

"And so you have come on your travels to see us?" my lady asked.

"Madame, to see you I would travel round the world," cried Beaujeu. "But yes. On my travels—eh, my compelled travels. I have had little disagreements with my king. Ah, you live in a happier country, you English!"

"Faith, monsieur, there are Englishmen who have had little disagreements with their king," said my Lord Sherborne, "and the tipstaffs would be blithe to see them. Have you met any of the kind on your travels? We call them rogues, do you know?"

"You call them that, my lord? Ah, truly! I remember I met one who had hired assassins to kill a better man. He was very proud of himself this—rogue, my lord, you say?" My Lord Sherborne flushed. "Rogue," murmured Beaujeu pensively. "I will remember. Rogue."

My lord's cheeks were very dark, his eyes rolling: M. de Beaujeu was smiling at him: and my Lady Sunderland, though vastly enjoying the sight, considered it necessary to intervene: "Faith, monsieur, I had hardly believed you

French. You are so big," said she naïvely, to draw wrath from this cool Frenchman.

She did not succeed. "We are little; is it not so, my lady?" said Beaujeu laughing. "You see in France it is treason to be taller than the king. He is five feet in his highest-heeled shoes."

"Ah, we English always admire a man who shames his own country," said Sherborne quietly.

"Always I have wondered why some, my lords, were admired," cried Beaujeu quick as a flash. "I could see no reason, I. My lord, you explain yourself. A thousand thanks."

My Lord Sherborne sprang up. "I'll receive them, monsieur, when you go!" he cried, and bowing to my lady, turned away to the sound of the gentle laughter of M. de Beaujeu.

"Faith, monsieur," says my lady, "you are mighty quick at making friends."

Beaujeu gave a shrug. "Ah, my lady, I can forgive him. He was alone talking to you. I should be angry with the good God if he interrupted in such case."

"Fie, monsieur," says my lady, casting down her modest eyes.

"Ah, you are shocked at what I say. My lady, 'tis nothing to what I think."

"Then are you most sadly profane——" My lady looked at him over her fan.

"In justice, madame," M. de Beaujeu murmured, laying his hand on hers, "you will blame also the cause."

"Who, I?" my lady allowed him to see

her white bosom. "La, monsieur, do I make you profane?"

"Venus was never a Christian," sighed Beaujeu amorously.

At that my lady laughed outright. "Do you know, monsieur," says she, in another tone, "you make me think you want something of me."

"And I wish that I did for the pleasure of asking. But alas—no."

"La, you! And now you want no more to do with me. Faith, monsieur, you are French!"

"No, *mordieu*! For I would enjoy to have to do with you always, my lady, though I never did anything."

For an instant my lady looked at him frankly. "When I hear how you speak it," says she, "I wonder what you'd have said had you been born to speak English, Monsieur de Beaujeu."

"Without doubt my tongue had been more bold," said Beaujeu.

"Preserve me from that!" cried my lady, laughing; and as my Lord Churchill came up M. de Beaujeu made his bow.

Beaujeu passed through the rooms, and was attracted by the harsh voice of Mr Wharton. Mr Wharton was describing to a circle of men M. de Beaujeu's rapier play. "In a word, Tom, like your own—infernal!" cried the Marquess of Twyford. Wharton grinned at Beaujeu through the crowd. Among them was my Lord Sherborne. Beaujeu tapped

him on the arm, and judged from the face that turned to him that my Lord Sherborne had been much wrought by the eloquence of Mr Wharton.

"I was to give you my thanks, my lord," said Beaujeu sweetly, motioning towards the door. They went out together. "Eh, it is better. Let us take a walk, my lord," and my lord saying never a word cast his cloak about him, and the two passed out to the park and the cool night air. "Your acuteness, my lord, will see that I wish to complain——"

"I hear no complaints from any man."

M. de Beaujeu went blandly on. "I was disturbed in my country walk by the necessity to drive off your bullies. They spoiled the landscape, you see."

"My bullies, sir?"

"Since you know what I mean, to explain—that would weary. I am charitable, I. Also your bullies were about to spoil my dear friend, M. Jack Dane. You see? I wish not that he should be spoilt. You see clearly?"

"And I'll take your tone from no man alive. Do you see—do you see clearly?"

"*Enfin*—a so little affair we can settle quickly, you and I. I am ready always. But, my lord, but I am just, I. I confess that you have to complain yourself of my dear friend, M. Jack Dane. He is—do you say it?—in your way with your Mademoiselle Charlbury. *Bien*—punish him. I do say nothing to that. But kill him—no. Do you see, for that I will kill you. M. Wharton, he also will kill

you. I think my friend Healy, he will kill you besides. But do you see, that you should drive him from mademoiselle—we like that. Do that and we will rejoice with you. A hip-hip-hurrah for you, do you say so? *Bien*. And now I have told you—now, my lord, if you will, I will meet you at the end of a sword—*hein?* ”

My Lord Sherborne stopped in his walk and stared at Beaujeu, who smiled at him politely through the gloom.

“Wait,” says my lord. “Do you tell me that you’ll not back the boy against me with the Charlbury?”

“M. Jack Dane,” said Beaujeu, “is my dear friend. And so I desire that the incomparable Charlbury should belong to some one else—some one for whom I do not care so much as this,” he snapped his fingers: “by example—yourself, my lord.”

“I’d have you to know, monsieur,” Sherborne cried, “Mistress Charlbury is a lady of honour.”

“My lord, you will without doubt achieve her conversion. In that I covet for you success. Also, I do not wish that M. Dane should preserve her from you—or by marriage (oh yes, he is capable, that foolish boy), or by anything less mad.” Sherborne stood before him peering at his face through the darkness. “Why?” said Beaujeu, with a laugh, since Sherborne appeared to ask. “*Corbleu*, I have told you. Because I have some affection for M. Jack—but for you and your incomparable mademoiselle, my lord, none in the world. Ah,

bah, but how you have been foolish. To attack him with swords in the open fields! A *bêtise*. He is killed? *Bien*, she weeps for her martyr—she hates his murderer. He triumphs? Then she beholds a hero who has conquered by his sole arm many. They like that, women. Also, he has fought for her. We love the lady we have fought for à *merveille* we men. In all cases, my lord, you ruin yourself. Now see what you should do. You discover a day, an hour, when the Incomparable has granted M. Jack an audience to himself. On that hour you send to the Palace of your Incomparable your bullies. But not with swords (in fact, they do not know how to use them, your bullies)—with sticks, *corbleu*, with dog whips. *Bien*, they chastise him like a naughty boy. So to her M. Jack becomes ridiculous, and he, M. Jack, conceives himself betrayed by her, and will hate vastly your Incomparable. So—do that, my lord, and I give my word we have no quarrel for it, M. Wharton and I. *A propos*, I can tell you M. Jack has his little assignation with her on Friday at four afternoon. If it would apply, my lord, I would say *verbum sapienti*."

Sherborne stared at his smile for a minute, then "What have you to make by this?" he growled.

Beaujeu yawned: "I tell you a thousand times. The cure of M. Jack. Faith, my lord, I have no benevolence for you. You may go to the devil with her and I wish you God speed!"

"I'd be glad to know if you want the Charlbury for yourself," growled Sherborne.

"I?" Beaujeu laughed. "I? *Mordieu*, I have never had an affection for women of the town."

Sherborne flushed: "You lie, and you lie like a boor," he cried.

But Beaujeu only smiled at him: "Eh, the pure passion! *Bien*! I am your servant always. But believe me, my lord, I desire for you and the Incomparable no worse than this—for each to possess the other. So I go to pray for your good fortune. I kiss your amorous hands." With a laugh he turned on his heel and was lost in the gloom. An ability in vanishing distinguished him always.

My Lord Sherborne stood still for a while. He found M. de Beaujeu a trifle confusing. But certainly there was something in what he said. . . . He spoke with understanding, this Beaujeu . . .

And Beaujeu striding homeward much pleased with himself was entirely of that opinion.

CHAPTER XV

"A WOMAN WHOSE NAME WAS DELILA"

OVER a posy of rosebuds the golden eyes of the incomparable Charlbury laughed at Mr Jack Dane. It was Friday afternoon.

"You make," says Mr Dane gallantly, "all other roses ugly."

"Oh, the brave compliment," Rose cried; "Now for that you shall be rewarded—with a cup of my Lord Sherborne's wonderful new tea." Mr Dane sat down and scowled. "Faith I owe you that," says Rose generously. "He has had it brought all the way from the Indies, in a box of sandal-wood, for me——" she paused and, with her head on one side, watched Mr Dane glower at the floor. The dimples trembled in her cheeks and her eyes sparkled roguishly. "'Twas vastly delicate in him, was it not, Mr Dane?" Mr Dane grunted. "But do you know I doubt sandal-wood does not agree with tea?"

Mr Dane laughed. "My lord has no taste."

"Now that is a mighty poor compliment to me," said Rose pensively, and Mr Dane must needs scowl again.

A while earlier on that bright afternoon Mr Healy and M. de Beaujeu stood at the window of their house in Essex Street, looking out at the rising tide and the gay wherries skimming over its golden waves. Beaujeu glanced up at the sun and "Will you walk, Healy?" says he.

"You're unrestful to a decent man," said Healy, yawning; "Have with you!"

Beaujeu turned westward. Mr Healy, professing that to smell it gave him a feeling of superiority, desired to cross the filth of Covent Garden. So they came out to the fields beyond St Martin's and the haycocks. "Do they not

make you feel innocent, Beaujeu? Not even the breath of a haycock? Sure you're far gone! But—hola!" He muttered the cry in his friend's ear and pointed. Below them in the lane were some gentlemen gaudily clad. "'Tis two of our heroes of Holborn Fields." said Healy, "and two that might be their brothers in sin." Mr Healy chuckled. "So two are still in their bandages praising my name."

The four halted, and at once Healy and Beaujeu fell, swift as mown grass, behind a haycock. The four gentlemen looked round, and the sunlight fell on unlovely faces. "You desire solitude, my dears?" muttered Healy, as the four searched the landscape. "'Tis a poetical taste but unsocial. Sure, Beaujeu, your cousin is a gentleman in much request." The four marched on up the lane, swiftly. Healy and Beaujeu arose dusting their clothes, and struck across the field with the long easy strides they affected when there was need to hurry. "Faith," says Mr Healy, "you or I will have to put a sword through my Lord Sherborne. 'Tis a harassing gentleman and would be the better of a decent hole in him." Then suddenly he sprang forward and broke into a run: "Damme, Beaujeu, you'll have the lad under the turf. 'Tis the lady's house they've gone into, our four evangelists."

"And what of it?" said Beaujeu (running himself nevertheless). "I told you she was a lady of general charity."

"You have told me a deal more than I believe. If 'tis nothing, why do you run?"

They rose together to a fence. "To congratulate the Incomparable," said Beaujeu, "at the due time." Mr Healy gave it up—and spared his breath for running.

And all the while Mr Dane had been sitting at his ease under the apple green hangings of Miss Charlbury's sunny parlour. He held superciliously the tiny cup of French porcelain, and: "Does the tea please you, sir?" Mistress Charlbury asked, looking at him under her eyelashes.

"If t'were poison," said Mr Dane gallantly, "it would still please me—from that hand."

Her cheeks dimpled; she held up the dainty hand, rose-white in the sunshine: "La the adored fingers!" she cried. "Why they are all your servants, Mr Dane—;" and then as Mr Dane moved to kiss them—"Oh, merely to give you of my Lord Sherborne's tea," said she, and folded her hands in her lap and looked down at them demurely.

Mr Dane flung back in his chair. "Egad, you are as teasing as Lyndaraxa," he growled. At the word she started and gazed at him. Now she was not demure: there was pain in the wide eyes and fear. Mr Dane was amazed and sprang from his chair and came to her: "Why, Rose, why so pale?" he cried.

"Why did you say it?" she gasped.

"Lyndaraxa?" She nodded and he laughed. "Why, to tease you, sweet. Faith, if I had thought you so," with an air of vast politeness, "I had never said so. Now why did it whiten your cheeks?"

"Did it so indeed?" Rose laughed. "Oh—oh, I think I was startled—and indeed it was a sorry jest, Mr Dane. It is so hot, too," for now her cheeks were red and burning; she moved to a chair in the shade. "I am always tired in summer in the town."

Mr Dane smiled down at her. "You are a country lass at heart," said he; then suddenly fell on one knee by her side and caught the adored hand:

"Rose, if you hate it, why will you stay in the town?" he whispered amorously. "It needs not, dear, not another day. I am here but because you stay——"

"'Tis obliging in you," said Rose laughing, and trying to withdraw her hand. "Nay, Mr Dane, nay indeed——;" but the torrent of romantic love swept on—

"Dear heart, let us go together, you and I. We've tasted the pleasures of the town, and bitter they are at last. Come away to the downs with me. I've a home for you that you'll love, and you——"

"La, Mr Dane, I have heard it all on the stage. Nay; rise, for your own sake, rise. We are both ludicrous so."

Mr Dane sprang up flushed: "Ludicrous, ma'am!"

"Indeed, I have no wish to wound you, but if you could see that what you talk of is folly, you would be happier."

"Folly, ma'am! And why?"

Rose played with her flowers a moment, then looked up and met his eyes frankly: "Since

you ask, Mr Dane—because neither you love me nor I you.” Jack stared at her and at last laughed.

“Are my deeds and my words all a lie then? Oh, ay! ’Tis convenient to tell me so. My Lord Sherborne is vastly a nobler swain than I. Pray heaven, ma’am, that he means you as honestly as I.”

Rose drew herself up: “For that word, Mr Dane, I’ll leave you to blame yourself,” she said very quietly.

“Nay, not I, ma’am,” cried Jack. Rose turned away from him and rang the bell.

It was not answered at once. In the hall was the sound of a scuffle and a woman’s scream, then the four heroes of the lane broke into the room together, and “Bottled the prigster, now, boys!” cried the leader, and with lifted cudgels they rushed at Jack. Rose caught at the mantel and stared amazed and dumb, but without in the hall two maids screamed efficiently.

Jack sprang back and snatched up a sturdy chair. With a full-armed rattling blow of it he swept the cudgels clear of him and sprang away safe to the open window. Then he hurled his chair in the heroes’ faces and leapt down to the garden, drawing his sword as he went. By the yew hedge he turned, breathing hard through his nostrils, bright-eyed, white of face. They were upon him and trying dangerously the temper of his rapier with their oak, when “Tally ho!” cried the joyful voice of Mr Healy, and the impressive forms of himself and Beaujeu rose majestical in the air as they leapt the fence

above the lane. "Occupy till I come, my dear," says Mr Healy, feeling for his sword hilt as he picked up his stride again.

But his voice, his aspect, recalled to the heroes joyless memories. "Oh, curse me," gasped one, and the four turned and fled four different ways.

Beaujeu and Mr Healy flung back their shoulders and checked thudding in the lane. "Sure, they are mighty shy," says Mr Healy panting. Jack Dane, looking after the fugitives, laughed a bitter laugh (so laughs your hero, triumphant over his foes, yet in his tenderest affections wounded sore) and slammed home his sword.

Rose came to the open window white as death, her hand pressed to her heart. "Jack?" she murmured fearfully.

Jack laughed again. Jack made her a splendid bow. "Delila," says he, "good-night!" and turned on his heel and went out of the garden. He came full face upon Healy and Beaujeu. "Gentlemen," says he with another bow in the grand style, "I am your debtor again. It is for the last time."

"See if he is hurt, Healy," says Beaujeu carelessly, passing on to the garden.

"Zounds, monsieur, you had best go warily there!" cried Jack with a laugh. Beaujeu made him no answer, but Mr Healy, who was regarding Jack with no affection, took him by the arm:

"Now will you be decently quiet?" says he. "In your ecstasies, my friend, you have forgot

your hat. Will you get it? You are a thought picturesque without it."

"I do not pass that door again, Mr Healy," cried Jack.

"Faith, 'tis cruel to the door. What has come to you now?"

"Why, M. de Beaujeu was right when he warned me against that——"

"Stop!" cries Mr Healy. "'Tis mighty ill taste to curse what you've tried to kiss, my friend."

"Begad, then, I'll call her the Incomparable. And so she is, and monsieur was right to say she would play me false." Mr Healy looked at him curiously. "I was a fool—a fool!" says the hero in bitter scorn. "She 'ld feign to care for me and I believed her, and there in her room she made a mock of me—till my lady was tired and rang the bell for her master's bullies to come and thrash me."

"Humph!" said Mr Healy, and looked him between the eyes. "Now, did I hear you call her something?"

Jack Dane laughed. His wit was a brilliant memory. "Why yes, 'Delila, good-night,' said I, and damme, 'twas a fit farewell."

"Delila? Did you say so? Sure then you are Samson himself. Mr Samson, good-night," said Mr Healy sharply, and turned on his heel.

Jack Dane looked after him, puzzled. Then, being in no temper for riddles, strode off to home and Mr Wharton.

CHAPTER XVI

THE SYMPATHY OF M. DE BEAUJEU

M. DE BEAUJEU, breathing a little hard, came past the agitated maids and found the incomparable Charlbury all trembling.

M. de Beaujeu appeared vastly concerned. "Hélas, mademoiselle, I fear I am come at an ill moment," says he. "You are distressed?"

"You—you are welcome, monsieur," Rose stammered, and the blood came surging to her cheeks. She moved unsteadily, and Beaujeu sprang forward and took her hand and led her to a chair.

M. de Beaujeu was now smiling. "Your pardon—but I cannot but see there has been some trouble. Believe me, mademoiselle, I am grieved."

"I thank you, monsieur, I thank you," said Rose, and her trembling hand clung to his, she looked up into his eyes.

Beaujeu drew himself up, a figure most heroical in the sunlight. "*Mordieu*, but has one done wrong to you, mademoiselle?" he cried. "Ah, impossible!"

"No. No. It made an end," Rose murmured to herself.

"If you are content all is well," said Beaujeu, and the sneer in his tone made her start, made her gaze at him wide-eyed. Suddenly her eyes

grew brighter. For M. de Beaujeu stood tall in the sunlight, and the white hawk face was clear revealed, and his eyes glittered pale blue. He smiled down upon her, enjoying vastly his hour. "But surely I heard something of offence?" he asked blandly.

There was silence a moment while she gazed intent. Then, "What was it? What did you hear? Tell me!" Her cheeks were white now, her breath came short and quick, her eyes were glowing like dark gold. "Tell me! Say it!" she cried.

"*Bien*, you have asked for it." Beaujeu smiled. "What was the title now? Ah, Delila. Thus, dramatically——" he made her a bow and gave the hero's bitter laugh, and cried: "'Delila, good-night!'" Monsieur's noble shoulders then shook with inward mirth.

A little gasping sob broke from her: her hands clenched in her lap: but her dark eyes' gaze was steady and, "Yes, I know that tone," she said, in a low voice. "It is familiar, sir. Six years' past I heard it from—from another Mr Dane." Beaujeu had leant his arm on the mantel, and so brought his face into the shadow. "Ah, need you hide now?" cried Rose scornfully.

Beaujeu stood up stiffly in the sunlight. "Mademoiselle," says he, in his French accent, "I could not guess that you wished to admire me. You flatter me pleasantly. But it appears then you have ill fortune in your friendships?"

The wide intent eyes did not falter at his sneer. "Ay: and I have had trusting friends," said Rose quietly.

"How? Do they all doubt you? Ah, infidels."

"I think you should know—Monsieur—de Beaujeu."

"Who, I? Nay, mademoiselle. But why was your first Mr Dane thus discourteous?"

"Let Mr Dane answer!" cried Rose, flushing.

M. de Beaujeu made a jest. "How?" he cried. "Your incomparable charity has been rejoicing two at once?" He affected to look in search of another gentleman. His pale eyes were sparkling. "But no! Impossible? Certainly this other would be ashamed to be in your presence again." Monsieur's thin lips curled.

Rose gazed at him a moment. Then, "Do you think still that I betrayed you?" she said, in a low voice. "Indeed——"

M. de Beaujeu flung up a white, protesting hand, and broke in. "To me, why protest? I know you altogether, mademoiselle—incomparable that you are! *Mordieu*, but these Danes, how suspicious a race. It is beyond all pardon. Forget them, mademoiselle."

"You bid me?" Rose murmured very low. "You bid me then?"

M. de Beaujeu made an airy gesture. "Ah, no! Bid? It is not in my power, my right. I advise it, that is all. *Enfin* beyond doubt they will come to an evil end, these slanderers.

By example, where is the first Mr Dane?" he asked blandly.

"You——" cried Rose, in a flash of scorn. Then her voice broke in a sob. "Ah, God, if you knew how I've longed!" she gasped and hid her face in her hands.

Above her spoke Beaujeu's hard sneering voice. "In effect you appear to desire the gentleman;" and the girl trembled. "Believe me it is more than he merits. Pray what befell the unworthy? Is he dead?"

There were tears on the pale cheeks, the dark eyes were darker yet when she looked up at last. "You can tell me," she murmured. "Is Mr Dane dead?" The misty eyes cried to his pale, cold and glittering. There came the sound of a coach drawing up in the lane.

Beaujeu took up his hat. "Certainly, mademoiselle," says he with a smile, "certainly he is dead——"

"My Lord Sherborne, ma'am," the maid declared.

"Yes, Mr Dane is dead long ago," said Beaujeu. "And dying had wished you"—he signed to the open door—"this worthy glorious fate."

Dark came the blood to her face, then fled away, and Beaujeu triumphant laughed at her.

Passing my Lord Sherborne in the doorway, "Your obliged servant, my lord," said Beaujeu, chuckling, and was gone.

CHAPTER XVII

MY LORD SHERBORNE SLAMS A DOOR

My Lord Sherborne came in, and Rose gazed at him a moment, then started up with eyes ablaze in her pale face. "You?" she gasped.

My Lord Sherborne came smiling to this martial beauty and took her hand. She snatched it away. "Why—child—" says my lord in pure amazement,

"You dare?" she cried, flushing.

"Faith, I could dare more," says my lord, drawing nearer.

"I wish no jests from you," she cried, and the ring of her voice stayed him. My lord began to doubt whether he had well chosen his hour. Sure 'twas a virago he had never seen that stood tall above him with heaving bosom and wide nostrils and flashing eyes. "I wish not to hear your voice again ever," cried the girl fiercely. M. de Beaujeu's wit, and the pain and the shame of it, had stung her to madness—and behold here was another fine gentleman come a-jesting. "You have done what any gentleman would shame to do," she cried, "and you choose my house, my presence for your vileness."

Sherborne drew himself up. "You'll tell me at least, ma'am, for what you blame me."

"Pho, my lord, do not play at innocence.

It becomes you ill. You well know who set your bullies on a guest of mine."

Sherborne laughed: "Oh, 'tis Master Jack is the trouble then. Why, child, my lads were but to give him a flogging for his impudence."

"Do you dare to speak so of my friends?"

"Faith, Rose, that he should be your friend I am well content. But when he presumed to boast of more, it was time to punish his impudence in the natural way."

"Boast, my lord?"

"Of your favours, child," said Sherborne smiling.

"That is not true. Mr Dane is a gentleman."

"He may so become—in the lapse of years. At present 'tis a coxcomby boy. Hence my cudgels. I could scarce fight the lad—that were too like a slaughter of the innocents."

"Ay, indeed, your courage is famed!" And my lord flushed at that, for it was too precisely true. Rose laughed, "Sure, my lord, your excuses are worthy of you. There is but one thing more I desire to hear before you go—why was my house chosen for this—why was I to see it?"

My lord looked at her askance, saw the flashing eyes of wrath and a red spot aflame on either white cheek, and: "How? Did the rogues come here then?" he cried. "To your presence? Zounds, I thought the boy had come whining to you with his bruises. Faith, child, I ask your pardon. On my word the rogues shall pay for this! 'Twas villainous insolence!"

Rose turned away from him with a laugh. "You may go now, my lord. I have heard enough. Please you to remember—at my door you will hereafter be refused."

But my lord smiling put a hand on her shoulder and stayed her: "Lud, child, what wrath. Why will you hector so?"

"I cannot hope that you could understand. I wait for you to go, my lord."

My lord's brow was drawn. "Begad, not yet," he muttered. "Enough folly, Rose. You were not used to take me so, and——"

"I was used to think you a gentleman."

"Used?" Sherborne muttered, flushing. "What has come to you?"

"I have come to know you—and so (must I bid you so often, my lord?) I desire you go."

My lord glowered at her. His full face grew dark and his eyes were shot with blood. "I am done with, am I?" he said hoarsely. "You have found a new plaything? This French fellow is to be your pet?"

"No, my lord," said Rose quickly. "M. de Beaujeu is far above me as I above you."

My lord gave a peal of laughter. "Above us! God save us then! A curst French dancing-master. Do you know whence he comes? Do you know who he is?"

"I do," said Rose under her breath.

"So," says my lord, scowling at her a moment. Then "But begad do you know what he has done?" he cried. "Faith, you blame me for the bullies that came to cudgel the boy, but

who bade me send them? Why, child, who but your fine friend, M. de Beaujeu!"

"It is a lie," cried Rose.

My lord laughed. "You think so, child? Listen. He told me when the boy was to come here; he bade me have him cudgelled in your house. 'So,' says he, 'the boy will conceive she hath betrayed him, and will hate her vastly.' Then I asked him what it was to him, and he says sneering, he would not have a friend of his tangled with a woman of the town. So, ma'am, is that a lie too?" For Rose was trembling and her lips drawn in pain. "Ask your kind friend M. de Beaujeu."

"It is a lie," Rose murmured piteously. "It is a lie!" but she did not look at my lord.

"I swear in God's face it is true," said he. "Nay, bring the fellow before me and see if he will deny it."

Rose turned away from him and caught the open window and leant against it, and stood looking out at the sunlit fields through a haze of tears.

In a moment my lord came to her. The stains of rage had passed from his face. Not ungently he put his hand on her shoulder—she quivered beneath it—and his voice trembled as he spoke low in her ear. "Child, forgive me. I gave him the lie when he said it. I'd not have told you now but you forced me to it. You've but to give me the right, child, and no man dare breathe a word against you again."

She sprang away from him, she turned upon him, fierce in her splendid beauty, and her eyes

flashed bright. Still on her white cheeks the tears lay sparkling: "You?" she cried, "you? Since you have told me that, never! Not if God himself bade me—never you!"

My lord stared at her, and again wrath darkened his face. He muttered an oath, and then, "Best pray for your Frenchman's soul, ma'am," he cried. "By God, 'tis now time!" and he flung away from her and went out slamming the door mightily.

So Mistress Charlbury was alone at last. She stood still by the window watching the long shadows darken on the grass, breathing the sweet evening fragrance of the hay—"A woman of the town." She was white and cold, and her hands, her lips trembled nervously. "A woman of the town"—Mr Dane thought her that, called her so to other men. She put her hand to her breast, for something was gripping, crushing her heart, and then one great sob shook her.

Ay, he was back! He, that she had longed for six years, come back to revile her, to put her to shame—to draw her into brawls like the women that stood for hire that he might come and sneer at her troubles—he, her love. And she had prayed that he might come to her again. Indeed, 'twas answered . . . Ah, God . . . Even God mocked her. What use in crying to Him? . . .

Nay, but this was unjust. This was wicked. God had answered her. Mr Dane was come back safe from the wars—safe. And was that nothing? Nay, let God forgive her! Indeed she had seen him, as she had prayed to see him,

stalwart, handsome, gay as of old. Ay, that was much. He was happy at least—and so—and so—why, perhaps 'twas best. For she was but a common country lass and a player girl withal, unworthy him. But once he had not thought so. Well—the past was past! God had given her to see him safe and—and happy. Let God be thanked! She fell on her knees in the shadow.

The incomparable Charlbury loved like a woman.

CHAPTER XVIII

MR WHARTON UPON LOVE

THE tragical hero did not come back at once to his friend Mr Wharton. It appeared to him a moment for wine. Sure, wine was a man's best mistress. Wine never cheated a gentleman. So the distressed lover drank much fiery tavern burgundy with men he knew, and more (since 'twas he who paid) with men he did not know. Good company all, begad! Faith 'twas a rollicking night!

And so when he came with a lurch to the presence of Mr Wharton this lover betrayed was crimson-cheeked and wild of eye. "Two knaves," says Mr Wharton, as he looked up from his cards. "Why, Jack, you are warm." And then he beheld a set of bloody knuckles, and "What, pinked too?" he cried.

Jack shrugged his shoulders. "I c—came off cheaply," says he and dropped into a chair.

The Earl of Laleham, Mr Wharton's massive companion, stared at him and grunted: "Sherborne's bullies again, eh?"

"What is it to you?" Jack snarled. "Curse you, Wharton, give me some wine."

"You are civil to-night," said Wharton with a good-tempered laugh, and passed him a glass of claret.

"Wine, I said," Jack growled, and reached for the burgundy and gulped down a bumper and another. Mr Wharton opened his eyes. "Oh, ay, Wharton, I look a fool. I know that."

"'Tis the beginning of wisdom," said Mr Wharton.

Jack laughed and drank again. "And, damme, a fool I have been."

"Who has denied it?" said Mr Wharton, tilting back his chair and eyeing Jack curiously.

"Ay, ay, you were right enough," Jack nodded at him sagely. He was still drinking. "D'you know, Wharton," says he with a philosophic air, looking through his wine, "I take it 'tis one of the things each man must learn for himself."

Mr Wharton quelled a yearning to laugh. "Begad, 'tis so," said he gravely.

The Earl of Laleham, a man of blunt wit struck in, "And what is this knowledge of yours, Jack?"

"Why, Dick Laleham," said Jack, sipping his wine, "why, that women are all alike—cheap."

To which my Lord Laleham stolidly :
"Humph. Boys' talk."

Jack, filling the glass again, stared at him, and Mr Wharton, anxious to preserve Jack's new faith, said in a hurry: "What, Dick, do you not know women yet?"

"Oh, damn that cant, Tom Wharton."

"Also, Dick Laleham," says Jack, winking at Wharton, "damn all fools."

"You say that for me, Mr Dane?" cried Laleham.

Jack rose on wayward legs and made him a bow. "Why, my lord, if the cap fits you——"

"Here, carry your wine decently," cried Wharton, reaching across and pushing him back to his chair. "Let us hear how you had your knuckles rapped," and he passed another bottle.

Jack laughed. "Do you know, it was devilish funny. I begin to ap—ap—appreciate it. Once upon a time there was a fair lady and a young fool. You ap—appreciate, Dick Laleham, I say I was a young fool in c—case you should be lonely. She told me to come to her to-day." He dipped his finger in spilt wine and drew with shaky lines a square on the table. "That is her little green room. The t—temple of Venus. Madame Venus was there," he made a blob of wine. "Jack Dane was there," he made another, "when this—this is a door." He leant back in his chair and regarded them severely. "D'you gen'lemen understand this is a door? Well, this door comes open," he made a smear, "and four gen'lemen with cudgels jump at Jack Dane." He looked at his diagram sadly. "I

think this picture is a damned silly picture," he said critically, and smeared his hand over it. "Well, Jack Dane c—c—catches up one of Madame Venus's chairs and flings it at them and jumps out of the window. Now, I think that was devilish c—clever of Jack Dane. He pulls out his sword, and then up c—comes the Irishman and the four gen'lemen run off with their cudgels. Four ways. Jus' not like sheep. Do you know how sheep run, gen'lemen. 'Tis very int'resting." He imitated running with his fingers on the table, and doing so saw his own damaged knuckles. "I wonder how I did that? D'you know I—I don' know how I did that?" He looked round with a stupid smile.

"By running after other men's women, Jack," said Wharton sharply.

"Qui' right, Mr Wharton qui' right!" cried Jack, and drank again.

"Zounds, I'll not see what this proves," grunted Laleham.

Jack gave a shrill vinous laugh and Wharton laughed with him. "Oh, innocence?" cried Wharton. "How much was Venus paid for this, I wonder?" and he looked keenly at Jack.

Jack shook his head smiling. "Don' mind," he said, "don' mind."

"Begad, you take it the right way," cried Wharton, still watching him. He pushed the bottle against Jack's hand, and Jack unsteadily filled his glass and drank again. "You have the right stuff in you, Jack."

Jack caught hold of the table and pulled himself out of his chair. He tried to bow to

Wharton, then moved one of his supporting hands to reach his wine and at once fell sideways to the floor.

Mr Wharton came leisurely to look at him. He still smiled. Mr Wharton summoned servants, and the love-lorn hero was carried (always smiling) to bed. Mr Wharton turned to my Lord Laleham: "Begad, Dick," says he, "'tis a happy ending," and he walked away for his pipe.

My Lord Laleham's heavy mind wrestled with the evidence: "So the wench sold him to Sherborne?" he said at last, slowly, "just as she has sold herself."

Mr Wharton put down his tobacco-box, and bending to strike a light, "You believe that then, do you?" said he.

Laleham's eyebrows went up: "Believe it? Why? Why not? Do not you?"

Mr Wharton puffed till his pipe was alight: then drawled: "I believe what I know, Dick."

"But this——; why, 'tis clear——"

"As a riddle," said Mr Wharton, and sat down and crossed his legs.

"All the town knows the woman!"

"I never knew all the town right yet."

Laleham was much puzzled and scratched his large head: "Zounds, and do you take her part, Tom Wharton?" he muttered.

Mr Wharton laughed. "Did you ever know me take the woman's part, Dick?" he drawled. He smoked on for a while, then took out his pipe. "But I like to see things as they are,"

says he, "and I'd give you a hundred to ten she knew nothing of Sherborne's bravoës."

"Do you mean she is honest?" cried Laleham, and Wharton nodded slowly behind his smoke.

"Damme, if I thought so——"

"You'd say so—like a fool."

"But if he loved her?"

"He'll need to get drunk again."

"And that will cure him?"

"If not we'll repeat the medicine."

Laleham frowned. "You think yourself devilish wise," he muttered angrily. "And what if she loves him?"

Mr Wharton grinned. "What if she does?" he drawled. "She may love him till we are all in hell, for me. Damme, Dick, it would be a pleasant memory for her in future affections."

"Zounds, you'd have them both spoil their lives for—for what then?"

"You have a curst taste in phrases," said Mr Wharton critically. "Well, Dick, say that I'd not have friend Jack 'spoil his own life'" (Mr Wharton paused to chuckle). "Do you see, to be tied to a wench, 'tis ruin and hell."

"And she?"

"Why, Dick, I was born a man myself," says Mr Wharton, taking out his pipe to yawn. "And the women may take care of the women. Bless them for their eagerness to do it!" He knocked out his pipe and took up another. "Now tell me, you champion of true love, would you like your friend Jack tied to a theatre wench?"

"Why, no," Laleham muttered. "No. But begad, Tom, you talk like a knave."

"Faith, I am," said Wharton. "I judge it uncomfortable to be a saint. Well, will you play me another hand?" And with that they fell again to the cards.

It was after my Lord Laleham had gone that M. de Beaujeu, who had supped gaily at Locket's, came to Mr Wharton and stood before him smiling.

"Oh, he is well enough," said Wharton. "He had made himself three parts drunk and I finished him. A head and a huff in the morning—another wench in a week."

"Admirable. I heard him call her 'Delila.' I thought that it had sufficed."

"Begad," Mr Wharton laughed, "it would sound so."

"Now who sent the bullies?"

"I suggested them to my good friend Sherborne."

Mr Wharton gave a sinful chuckle.

And M. de Beaujeu smiling, said amiably: "I think that I now call quits with Mistress Charlbury;"——who had been praying for him, who lay asleep with tears wet on her cheeks.

CHAPTER XIX

MR HEALY COMES THROUGH WHITEFRIARS

BEAUJEU was received at the door by Mr Healy, who asked at once, "And how was the lady?"

"Her incomparable self," said Beaujeu, laughing, and passed on.

"Was she so?" Mr Healy followed him. "And did you hear what the cub called her?" Beaujeu, putting off his sword, looked at him smiling, "Delila, was it?"

"It was that," says Mr Healy, with emphasis. "And I would be glad to have the thrashing of him."

"What?" Beaujeu stared at him. "Damme, Healy, what do you think of a wench who plays at love with you to sell you to another man?"

"And what do you think of a man, Beaujeu, that calls his love false with devil a cause?"

"Faith, four cudgels would be cause enough for me."

"And who would it be that sent them? Will you tell me she knew of it?" Beaujeu turned away to the wine. "Do you tell me that now?" Mr Healy cried insistent.

"In fact," says Beaujeu quietly, "I sent them. That is, I bade Sherborne send them." Healy said nothing. Beaujeu turned for an answer and found it in his eyes. And seeing it M. de Beaujeu flushed and, "I desired to break the

boy of his folly," he cried; "I know what the wench is."

"You learnt as he has learnt, maybe!" Mr Healy flashed a *riposte*. And that got home, for Beaujeu's glass shook in his hand. He grew white, then flushed again. Mr Healy put a hand on his shoulder. "Beaujeu, man," says he, softly, "you have the wit of the devil and the devil's pride. And are you the happier for it, think ye?"

In a moment Beaujeu laughed. "Why, I am what I am—and that is tired, Healy. I'll give you good-night."

"Not yet," says Mr Healy, holding him. "I'll be wanting a word with you"—and then, as Beaujeu stiffened, he laughed—"No, my Lord Lucifer, 'tis purely my own affair, this."

"Then I am with you," said Beaujeu graciously, and sat down and stretched his legs.

"In the wisdom of providence," Mr Healy observed, "it began with a bit of a sword. 'Twill be in your mind that the Seraing blade was light in the hilt. So I took it (your yawns will win you no mercy, my dear) to Lodge, at the 'Crown' in Thames Street. 'Tis the only lad in this town with a soul for steel. Well, Beaujeu, to give me a taste for virtue I came back through Whitefriars and admired a full crop of bullies and blowens warming themselves by the river. I was past the thick of them, I would be on the edge of Alsatia, when I came on two hang-dogly knaves at the top of a court. Distressingly tremulous they were, and their eyes did not

know which way they would be wanting to look. 'Sure you've a conscience between you,' says I, and retired to a doorway not to distress them. So I waited a while, hoping for the sake of their souls the gentlemen's faces were deceitful, when some tumultuous legs came out of a house, and 'twas four more knaves in the pattern of my two, conveying a gentleman that was desperate anxious not to be conveyed, and holding off a lass with red hair that was desperate anxious to be conveyed with him. My two first friends went off to help, so 'twas a decent party of six to a man and a lass, and even so my gentlemen were not content. They grumbled and sweated amazing. 'Beggar it, od beggar it,' says one, puffing. 'There is no suiting you. Master will not go and mistress will not bide.' 'Twas purely embarrassing for him, indeed, so to deliver him. 'A bailiff,' says I to the heavens, 'A bailiff!' and my voice carries decently."

Mr Healy paused to laugh. "Begad, Beaujeu, if you would see alacrity go into Whitefriars and pass word of a bailiff. The bullies gathered like flies, and my six good gentlemen were wrapped up in them, and I was howling still of bailiffs from my doorway. It was getting a tumultuous crowd, and there was a score repeating my remark, so I thought I would have leisure for investigating. I entered the crowd and I perceived there was a discussion in the centre of it—my six friends being eager to disclaim the decent title I had given them,

and the Alsatians bidding them be tarred first and chatter after. Then one of the six swears by his mother and father he was after a treason matter and no debt at all, and desires to show his warrant. So out he lugs it. 'Snatch it, my bully boy,' says I to a gentleman that looked humorous, and he did so, and 'twas tossed about in the crowd, and my six gentlemen were screaming after it, wondrous. I cast my providential eye around, and I saw my old gentleman and his lass trying to get quit of the crowd with two of the tipstuffs hanging to them yet. 'Hustle 'em, boys, hustle 'em,' says I—and begad, you would say, 'twas one of the national sports of Alsatia. Did you see Klopstock's horse turn the French out of Mannheim? Faith, 'twas a minuet to this. I came by my elbows to the lass and her man, and cut them decently out of the mess. There was a plump scoundrel had the impudence to be helping me, and, 'A kiss for my pains, my tackle,' says he to the maid. 'And I will not deny you, my dear,' says I, and despatched him sideways into the thick of it. 'Sir, sir, whom do I thank?' 'Twas the old gentleman gasping in my ear. 'You may say God when you have the time,' says I. 'Come on now.' And I whirled them away (sure and I was chiefly carrying him) to the river, and had them in a wherry and was off up-stream. We landed into the Savoy, and by then my old gentleman had got his breath, and, 'Sir, are you of the Duke of Monmouth's men?' says he, grasping my hand affectionate.

'Oh, begad,' says I. 'So that is why they were wanting you. Sure now you must be a mighty valuable gentleman to be still sought for.' 'I am that—to some that are in high places,' says he, mysterious. 'You will find it trying to the health,' says I. 'And where will you be hiding now?' At that he was looking at his lass and she at him, mighty despairing." Mr Healy stopped suddenly. "And the end of it is, Beaujeu, they are the other side of the wall," said he.

"I have never been so near thinking you a fool," said Beaujeu.

"You'll be flattering me," said Healy with a shrug. "And would I let them fall into Sunderland's jaws?"

"You might have let them fall into hell before you brought them to spoil our game."

"Now have you known me spoil a game, yet?" said Healy quietly. "You will still be safe in your bed for me. I——"

"With a wench in the house?" Beaujeu sneered.

"You are a boy in his teens with your talk of women. Look you now, Beaujeu, I answer for all."

"Zounds, yes. She is an amalgam of discretion and chaste beauty. You assayed her in five minutes."

On which Mr Healy contrived that Beaujeu should look in his eyes. "You may talk so of your own love," says Healy very quietly. "Of a lass that is under my care you will not."

Beaujeu laughed. "You have lived too late,

Healy. You were made to be Don Quixote's twin. Will you break your head for every blowsy lass of the streets? Zounds, man, she must go. We——"

"If I have been your friend, Beaujeu, you best know," said Healy and paused. "Well, and I have bade them to our house as my guests. I will have no more to say to you."

Beaujeu stared a moment, then shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "Why, if you put it so—let them stay, and God be good to us all!"

"I think He is not like to be the worse to us for it," says Healy. "And now, Beaujeu, I'll remind you that the old gentleman had a trouble with Sunderland."

"Ah, you are not entirely romantic," said Beaujeu quickly. "Well, what was it?"

"Will you hear? Come on then," said Healy, and led the way to the next room.

M. de Beaujeu beheld an old gentleman in black broadcloth and his own grey hair, a lean old gentleman sucking to no great purpose at a pipe. M. de Beaujeu saw sitting on a stool at his knee a lass of a cream-white face, of a small defiant nose and a glory of red-gold hair.

"Mistress Leigh—Dr Leigh—," says Mr Healy, "I present M. de Beaujeu."

And while Beaujeu made his bows the old man lifted himself to his feet and bowing stiffly: "Sir, sir, I fear we trespass on you."

Beaujeu receiving a swift curtsey from Mistress Leigh put up a deprecating hand. "Faith, sir, I do trust that Mr Healy has made his guests welcome."

"Mr Healy has been indeed our friend, monsieur."

"So I apprehend," said Beaujeu dryly.

Mistress Leigh was standing beside her father and her bright blue eyes gazed direct at Beaujeu. "We do trust that M. de Beaujeu is pleased to approve that?" she murmured.

"Could I do other?" says Beaujeu with a bow of admiration and the shadow of a sneer.

Mr Healy kindly paraphrased his friend. "Beaujeu being, like myself, doctor, no friend to my Lord Sunderland."

"Do you interest yourself in our English politics, M. de Beaujeu?" Dr Leigh enquired innocently.

"I believe I may say that I do, eh, Healy?"

"'Tis politics and your important self you are consumed with."

"The candour of friends, you perceive, Mistress Leigh," says Beaujeu laughing. "But M. le Docteur, Healy tells me that you also are the victim of a villainy of my Lord Sunderland——?"

"I am, I am," cried the old man flushing. "Like my poor boy. Ah! monsieur, you do not think that we are common rogues? Yes, it is true that we were living in Alsatia. We were hiding—yes, with all the scoundrels of the town—but we, monsieur, you do not think that we——?" His voice failed him.

For he saw Beaujeu's eyes set upon his and glittering pale: in the grim lines of Beaujeu's face he read neither pity nor trust. But M. de Beaujeu spake quietly out of much experience:

"I see very well, M. le Docteur, that I should be a fool to think you a rogue. Believe me, you need no defence."

"I thank you, monsieur," said the old man, not without dignity. But his daughter did not appear very grateful. Mr Healy was conscious of a purely human longing to hear her tell her opinion of Beaujeu to Beaujeu's self.

"Also a victim of my Lord Sunderland is welcome," says Beaujeu. "But your story—may I beg?"

The old man looked at him dubiously. "Sure, doctor," says Mr Healy laughing, "'tis less of a devil than it likes to appear."

"In effect, M. le Docteur, I am to be trusted," Beaujeu remarked.

"Well, monsieur, we do trust you," said the old man. "I will tell you. I was secretary to his Grace of Monmouth long ago—before he fled the country. He—he was a gentle lad, monsieur——" and the old man's eyes filled with tears. M. de Beaujeu, having no pity at all for the Duke of Monmouth, shrugged his shoulders. "Well, monsieur, well, I weary you. When he landed in Devon I had a little school in Kensington village. Thence my Lord Sunderland sent for me secretly by night. I think, monsieur, I have never seen a man so anxious as my lord. He had persuaded himself that the Duke of Monmouth would conquer, and yet could not be sure of it. He kept me long, asking questions no man on earth could answer of the future. At

last, after much of this, my lord bade me go. Then again he called me back and bade me wait. And he brought himself to his purpose. I was to go to his Grace with tidings that my lord was indeed his friend, and I was to carry to his Grace the dispositions of the King's troops. I—I was unwilling. But my Lord Sunderland worked upon me, reminding me of my affection for his Grace. God forgive me! It was wrong. I went."

"Certainly," Beaujeu muttered, "certainly I must meet my Lord Sunderland." Mr Healy smiled broadly—reflecting that the Beaujeus of this world were made for the sake of the Sunderlands.

"It is not all, monsieur," the old man went on unsteadily. "When his Grace was beaten at Sedgemoor I was in Ilminster and I won back to London. Many people were very kind to me. Then his Grace was taken, and again a messenger came to me from my Lord Sunderland. My lord bade me go to his Grace in the Tower and tell him privately that my lord was still his friend, that my lord would prevail with the King to spare his Grace's life. So, when his Grace was brought to the King's presence, on peril of his life he must say nought to the King of my lord's dealing with him lest the King should distrust my lord."

"I have always admired Sunderland," said Beaujeu coolly. "Monmouth trusted him then?"

"It was the one hope, monsieur. Yes. He

was silent . . . He trusted—he trusted—
He was swiftly beheaded.” The old man
wiped his eyes.

“Had you ever a letter in Sunderland’s
hand?” said Beaujeu.

“There were the dispositions of the army—
and another paper. I have them not.”

“But he must think that you have. Faith,
M. le Docteur, I do not wonder that my Lord
Sunderland has sought you diligently.”

“We have fled from one place to another.
And always there have been spies.”

Beaujeu looked dubiously at Healy. “I’ve
a tolerable skill in concealing my traces,” said
Mr Healy, chuckling. “There’ll be devil a
trace, Beaujeu. And Sunderland will be
passing a peaceful night this day.”

Beaujeu arose. “I will not conceal from
you, M. le Docteur, that we are anxious
ourselves to deal with my Lord Sunderland.”

“Monsieur, you will bring him to justice?”
the old man cried eagerly.

“Justice?” Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders.
“Justice? ’Tis reserved for him in the hereafter.
But I think I will bring him to ruin. No,
mordieu, he shall make his own ruin. It will
be the more entertaining . . . *Bien*, M. le
Docteur, I will beg you to keep within doors
for some days. We had best have no risks.
But I give you my word that you are safe.
We are adequate to preserve our friends. I
wish you heartily a good-night.”

“La, sir,” Mistress Leigh was making a
curtsey. “’Tis the heart of you that leaps to

the eye." Beaujeu gave her a curious glance. Her eyelashes were modestly drooping.

In the hall Beaujeu put his hand on Healy's shoulder. "Faith, man, I should have blessed your name," said he. "Why did you begin at the wrong end with babble of a wench?"

"'Twas for the good of your disbelieving soul."

Beaujeu laughed. "Zounds, but it falls pat. I must have played a hand with Sunderland without this."

They passed into Healy's room, "Is it time?" said Healy.

"All that and more." Beaujeu dropped into a chair and loosened his coat. "Do you see, Healy, I was fool enough to let the incomparable Charlbury guess who I am."

Healy looked at him keenly. "That would be consoling to her?" he enquired.

"It was, I doubt," said Beaujeu and laughed loud. "So; and the incomparable will have told my Lord Sherborne that the knave Beaujeu is in fact an English outlaw. Then the outlaw had best see Sunderland speedily and provide for his skin."

Mr Healy sat down on the table. Mr Healy asked a second question. "And why would she give your neck away?"

"I trust Sherborne told her that 'twas I contrived for Jack to turn and rend her. Conceive how she will love me." He chuckled gently.

Mr Healy took hold of his arm. Mr Healy asked a third question. "Now, what did you do to that woman at first?"

Beaujeu turned with a sneer on his lips. "*Corbleu*, I think I kissed her. Eh, I was young."

"I doubt you were mightily like your cousin," says Mr Healy sharply. "Man, you have made hell for yourself and for her. And do you like the nip of it so?"

Beaujeu sat staring straight in front of him for a while. Then he put his hand on Healy's. "You are a good fellow," says he with a laugh and gripped. "You are a good fellow, Healy. So why will you be a fool?"

CHAPTER XX

POLITICS AND GILLYFLOWERS

VASTLY pleased with himself, in a measure content with the world, M. de Beaujeu sat at his desk in the sunlight. He beheld all things (under his beneficent guidance) work together for good. At last his debt to Mistress Charlbury was paid: whence satisfaction and the unwonted colour in his thin cheek. That heavier debt to Sunderland and King James—the debt of his own outlawry and his father's death—that also M. de Beaujeu conceived himself paying soon. And swiftly and with zest he wrote his despatch to William of Orange, the little man with a hooknose and a cough waiting at the Hague in masterful patience till King James should offer the chance for a snatch at his kingdom.

Above most men in the world M. de Beaujeu admired that asthmatical, adroit diplomatist at the Hague. He could hate (Beaujeu reflected that Louis le Grand would learn yet how "his little cousin of Orange" could hate), he was not in a hurry, he had no childish scruples. Faith, if he had had something of a better body, if he had been a less blundering general, M. de Beaujeu would himself have been happy to become William of Orange. However, he would serve the turn—he would assist Beaujeu to pay his debts to the Stuarts and their creatures. Then in the new England, in the England of William III., M. de Beaujeu would be one of those in the seats of the mighty. Since he had handed Little Hooknose to the throne M. de Beaujeu would take care to find a place by its side. Begad, yes, he would have power in the new England—and England would be something when she had a man for her master. M. de Beaujeu saw visions. There would come war. War was Beaujeu's heaven. Then he would have a command—zounds! he would see to it that he had a command. And Europe should perceive that generals were born outside France at times. Condé, Turenne, Luxembourg—behold their successor, their peer, Thomas Dane. Ay, when fame had come, he would take his own name again. Mistress Charlbury should contemplate with tears the glorious destiny she had lost when she sold him. That would be agreeable. Ay, and just: Beaujeu desired no more than justice. *Bien*, he would play his game of check with

Luxembourg. Healy would make a quartermaster without reproach. He had energy, the good Healy. And then——

"Pardon. M. Wharton," said his servant Dubois.

Beaujeu slid his despatch swiftly into safety under lock and key and went forth to greet Mr Wharton.

"And how is our patient?"

"Te-hee," says Mr Wharton. "From his curst temper I would judge he has a curst head." And the two benevolent gentlemen laughed together. "But damme, Beaujeu, I did not come here to talk about boys with the measles of love. Have you seen that now, you devout soul?" He put into Beaujeu's hand a paper. Beaujeu's eyebrows sprang upward, then his eyes sparkled and he smiled as he read on. It was a royal proclamation ordaining a form of prayer and thanksgiving for the joyful prospect that King James's Queen was like to be a mother.

"You 'ap—appreciate,' as your cousin observes," drawled Wharton. "We shall have no more a Protestant heir to the throne. Here is a son to be reared in the odour of Jesuitry."

"A son," Beaujeu repeated slowly, looking at Wharton. "A son. They are curst sure of that. For it must be a son or 'tis no service. D'you think, Wharton, this same certain son will be—born?"

"Te-hee," says Mr Wharton. "'Tis the customary way to arrive." Beaujeu was not mirthful.

"I mean," says he, "born of the Queen. 'Tis curious late in the day for her to give us an heir."

"What?" cried Wharton. "Would they foist a baseborn babe on us?"

"For the godly end to ensure us a Papist heir," said Beaujeu, watching him.

Wharton shook his head. "Damme, no. Not even Black James would dare that. No. 'Tis more in your own way, Beaujeu. I do not think that."

"But it might be well to say so," said Beaujeu quietly, and Mr Wharton broke out laughing. "'Twould excite much loyalty to suggest His Majesty proposed to favour us with a—a butter-woman's babe for our king."

"You have the devil's own skill to find devilry everywhere," said Wharton chuckling. "I like 'butter - woman.' 'Tis a pleasant accurate touch."

"You'll do me the favour to remember it?" said Beaujeu blandly.

Wharton laughed and nodded. "But there is more than this, Beaujeu; Ned Russell brought me a rumour that James is to proclaim an Indulgence. So please you, his kind Majesty is to annul all laws against Catholics by his own sweet will. We are to have them judges and colonels and bishops begad. And the laws may go to hell."

"Unless," said Beaujeu, "His Majesty anticipates their going. Is it true?"

"I was going West myself to pick up the news." He paused and stared at Beaujeu a

full minute, then in a lower tone: "And damme, Beaujeu, if 'tis true I am with you at last."

Beaujeu held out his hand. "*Qui sait attendre,*" said he with a shrug and a smile. "I can tell you now—you will join Devonshire and Bedford—and certain others. Well, let us walk to your full conversion."

"Begad, some are bolder than I," said Wharton, picking up his hat.

"The less valuable, therefore," said Beaujeu politely, and they went out.

As they went through the hall a girl's gay laugh came to them. Wharton looked at Beaujeu and grinned. "Oh, Healy must have his wench," said Beaujeu carelessly.

"That is not a good lie, Beaujeu," drawled Wharton. "For a man he is a damned saint."

"'Tis his one vice," said Beaujeu, and recurred to politics.

Mr Healy, as he has himself remarked, had "a taste for the pure domestic." So he cultivated the clove gillyflower in a collection of pipkins. The bow window above the river was a mass of vegetable, grey-green leaf and dark crimson flowers heavily fragrant. Over them hovered Mr Healy, dandling a small jug of water in one hand, with the other nipping off dead leaves. He was saluted by the gay laugh of a girl. Mr Healy, a large man with a small jug, turned round—daintily, for the sake of his gillyflowers. He beheld cream-white cheeks dimpling and eyes bright as deep sea in the sun.

"I am proud to be the cause," says Mr Healy.

"Indeed, sir," said Mistress Leigh demurely, "I think it was rather the jug."

"Sure, I have not found it jocose myself"—Mr Healy regarded it critically—"but there are tastes in humour."

"Nor I had not guessed that herbs were your joy."

"And yet," says Mr Healy with an air of grief, "and yet you'll have known me profoundly."

"I doubt, sir, 'tis thrilling to hunt for dead leaves?"

"My opinion entirely," says Mr Healy with solemnity.

Mistress Leigh made him a curtsy: "I give you joy of your peaceful tastes, sir," says she, and the little upper lip was trying to sneer.

"'Tis kind in you, my dear," said Mr Healy simply, and smiled down at her.

"They are becoming to a man," cried the girl sharply—for 'twas vastly irritating in him not to be irritated.

At which Mr Healy laughed aloud: "And will I be getting angry too?" he enquired.

Mistress Leigh regarded him severely with compressed lips.

"Sure, I was not hoping to quarrel so soon," said Mr Healy.

The stern little lips relaxed. "I do not believe that you know how," the girl cried.

"But you desire to instruct me?"

"I've no hope of you, sir."

"'Twill be dull for you then, I am fearing."

"Why, sir, there is your friend. Do you know I think one might quarrel with him."

Mr Healy stiffened. "He is, you see, my friend."

"But he might be a gentleman, even so."

"Did you seek me to tell me that?" said Healy sharply.

Mistress Leigh clapped her hands and laughed. "Bravo! 'Tis a hot answer at last."

Mr Healy put his hand on her shoulder and let her feel the weight. "My dear, if you play with fire," says he, "you will have hot words enough."

"La you sir! And how could I tell the French gentleman was God?"

"Sure, no, you could tell no more than that he was my friend—and that would be no guidance for you at all. You'll pardon me, but I see a dead leaf." For the sake of which Mr Healy then turned his back upon Mistress Leigh, whose cheeks flamed, who stalked off with her little nose held high. She told herself that no man had ever been as rude to her. And they were both utterly detestable. After all, what could one expect of a man that grew gillyflowers in pipkins?

M. de Beaujeu, at least, was not devoted to horticulture. His keen blue eyes were investigating the psychology of a crowd, his ears alert to the same end. Mr Wharton and he made their way down Whitehall through a host of sober citizens all a-whispering. M. de

Beaujeu remarked to himself that it is a perilous hour when crowds whisper.

All the Bishops were to be burnt in Smithfield—all good Protestants were to be roasted with them—every man was to eat frogs and wear wooden shoes—the Pope and the King of France were coming over together—and England would never endure it! So the wise crowd whispered and Mr Wharton grinned largely at M. de Beaujeu.

They came to the Horse Guards and there the crowd was packed incomparable tight before two proclamations on the gate-posts. By patience and stiff elbows the two tall gentlemen won near enough to read over lesser heads. Mr Wharton's rumour had not lied. King James declared in fat black print his gracious will to break laws. He informed his good people that he had already dismissed many of his servants who would not assist him in the good work, and hinted not dubiously that in the army, in the great offices of state, nay, in the Church of England there was room only for Papists. In fact it was not so far a cry from the King's own word to the Smithfield fires of the crowd.

Mr Wharton looked at Beaujeu, who smiled and murmured gently, "When the King is a fool!" But Mr Wharton was entirely serious.

They pushed out of the thick knot of gasping readers, and in a moment beheld what had brought the crowd westward. His Majesty King James was riding forth from the palace to the camp at Hounslow. His Majesty

passed through a gloomy silence. No head was bared for him. His long lean sallow face turned restlessly this way and that, and, as it passed, M. de Beaujeu swept off his hat and made a magnificent bow—to the vast disgust of his sturdy Protestant neighbours.

"'Tis in fact his due, Wharton," said he with a laugh as they turned away.

Mr Wharton made no answer. They passed into St James's Park—Mr Wharton vastly serious still. Under the trees Mr Wharton walked Beaujeu swiftly to and fro, and Mr Wharton studied the turf minutely and his ugly mouth twitched. It was a long time before he looked up, and slowly pausing sometimes, "Well, damme, 'tis hell or glory now," says he. "Bring us your Orange, Beaujeu. But, man, for God's own sake, if you have a God, let us have no Monmouth folly. . . . I want no Bloody Assize for my lads." Mr Wharton (it is remarkable) appeared moved.

"In fact I am little like Monmouth," said Beaujeu, who was not moved at all.

"You have his disdain for all but your godly self," Wharton snapped. "Well, I have done. I am with you."

Beaujeu nodded recognition. "I shall have another despatch to write for Little Hooknose. Do you know, I think I'll have my cousin Jack take it. I cannot spare Healy now. Also it will be educative for Jack to do some good in the world."

"You are curst used to that yourself," growled Wharton.

Beaujeu laughed and struck an attitude, "*Mordieu!* am I not the benefactor of all England?"

Mr Wharton stared at him, Mr Wharton's sunken eyes flashed—then he grinned. "I should find you more comfortable if you were less of a devil," said he.

CHAPTER XXI

MY LORD SUNDERLAND RECEIVES AN EPISTLE

It was later. Mr Jack Dane, very proud of himself, stood on the deck of a schooner dropping down from Blackwall on the first of the tide. Mr Dane bore in his bosom the fortunes of England—Wharton and Beaujeu were agreed upon that—and in the politest language M. de Beaujeu had invited him to risk his neck by bearing those pregnant despatches to William of Orange. So behold Mr Dane, quite content with himself, quite other than that hero betrayed of twenty-four full hours ago. Mr Dane had awarded the traitress a contemptuous pardon. Begad, 'twas only boys whom women amused, boys only whom women could hurt. Regard Mr Dane, illuminated by the sunset, a man of the world, of affairs.

At the same hour my Lord Sunderland received a visitor—my Lord Sherborne. Now my Lord Sunderland was writhing upon a dilemma. Unless he would consent to persecute the

Church, King James his master proposed to dismiss him. My lord had indeed no sentimental objections to persecuting anything, but he was distraught by a conviction that a persecution of the Church would have a mighty ill end for the persecutors. Consent or refuse, my lord foresaw disaster. Wherefore he was most anxious to lose no friends, and my Lord Sherborne found him very amiable. My Lord Sherborne, who wanted something, was also very amiable, and there was an edifying display of manly affection in my Lord Sunderland's cabinet. At the end of which (each gentleman conceiving that he had vastly impressed the other) my Lord Sherborne said mysteriously, "But indeed, Sunderland, if I trespass on your time it is with matter of some moment."

"I hope," says Sunderland, his thin lips smiling, "you will give me the occasion to serve you, my dear Sherborne?"

"I know that I could count upon your readiness. But, in fact, it is to serve the King."

And my Lord Sunderland at once opined that it was something more than common base. But he still smiled and said heartily, "Even so, my dear Sherborne, I am scarce the more ready. But I know your admirable zeal, and have remarked on it to His Majesty. Pray let me hear. I will see that the credit of what may be done shall be entirely yours."

My Lord Sherborne leant forward across the table, and Sunderland observed that his face was redder than usual. "You must know,"

said Sherborne, "that some time ago there came to town a Frenchman calling himself M. de Beaujeu." Sunderland's uneasy eyes rested a moment on his face.

"I do not think that I have heard of him," Sunderland murmured.

"Then, my lord, it is high time that you should hear! None knows whence he came nor why. But soon he made himself hand and glove with Wharton and Russell and Devonshire—all the scoundrelly Whigs in London. They meet together alone, secretly. The fellow Beaujeu has a house at the back of the Strand with steps down to the river, most apt for secret comings and goings. Now, my lord, I ask you if it is not high time that this Beaujeu were desired to take himself and his secrets and his plots back to his own country!"

"My dear Sherborne!" Sunderland laughed gently. "Your zeal overpowers me. Can we expel a gentleman because he has the bad taste to dine with Whigs?"

"Dine, my lord? I wish dining may be the worst thing they do." He nodded mysteriously.

Sunderland's eyes narrowed. "Almost I should suppose that you did not love the gentleman," he said demurely, then took another tone: "Confess now, my dear Sherborne, 'tis your rival for some white bosom," he cried.

Sherborne's red face darkened, but in a moment, "Begad, I'll not deny that, neither," he cried.

"Ah, *l'amour, l'amour*," sighed Sunderland poetically and shook his head.

"But mark you, my lord," cried Sherborne,

"There is something in that to make you think!"

"Oh, I protest—" Sunderland laughed, "I protest I do think——" at which moment a silent servant brought him an epistle.

"The fellow, my lord, has dared to aspire to the Charlbury, I'll not deny it."

My Lord Sunderland, who had been studying his epistle with some care, looked up swiftly. "To Mistress Charlbury?" he repeated.

"Ay, my lord; but mark you this fellow, this Beaujeu, Huguenot Frenchman as he calls himself, was no stranger to her."

My Lord Sunderland's eyelids flickered. "Is it so, indeed?" he said, and looked down after his manner into his own breast.

"Begad, it is so. And how comes a Frenchman who hath never been in London before to be well known to her? I'd have you mark, my lord, I doubt this Beaujeu is other than he seems."

Sunderland rose. "Certainly, certainly, I will see into this M. de Beaujeu," he said. And again his thin lips produced an affectionate smile. "My dear Sherborne," says he, pressing Sherborne's hand tenderly, "my dear Sherborne, your deeply devoted——" and with some swiftness he ushered my Lord Sherborne out.

CHAPTER XXII

MY LORD SUNDERLAND REPLIES

My Lady Sunderland sat in her blue withdrawing-room in an elegant undress of Bruges lace. Over her innocent head hung a childlike Madonna. My lady was sipping her chocolate and turning the pages of Mr Shadwell's terrible drama, *The Royal Shepherdess*. My lady felt a pleasant drowsiness. Her long jewel-laden fingers hid her mouth and she yawned slowly, luxuriously, lying back on her cushions. Her drapery fell, a cascade of cream, upon violet velvet, and through it shimmered faintly my lady's white grace.

A tap came at the door. My lady let her hand droop and lazily turned her head. A second tap and the door was diffidently opened. In the doorway stood, bobbing bows, a small negro boy in saffron tunic and silver collar, bare of leg, bare-footed.

"Massa dee Boja, lady," said he in a high treble.

My lady's long eyebrows twisted to cope with this effort at French. Then she smiled. "Good, Nero. Produce the massa." Nero bobbed and went out. My lady, rising a little, took up a mirror set in gold, drew one more brown ringlet down in artistic disarray, put a patch of black taffeta low on her white

bosom scarce above the clinging lace—then, smiling, laid the mirror aside and fell back in the sunlight with *The Royal Shepherdess*.

M. de Beaujeu also had taken some pains with himself. Monsieur entered, a tall form in dark blue velvet with rosettes of a paler blue adorning his knees and his ankles. The white lace at his throat was caught with a brooch of sapphires. His sword-knot was cloth of gold. My lady, looking through her eyelashes, appreciated the whole.

“‘Howe’er arrayed, still loveliest,’” monsieur quoted out of the last new play and bowed half-way to the ground.

My lady drew her lace about her. “Faith, there might be more of this, monsieur,” she murmured, and modestly hid her almond eyes.

“Ah, my lady, but already it is too cruel.”

My lady was presumed to blush behind her hand. “Fie, monsieur. And do you so mislike my lace?” She lifted a fold of it, and showed how white was her arm in the sunlight.

“I envy it,” sighed Beaujeu.

“Pish,” said my lady. “But what brings you to Whitehall at this hour? ’Tis perilous to my good name.” Which my lady then fortified by a delicate sniff from her attar of roses.

“But you, my lady, you are happily above all slander. Like the chaste moon.”

“Alas, monsieur, ’tis a wicked world——.” My lady turned her eyes to heaven and her Madonna.

“*Pardieu*! I have heard so,” monsieur agreed. “But of that, my lady, you can know nothing.”

"I have to listen, monsieur," my lady sighed. "Such stories one hears! For instance, of you."

"Of me? Ah no! One who is your slave has never the happiness to sin."

"You think so?" And my lady looked at him from the corners of her almond eyes. "But then, monsieur, one who is the slave of Mistress Charlbury——" and she laughed and lifted her white shoulders out of the lace.

But M. de Beaujeu did not appear to understand. "Charlbury? Ah, I recall. The Incomparable Charlbury!" he laughed gently. "Faith, are there many low enough to be slaves of her?"

My lady raised herself in lithe grace on her cushions. Her grey eyes glittered at Beaujeu. In a very soft voice, "I have always despised a man," says she, "that fouls one woman to please another."

"In that as in all else you surpass your sex," says Beaujeu, bowing low.

And my lady murmured, more softly yet: "Nor I never loved a man better for thinking me a fool." She fell back to her cushions and laughed: "Shall we bid farewell on that, M. de Beaujeu?" Her hand went to a golden bell. M. de Beaujeu arrested the hand and kissed it.

"La, monsieur! You make me proud," my lady cried, watching him.

"I had in fact something to say."

"M. de Beaujeu is big with a remark! The heavens gasp with anxiety — and I have one minute to spare."

M. de Beaujeu took up his violet hat. "In effect I need more," said he. "*Bien*—it must

stay till a more convenient season." His eyes dwelt on my lady and he lingered over the words.

My lady lifted her admirable shoulders once more — then yawned, "Well — your magnificence shall have five. But by your leave I must put off my Lady Powis." She scribbled an epistle, prevented Beaujeu's attempt to ring the bell, blew on a little ivory whistle and gave the paper without a word to the demure maid who entered and departed dropping curtseys. "And now, monsieur—to serve you."

"'Tis my own errand—to serve you, my lady."

My lady yawned. "You will be frank finally perhaps?"

"I endeavour. You know, my lady, the past of your lord?"

"Better than he mine, *Dieu merci*."

"I may then," says M. de Beaujeu, and leant a little forward and opened his eyes a little wider and let his voice fall to a whisper, "I may then breathe the name—Monmouth."

"I doubt I'll not shudder." My lady laughed at him. "In fact you are not so vastly terrific, M. de Beaujeu."

"I am your good angel," says monsieur without a smile. "Remembering then my lord's great kindness to Monmouth"—my lady stirred under her drapery—"ah, ah, his so great kindness," cried Beaujeu smiling, "confidently I appeal to his benevolence for another."

"Do you know," my lady drawled yawning, "you weary me with your riddles?"

"For another Monmouth—but this time a Monmouth who will succeed."

"It appears that M. de Beaujeu has a desire to be hanged."

"I do not think that I shall be hanged," Beaujeu said thoughtfully, smiling.

"Ah, then it appears that monsieur is a fool."

"I do not think that I am a fool."

"Haply the more fool you," my lady murmured. "Ah, I doubt you'd make an impious end."

"Believe me, my lady," Beaujeu's pale eyes glittered, "I should not perish, like your late friend Monmouth, without a cry. Pray consider a moment—I am but a poor Huguenot gentleman, but I am taken, I am perhaps (great is my Lord Sunderland) hanged. *Bien*, it would be the peculiar joy of my friends (I have friends)——"

"Amazing!"

"To demonstrate to King James that my Lord Sunderland had betrayed him to Monmouth. Suppose me rotting at Tyburn then; but suppose also my Lord Sunderland in quarters."

"Why suppose so loudly?" said a placid voice behind him. The lean insignificance of my Lord Sunderland slid sideways through a door.

"Zounds!—eh, but I might have known." Beaujeu turned in his chair. "My lord, my grateful salutations." He nodded without ceremony. "May I take it that having ears you have heard?"

"I have had that amusement."

"Doubtless I have convinced you?" said Beaujeu carelessly, flicking the bows at his knees.

My lord's wayward eyes dwelt on him an instant. "Unhappily I was not even sure of what you tried to prove, M. de Beaujeu."

"Ah, the obvious merely. That my lord Sunderland might prefer to have M. de Beaujeu his friend."

"How," said my Lord Sunderland, "one may be deceived. I was dull enough to suppose that M. de Beaujeu desired to make a friend of my Lord Sunderland."

"God forbid!" cried Beaujeu.

My lord and my lady exchanged a swift glance; then my lady leant forward with her little pointed chin in her hand very intent upon Beaujeu's sneering smile. My lord arose, walked to the window and drew back the curtain. M. de Beaujeu's hawk face was flooded with mellow light. My lord's thin lips receded from his teeth. "I have a memory for faces, Mr Dane," said my lord quietly. "And how do you find Mistress Charlbury?"

"Ah, at last!" and Beaujeu laughed aloud. "Believe me, my lord, I have desired this moment long." Colour came to his thin cheeks, his eyes were gleaming. "Already I have conveyed my thanks to your most worthy ally the Incomparable Charlbury." He paused to laugh again, but the fair sound of it was lost on my lord and my lady, who were exchanging looks of surprise. "*Pardieu*, my

gratitude surprised her! But you, my lord, for your kindness in buying my mistress to be my Judas, I have yet to thank you."

"You were born for an orator," said my lord sneering. "May we hope for another thrill, Mr Dane, before I say two words to the guard in the court?"

"Nay, my dear lord, say them now," said Beaujeu blandly, and leant back and crossed his legs. He watched my lord, sneering, while my lord's eyes looked all ways and his thin cheeks quivered. "Oh fie! Behold me attainted, outlaw; and consider your duty to your King!"

"Why are you here?" Sunderland muttered looking down into his own breast.

"Do you remember, my lord, how our friendship began? I was to betray my King. Now you are to betray yours. I had objections; but then, my lord, I had not your experience in treason."

"Sir!" my lord drew himself up. "Sir, do you dare——?"

"In effect, my lord, I have dared. Must I remind you of a messenger to his Grace of Monmouth? Of a letter? Of a paper setting out military matters with your own admirable lucidity? How I have admired your lucidity!"

"I think, Mr Dane, that I now see my way," said Sunderland smiling venomously, and crossed to the door.

Beaujeu sat still. "We shall save much time if you remember that I am not a fool," said he coldly. "You may search my house, you will find nothing." And that was merely true, for

there was nothing to find. "You may arrest me. *Bien*, the hour that I am in prison your letter to Monmouth is in the King's hand." And that was not like to be true, unless the letter should come by a miracle. "He is merciful, your King James, is he not?" Beaujeu kindly suggested.

My Lord Sunderland turned away from the door. He looked over his shoulder at the grim sneering face, then his chin dropped on his chest. He stood by the window in the failing light fingering the curtains and his hand trembled. He appeared to remember that letter. "Go on. Go on. Why do you not go on?" he muttered peevishly.

Beaujeu laughed at him. "Why I was admiring your courage, my lord. But now to the treason. Since you have so much to fear from this King, why not have another King? Since you would do so much for a fool like Monmouth who could not succeed, why not do more for one who is not a fool, who will succeed? I commend, in fact, to your capacity for treason Willelmus van Nassauwe, Prince of Orange. I suggest to you, all unworthy, become the John Baptist of the Dutch Redeemer. Behold an honourable part. I said I was grateful." He laughed, rose and walked over to Sunderland, my lady's eyes watching him still. He tapped Sunderland on the shoulder. "And how should Sunderland be John Baptist? Zounds, by zealous service of his good King James." Sunderland lifted his eyes an instant. "For James is a fool—feed his folly. Bid him go all

lengths in persecution. Tell him he has nought to fear. He desires to attack the Bishops—spur him on and spur him again. His Queen is to have an heir—see that there be none but Papists at the birth.” Sunderland turned and faced him. “Oh, I would not deceive you, my lord—Papists all, so that Protestants may suspicion the birth, may be convinced ’tis a base-born brat foisted upon us.” Beaujeu laughed and Sunderland sucked in his breath. “You perceive, my lord, ’tis little I ask of you. Be just such a servant as King James would desire—agree always, second him always, make no difficulties in his gracious desire to bring us all to heaven by way of Rome. I ask no more.”

“You ask me only to ruin my master!” Sunderland cried.

“A trifle—to you, my lord.”

“And do you dream that I will do it? Sir, you mistake your man. In me you find only a foe—and since you have kindly told me your plans——” he smiled a little.

“After all, you can hang me but once,” said Beaujeu shrugging his shoulders. “*Bien*, you will hang me then. I do not know that I care, my lord, for I will have you hanging for company. Pray call the guard.” My lady was heard drawing in her breath. Her eyes were intent upon the two. Beaujeu had folded his arms and stood a straight, strong, soldierly figure, very still. My Lord Sunderland, lean and stooping, drew away from the window to deeper shadow. My lord eyed him furtively.

“What but hanging should I get from the

Orange?" cried my lord peevishly. My lady gave a little gasp. She began to fan herself.

"Ah," said Beaujeu smiling at her. "We recur now to reality. If you can serve the Orange faithfully, my lord, I will engage for your neck and your estates."

"Bah, what are words?"

"They vary with the speaker, my lord. If you can dare look me in the face for but a moment you may see that mine may serve you."

My Lord Sunderland favoured the pale blue eyes with a swift glance and became bland: "Dear sir, you mistake me. Your faith is undoubted. But your acuteness will perceive that I must have something in your master's hand."

"I engage for it. But since one of us must trust the other first, I think you had best trust us. Let the King attack the Bishops, my lord, and I will have a paper for you."

"Mr Dane," said my lord smiling, "pray let the Prince of Orange know my readiness to serve him."

"He will be, in fact, charmed—if not surprised. My lord, I congratulate you on your—wisdom. I wish you the repose of a good conscience. My lady, I kiss your fair hands." He moved, smiling, to take one. But my lady sprang up, a dim pale form in the gloom, and her eyes were flashing.

"Not mine, sir! I had given you another answer."

"Your courage matches your beauty," Beaujeu laughed, bowing again.

"Ay, sir, 'tis your hour," cried my lady. "But at least we had ours when we made your love false."

"I think I have thanked you to-night," said Beaujeu sharply, and on that went out.

My lady flashed round on her lord :

"Faith, my lord, that is a man. Before you crossed him he was perhaps a gentleman. You were never either."

My Lord Sunderland smiled. "At least, child, I was never a fool," said he. He sat down and laughed long and low.

"Ay, laugh!" said my lady through her teeth.

"I laugh at him, child——" My lord looked at her in some surprise. "Who could have hoped for a gentleman so obliging? Oh, lud, your heroics!" For her eyes flashed at him, her breath came fast. "I resign him the glory with good will—and keep the spoils. Sure, my lady, you have seen our dangers. Either the fool James would ruin me because I would not have him ruin himself—or ruin us all together. Obey him, deny him, 'twas still disaster for us. I have seen it months past, and found no remedy till to-night. Now I obey His Majesty in all things, and the deluge may come, for we have our ark. 'Tis indeed an obliging gentleman in blue velvet. But confess, child, here"—my lord tapped his narrow chest—"here is his master," and my lord laughed softly.

My lady stared at him for a while—then laughed. "I trust, my lord, I'll not be tied to you in the next world," says she.

CHAPTER XXIII

WOMEN AND MEN

LADY D'ABERNON with her coach and eight and her daughter was to come to town, to the common distress of her daughter, the coach, and the eight. For the roads were very grievous in that wet summer, and Mistress Nelly d'Abernon protested that town gentlemen were harder to bear than the dampest countryside.

Lady d'Abernon, tight clad in crimson, was consoling herself with a sermon by Dr South; Mistress Nell, in drooping robes of pale blue, embroidered a sampler, till: "La, ma'am, I cannot bear another stitch," she cried, and put down the silk with a bang and sprang up, her brown curls adance in the light. Lady d'Abernon lifted pained eyes from Dr South and sighed with ostentation. "I wonder that Jack does not come, do not you?" said Nelly with her head on one side to regard her mother.

Lady d'Abernon drew down the corners of her mouth. "Even Mr Dane would scarce dare do that," said she severely.

"Indeed, are we so ill thought on, ma'am?"

"I mean, child," Lady d'Abernon kindly explained, "that a youth whose vicious courses constrained his father to cut him off——"

"Oh faith, I have heard 'twas he cut off his father."

"You are foolish and pert, Helen. How

could a son cut off his father? Will you never learn that it is not witty to be ludicrous?"

"Indeed, ma'am," said Nell with a demure curtsy, "'tis often I tell myself so. I think I have need."

"Persons of breeding," said Lady d'Abernon didactically, "may choose to laugh. But they will despise you."

"Oh nay, I trust, ma'am."

"I say that it is so, child. I think that I am old enough to know. I may tell you that a man in such ill fame as Mr Dane is not like to dare present himself to a lady of reputation."

"Perhaps, ma'am, he does not know that we are that," said Nell in a small child's voice.

"Helen!" said her mother fiercely.

"He does not know us very well, you know."

"You may be assured that he is not like to know us better. I do not receive Mr Dane. I have not informed him that we are come to town."

"I was afraid you'd forget it, ma'am, so I did."

Lady d'Abernon threw up her plump white hands. "Helen!" she cried and turned her eyes to the ceiling. "You wrote to him?"

"Why, yes, ma'am. I know he can read."

"To write"—Lady d'Abernon gasped in horror—"in the worst fame—a Whig—you, a maid in your teens."

"La, 'tis no fault of mine, that," cried Nell, and went on hastily, "and do you know, I'll not believe all the stories about Jack."

"All the stories?" Lady d'Abernon's voice rose high. "Helen! you have never heard them?"

A faint blush stained Nell's cheek and neck, "Indeed, ma'am, if I have 'tis blame to you," she said in a low voice. Lady d'Abernon stammered. "Yes to you. You chose to leave me with my Lord Sherborne. Oh, 'tis a gallant gentleman! He thought my ears fit for his stories." Her blush grew darker. Yes, ma'am, they were horrible—and I choose not believe one word of all. Not one word!" She stamped her foot.

"I had never thought the like of my Lord Sherborne," said Lady d'Abernon tearfully. "He is in the best favour at Court. Sure, you must have mistook him, child."

"Am I a fool, ma'am?" said Nell sharply.

"I wish you were more like me." Lady d'Abernon was plaintive and wiping her eyes. "Ah, when I was a girl we had not dared speak so to our mothers nor to think of such things."

Nell's little red mouth quivered; she succumbed to the temptation. "As mothers?" she enquired naïvely. "La, ma'am, they are innocent creatures."

"Helen!" Lady d'Abernon endeavoured to stare her daughter into shame.

But Nell laughed gaily. "Alas, poor Jack! I wonder he dare live with such enemies. I think I will be his friend, ma'am, for charity,"

"You will be what I bid you, Helen," said her mother majestically.

Nell dropped a curtsy. "God bade me be a woman, ma'am—" she hesitated, a quaint little smile dimpling her cheek—"and—why—I think 'tis only men may bid women."

"Helen! 'tis profane and unseemly——"

"But alack, ma'am, nature!"

Lady d'Abernon made a curious noise in her chest. "Be silent, child!" she said hoarsely. She was crimson of face.

"I had done, indeed," said Nell, and sat down, and with some ostentation began to write a billet. Lady d'Abernon glared at her over the top of the sermon by Dr South.

At the same hour my Lord Sherborne stood under the passion-flower by the door of the little house beyond St Martin's. To the garden gate behind him came a light coach. The house door was opened wide enough to display the red face of a maid; from the coach door issued my Lady Sunderland in pink.

"Please you, my lord, my mistress will not receive you," said the maid.

"Thou impudent wench!" cried my lord, and put his shoulder against the door. The plump maid withstood him.

And my Lady Sunderland was coming through the garden. My lady lifted her ebony staff and tapped my lord on the shoulder from afar. "Holà, rogue," says she. My lord turned hastily, crimson of face, and glared. "Lud, I am abashed," laughed my lady and swept on. "Your mistress will receive me, girl," says she in another tone, and the maid opened the door. My lord was for following her in when my lady swept round upon him. "I leave my lacqueys without, my lord," said she; and then turning again, "Shut the door, girl."

So my lady came alone and magnificent, to

the little green room. Mistress Charlbury fell before her in a low curtesy of ceremony. But my lady laughed: "La, child, I am neither the queen nor your grandmother," and put her hand in Rose's arm and drew her to a settle. "Sure, you know I have no reverence for reverences."

"You are kind, my lady,"

"I am 'my lady' to my enemies, Rose. Let me rest from it here, at least." She looked into the girl's dark eyes. "Faith, tis a respite to find two eyes that will look at me fairly." And with that excuse for staring my lady discovered that the eyes were duller, the dainty features marked in sharper line than of old. "But what is't that dims this, child?" and my lady tapped the pale cheek. "Are you sick of love or other matters?" The pale cheek was swiftly aflame. My lady let her wrist fall on Rose's shoulder; her fingers hung down, and the girl's uneasy bosom beat against them.

"No. I am not ill," said Rose.

"Nay, then, 'tis the pure romantic pallor!" my lady laughed, and she drooped her lashes. Rose was leaning forward a little, looking straight before her. My lady remarked how large, how dark were her eyes. Her bosom still stirred my lady's finger-tips. "I'll engage 'tis a lover's quarrel," my lady drawled.

Rose turned upon her. "Since I have no lover, my lady, I have no quarrel," she cried.

"Now to see my Lord Sherborne's face I would say you had both," my lady murmured, unmoved.

"I'll thank you, my lady, not to name my Lord Sherborne to me," cried Rose flushing.

"La, you child! Now 'tis a fine gentleman—and they say he has some youthful vigour left yet—and I know he has still a crown or two—and (faith, 'tis the crowning miracle of him) I think he means you honestly."

"And I am to love him for that?" said Rose quietly, and her lip curled.

"Oh, lud, I never bade woman love man yet. So 'tis M. de Beaujeu is the favoured swain, Rose? Who is he, this M. de Beaujeu?" My lady's delicate finger-tips marked the girl's bosom rest still.

"Faith, my lady, I engage the French gentleman thinks even less of me than I of him."

"It is possible," my lady murmured, looking from under her eyelashes. "But I have an interest in the gentleman, child. Who is he?"

"You, my lady?" cried Rose. "Why, then?"

"Why perhaps he has made his addresses to me, Rose. Who knows?"

Rose turned to stare. My lady met her with a benevolent smile. Then Rose laughed: "Indeed if he had I think you would be alone among women, my lady."

"Is it so chaste a soul, in faith?" my lady drawled. "Lud, are you so sure of him?" and she paused to laugh. "But, faith, 'tis a curst mysterious gentleman, child. Whence did he come, or why?"

"'Tis a Huguenot gentleman of Auvergne, exile for his faith," said Rose glibly.

"You think so? Do you know they have never heard of this exile in Paris?" My lady's finger-tips felt the girl's bosom start. My lady

turned a little. "Mark me now, child," says she. "Do you recall an old flame of yours—before you were the talk of the town—a Tom Dane? Ah, I see that you do. 'Twas a rogue that bolted from the tipstaffs——"

"Sure, I am little like to forget him!" cried Rose. "He called me 'Delila'!"

"A venomous cub, faith! Thinking you had betrayed him?"

"Yes," said Rose blushing, then caught my lady's hand. "But indeed, indeed I had not," she cried.

"La, should I doubt you! But this true lover did, it seems? Cast you off at the first trouble? Reviled you before the tipstaffs? Lud, a dainty fine gentleman!"

"You can guess how I hate him," said Rose in a low voice.

"Poor child," says my lady patting her shoulder, "poor child. A mean rogue, faith. 'Twould be my delight to see him hanged. Now child, do you know 'tis whispered this same rascal has dared come back to England in the body of M. de Beaujeu?"

"M. de Beaujeu?" cried Rose. "M. de Beaujeu is Mr Dane? La, they are no more like than my Lord Sherborne and my Lord Sunderland, than—than the King and yourself."

"Thank God, 'tis a reasonable unlikeness, that!" cried my lady laughing. "*Bien*, 'tis pity. I would rejoice to hang Mr Dane for your sake—and not grieve to hang this Beaujeu for his own."

"Faith, I resign you Mr Dane gladly, my

lady. But I protest I have found M. de Beaujeu an honest gentleman."

"Now have you?" said Lady Sunderland sharply, and then yawned. "Heigho—give me some tea in charity. I must needs go see Mistress Evelyn, who will give it me with religion—watery both."

So my lady having had her entertainment, had her tea, and departed. Mistress Rose attended her to the door of her coach, and my lady looked at her curiously and long. My lady was reflecting that she had probably met love that day. The acquaintance was novel and interesting.

And at the same hour M. de Beaujeu devoted himself to reflection and tobacco. All was going well and very well. The great gentlemen had been admirably scared by the King, and they suffered themselves to be manœuvred as readily as his own old regiment of Irish. His schemes were fulfilled easily, precisely as if he were playing chess. M. de Beaujeu conceived that Providence—himself—might for a moment turn its gaze aside. He desired to consider his private affairs.

The mind of M. de Beaujeu, if not equal to my Lord Sunderland's in subtlety, had a turn for the discovery of motive. That mind was much exercised by the last word of my Lady Sunderland: "Ay, sir, 'tis your hour. But at least we had ours when we made your love false."

Why this eagerness to remind him? Sure he had shown them well enough (he smiled) that

he had not forgotten their kindness. My lady could scarce hope or desire to magnify his hate. But being a woman desiring only to wound, she might strike madly. "In effect she is not so much a woman," muttered Beaujeu with a grin, and then frowned.

There was one way to explain my lady. M. de Beaujeu, seeing it very clearly, for long declined to confess that he saw it at all. At last (he wriggled in his chair) he put it fairly. My lady would have him believe Rose was false because Rose was true. That—that would be entirely like Sunderland or his lady. To lead him of his own sole deed to damn himself to unhappiness (M. de Beaujeu thinking of himself became eloquent) what triumph for them! Suppose for one brief instant that Sunderland had not bought Rose—that the girl (oh, miracle!) was true—that M. de Beaujeu might yet learn it, and so come to content in her embraces. Why, then was there plentiful cause for my Lady Sunderland (who must hate him vastly) to do her possible to convince him the girl was false. If false she were indeed, my lady was more like to declare her true. My lady would laugh to see him embrace a wench that had sold him. Also my lady would laugh to see him spurn a girl that loved him truly. My lady had desired him to spurn the girl. Then——?

So M. de Beaujeu, conceiving he had quite sounded the profundity of my lady, who had intended him to think just that.

But, faith, how could man believe the girl

was aught but a cheat? Beaujeu lived over again that seven-years-old afternoon, had attained to his final glory, "Delila, good-night," when intruded suddenly an echo of Mr Healy's voice: "I doubt you were mightily like your cousin."

It was not in the least agreeable to Beaujeu to be mightily like his cub of a cousin. But in fact they had said the same thing. With vastly different cause though, begad! Without the girl's lure he had not been easily taken: without her letter there had been no evidence. No. There was no likeness at all. No man in his place but would have thought her false. Jack was a vain and surly cub, and quite precisely the effects of his vanity and surliness had been calculated. There was the whole world of difference.

But to consider the matter abstractly—to judge it without passion. Slowly—very slowly—M. de Beaujeu (whose pipe went out on the way) came to admit a theoretical possibility that he had been wrong. It was (in theory) to be conceived that Rose had been true. But if so, begad, the chance and change of the afternoon had been most marvellous unlucky. No man could be blamed for judging her false. Sure, if true she was, she was the most unfortunate wench alive—'twas the most damnable appearance of guilt that ever deceived an honest man.

An honest man? Eh, if the honest man had in fact been deceived, he had done some curious things, this same honest man. It

must be confessed the wench had cause of complaint, poor soul. Bah, why not be honest? Why not confess that if she were true he had been a knave to her, a very foul——

There came a tap at the door, and at once the dainty grace of Mistress Leigh. M. de Beaujeu put down his pipe and started up to stand before her stiff and soldierly. Mistress Leigh acknowledged his politeness in a curtsy so long and low that it seemed she was never to rise again.

"I trust I can serve you?" said Beaujeu.

"Oh, faith! I'd not presume to dare to trouble you," Mistress Leigh murmured, with downcast eyes.

"Pray believe that it will be my pleasure to do whatever you desire of me."

"It will be so, indeed. For I desire nothing of you," and Mistress Leigh exalted her little chin in the air. "I had hoped that I would find Mr Healy."

"I am reduced to suppose that I have offended you," Beaujeu remarked.

"La monsieur, does a worm take offence at God?"

"You will doubtless perceive, mademoiselle, that you are unjust to me."

"Oh, lud, are you greater than God?"

"May I hope to hear what is your quarrel with me?" Beaujeu enquired gravely.

"Would one in your power dare quarrel with you? Oh, monsieur, with you! Nay, indeed, we must crawl before you!"

Beaujeu stood stiffer still. "If I have been

discourteous I pray your pardon. With the baseness of your taunt I do not reproach myself."

It was a vastly irritating gentleman who had not a temper to lose. So Mistress Leigh broke out upon him with flashing eyes and flaming cheeks. "Reproach yourself? Did I dream that you would, monsieur? Not with any baseness—till you esteem something besides your own magnificence." Mistress Leigh had the unhopèd-for pleasure of seeing a shade of colour pass to his thin cheeks. He stared at her.

The door opened and Mr Healy entered whistling. Beaujeu glanced round, then bowed to Mistress Leigh, and: "Mademoiselle requires you, Healy," said he, and went out.

"And do you that now?" said Healy, smiling at her red face.

Mistress Leigh tossed her little head. "The French gentleman is pleased to be witty," says she in a small contemptuous voice.

"Why, would he not quarrel with you neither? Sure we will break your heart between us."

"Quarrel? La no! He'd but insult me, knowing I dare not answer him lest he should give us up."

Mr Healy's smile vanished. Mr Healy approached her, looked into the fierce bright eyes and laid his hand on her shoulder. "My dear lass," says he, "why will you lower yourself to talk so?"

In a moment her eyes fell, a darker blush than

anger's flooded her face. "I—I pray your pardon, Mr Healy," she stammered.

"I would like your hand on it," said Mr Healy smiling.

It was given timidly, then surrounded by his long sinewy fingers. The girl looked up, "I have talked just to hurt," she said, blushing still, but meeting his eyes.

"'Tis a truculent maid that you are, indeed. You should cultivate gillyflowers. 'Tis calming to the passions. Did you ever note the placidity of a pipkin, now?" So Mr Healy, smiling at her, and the girl pressed his hand.

"I am," said she, "horrible."

At which Mr Healy burst out laughing. "Sure, you are a Gorgon entirely," says he, and the round cheeks were persuaded to dimple. "Will you come now and look at a pipkin?"

"I doubt I am unworthy, sir." Mr Healy offered his arm. "Nay, but indeed I had something to say."

"Is it peace, now?" said Mr Healy laughing.

"I fear 'tis not." Mr Healy assumed an aspect of great fear. "Nay, sir, pray listen." Her blue eyes were wide and very serious. "For the second day at least I have marked a man watching the house——"

"My dear," says Mr Healy, "he may watch till he wears out his two eyes."

But Mistress Leigh, who knew nought of Beaujeu's acquisition of Sunderland, was not satisfied. "But, Mr Healy, I doubt 'tis for us he watches——"

"I will cast my eye upon him," said Mr Healy.

They went out, and Mr Healy was turning to the stairs when the girl opened the door of her own room. "'Tis only from this window. He lurks behind the buttress," she said over her shoulder. Mr Healy stood on the threshold a moment, then strode into the little white room. His sharp eyes puckered to peer through the sunlight; then he chuckled.

"Sure, 'tis an ancient acquaintance," says he. "I will go salute him." Mistress Leigh opened the casement.

She beheld Mr Healy go forth to the street. She heard Mr Healy remark: "Jack, my dear, come out of your box." She saw the spy hurry away up the street. She heard Mr Healy cry, "Convey my private salutations to Lord Sherborne." And then she came out to meet Mr Healy on the stairs. "'Tis purely a private friendship of Beaujeu's," said Mr Healy.

"And no danger?"

Mr Healy laughed. "'Tis an adequate gentleman, our Beaujeu. Will you come to my pipkins now?"

"All unworthy, sir," says Mistress Leigh, with a little mocking curtsy.

So they came to the fragrant window, and: "'God Almighty first planted a garden,'" says Mr Healy, after my Lord Bacon.

"But not in pipkins," the girl murmured demurely.

"Sure, there were merits in Eden," Mr Healy agreed. "Two folks could scarce house in a pipkin."

"But at least they would have no room for the serpent."

"Faith, I doubt if the serpent gentleman visits at all without invitation." Mr Healy stooped to cut a dark flower.

"And do you think you could keep him out of your Eden, sir?"

Mr Healy stood up with the flower in his hand. He smiled down at the fair roguish face, at her bright blue eyes. The light was falling, a wonder of glory, on the red gold of her hair, and beneath it her neck was white. Mr Healy laid his hand gently on her little thin arm where the lace fell away from it. "My dear lass," says he softly, "I would be asking you that. Do you think I could keep the serpent beyond the hedge?"

"I doubt it depends on your Eve, sir," says Mistress Nancy Leigh, laughing at him.

"Faith, 'tis so!" Mr Healy agreed and bent over her.

"La, sir! And when there are dead leaves to be looked for!" cried the girl starting back. "See now!" and she pointed one fair finger to a leaf garishly yellow, afar.

"Sure, I was forgetting my duty altogether," says Healy smiling at her, and put down his flower and moved solemnly to the offending leaf.

Mistress Leigh and the flower departed together.

Mr Healy turned round again: "Oh, Eve, Eve!" said he aloud—and heard the ripple of a laugh.

CHAPTER XXIV

MEN AND A WOMAN

My Lady Sunderland remarked that my Lady Laleham had done better to put off her rout till the Day of Judgment. Ladies and gentlemen would then be more at their ease. For that famous rout was upon the night of the day that saw King James clap seven Bishops in the Tower and his Queen delivered of a son. Wherefore wild looks and rushings to and fro and whisperings, and my Lady Laleham in despair.

M. de Beaujeu was at once assailed by ladies and gentlemen who desired to know why monsieur was adorned with bows of white to his breeches. Monsieur blandly explained that a Prince of Wales was born, and he dutifully rejoiced. The ladies and gentlemen looked at each other sideways.

"You believe it, then?" said my Lord Manchester.

"*Corbleu*, my lord, I believe in miracles, I. I remind myself of the late Abraham. He was a hundred years when he rejoiced in the little Isaac. One tells me that no Protestants were admitted to the chamber of Her Majesty." (M. de Beaujeu caught Lady Sunderland's eye, and bowed and smiled.) "One talks to me of a warming-pan capacious to bear another woman's babe to Her Majesty's bed. One tells me the butter-woman of Jermyn Street had the honour

to have her son born a two hours only before the Queen." (Mr Wharton was heard to snigger.) "One says *enfin* that the Prince of Wales, he is to be seen, but the butter-woman's boy, he has vanished!" So, M. de Beaujeu, creating consternation. "*Bien, bien, cela se peut!*" I say. But remind yourselves always of father Abraham and his little Isaac." M. de Beaujeu passed on to publish his gospel. My Lady Sunderland made eyes at him, but Beaujeu, like an honest Huguenot, would have nought to say to a renegade's wife. He vanished with some fair Tory dames.

And Mistress Helen d'Abernon, having no taste for these pleasant debates, had escaped from her mother (who enjoyed them vastly), and attained to the honour of her cousin's society. Mr Dane—he was always a gentleman of admirations—affected M. de Beaujeu in his dress. His round face looked out of a black periwig, he had the violet velvet of Beaujeu. A stiff soldierly air was oddly wedded to his sturdy plumpness. He endeavoured to bow with Beaujeu's favourite exaggeration.

"Mistress Helen d'Abernon? Nay, 'tis Mistress Helen of Troy!" says he, with a smirk.

"'Tis just plain Nell," said she, and held out her hand, and her big grey eyes laughed at his airs.

Mr Dane took her hand delicately with the tips of his fingers, made another great bow, and kissed it. "I amend the phrase," says he. "'Tis nothing less than Venus' self."

Venus pulled her hand away. "Why will you talk as if we were two fools?" says she.

Mr Dane made a gesture of despair. "You kill me with a sentence—it is, ma'am, a sentence of death."

"And 'tis the like of that you have learnt in town," said Nell, and her little full lip curled. "Do you know, Jack, you were more of a man in the country."

"These censures break my heart." Mr Dane smiled at her benignly, and arranged his lace cravat.

"Oh, 'tis still the fashion to have a heart?"

"I have one for every fair lady, ma'am."

"And never a head withal."

"'Tis lost," says Mr Dane amorously, "while I look—" and looked at her bare throat, where a single row of pearls lay pallid against the pure warm tint of life.

"For the sake of your poor wits then—a good night, Mr Dane," cried Nell.

"I am left, ma'am, desolate," says Jack with another sweeping bow, and smiled after her. At the moment Beaujeu passed. Without looking at him Beaujeu murmured, "*Chez moi. Vite!*" and was gone.

Mr Dane walked across the room, exchanged a jibe with the Marquess of Twyford, and slid out unostentatious by another door. At which precise moment my Lady Sunderland sailed up, a stately marvel in rose-pink, to Mistress Nell. My lady was a thought flushed: "La, child, what roses!" says she breathless, tapping Nell's

cheek with her fan. "I must have your receipt for them. Tell me now——" Nell was drawn away to an alcove. "You are fond of your cousin, child?" says my lady in another tone. "He is in danger." She glanced round and dropped her voice still lower. "He and his friend Beaujeu. Like to be hanged. I dare not speak to them before this crowd. Tell him—spies are abroad. Bid him give that to Beaujeu." She slipped a scrap of paper into Nell's hand, and closed the girl's fingers on it. "At once! Let none else know or see. 'Tis life and death." Then, more loudly, "So 'tis goat's milk you use for a wash? Lud, I must have one goat more in Whitehall!" She rustled away, leaving Nell wide-eyed and eager.

Twice Mistress Nell searched the rooms. Finding a friend at last in Twyford, she was told that Mr Dane had gone. My Lord Twyford, however, professed himself her most devoted. He was desired to get her some tea. When he came back Nell was gone.

She had slipped out, and bidden one of the footmen call her a hackney coach. As he handed her in, she bade the coachman drive her home; but, once out of St James's Square, she stopped the coach and gave the direction of Essex Street. Letters at least had found Jack there. And the coachman winked at his whip.

But M. de Beaujeu was not gone to Essex Street. Passing through a crowd that was roaring "Lilliburlero," he came to Adam's in the Piazza.

Hoo! All in France have taken a swear,
Lilli burlero bullen a la,
Dat dey will have no Protestant heir,
Lilli burlero bullen a la.

—it rose thunderous on the air as M. de Beaujeu passed up the stairs and into a shuttered room.

“Damn that song of yours, Wharton,” says he.

Wharton laughed and whistled the chorus, beating time with his hand. “You take things so devilish hard, Beaujeu. Begad, you eat plots and drink plots and sleep plots—but—

“‘Lero, lero, lero, lero, lilli burlero bullen a la!’”

he broke off with the comical tune—“why not plot like a gentleman?” Beaujeu started: he was very white and grim. “Zounds, man, do you never laugh at yourself?” cried Mr Wharton.

Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders: “I have not the time.”

“Oh lud!” Mr Wharton groaned over this humourless soul with a humorous twitching of his ugly mouth. “I like your butter-woman of Jermyn Street, though. How little of that was true?”

“The butter-woman of Jermyn Street, who was expecting a child, has mysteriously disappeared. I sent her to the country for her health.” He smiled and nodded at the street, whence rose still loud the roar of treasonable songs. “But I infer ’tis thought the affair looks very ill for the King.”

"So we are all to rave at the King for a lie of yours?" said Wharton, looking him in the eye.

"I am vastly honoured."

"Damme, but you know how to hate! Humph! Well, I could near be sorry for the King."

Beaujeu's eyes flashed in the light. "I think that he has not killed your father, Mr Wharton," he said coldly.

Mr Wharton, having no answer to that, made none; and without rose loud his song. The mobile was marching up and down Covent Garden shouting it:

"But if Dispense do come from the Pope,
Lilli burlero bullen a la,
They'll hang Magna Charta and ourselves in a rope,
Lilli burlero bullen a la!"

Into the room came stamping a lusty gentleman, plump and rubicund, and slapped down his hat on the table, and, "Zounds, gentlemen, the country will never bear this!" he cried. "What is to do?" thus my Lord Bishop of London.

"Te hee," says Mr Wharton. "The country has borne much."

"But never aught like this, sir. Seven of my brethren, seven Bishops of the Church, seven of your fathers in God——"

"You embarrass me, my -lord," says Mr Wharton.

"They lie in chains in the Tower, sir!"

"Where many a good Whig has lain before

them, my lord. But, begad, I do not recall that you had any zeal for them.”

“Ah, but now we have all forgot the little disagreements of the past,” cried Beaujeu.

“Your own forgiving spirit has taught us,” says Mr Wharton, with a grin—and there appeared the magnificence of my Lord Devonshire, with the most handsome Earl of Shrewsbury and Mr Russell’s lean scowl to support him.

The Bishop, a lamb among wolves, one Tory among many Whigs, appeared uncomfortable. But a figure came in, thin as a lath. He gave one quick glance round the room, then took off his hat, and they saw tiny bright eyes and sharp features seared with wrinkles. “M. de Beaujeu, your obliged,” says he. “Gentlemen, your most obedient.”

And the Bishop, one wide smile, sprang to clasp his hand, and,

“Danby? The devil!” muttered Mr Wharton. For the Earl of Danby was Tory of all the Tories, and Mr Wharton had of old been active to impeach him.

“Pardon, gentlemen all,” said M. de Beaujeu. “You did desire me to visit you. Eh, I could not visit you all at once—so I have asked you to visit me. And if also you visit each other—perhaps, *tant mieux*.”

The company studied the face of M. de Beaujeu, and at last: “You mean we are all in one ship?” growled Mr Russell.

“Ah, ah! I mean nothing. Gentlemen, you know whom I serve. You have said all that

you want me. *Bien*. I am here. What do you want?"

A silence succeeded him—no gentleman was anxious to be the first to want. But my Lord Bishop (it was plain) restrained himself difficultly, and at last, purple in the face, "Gentlemen, shall England be vassal of Rome?" he burst out.

"Those who be of that opinion say 'Aye,'" murmured Mr Wharton.

"I conceive, gentlemen," says my Lord Danby, "we are agreed that to-day has changed all. While the Princess Mary was heir to the throne we could endure, we could wait until nature worked our freedom. But now that the King seeks to give us a base brat as his own so that his Papist tyranny may not end with his life, now, gentlemen, I say——"

"To hell with the King!" growled Mr Russell.

"Why, I would leave that for my Lord Bishop," said Danby smiling. "I say, M. de Beaujeu, you spoke of one who knew how to wait. Does he know how to act?"

"*Bien*, my lord," cried Beaujeu. "And, I say—ask him!"

"I take you," says my Lord Danby, and took snuff. And again came silence.

"Gentlemen, I owe no loyalty to one who persecutes the Church!" cried the Bishop.

"Nor I none to a King that would put the crown of England on a butter-woman's brat," said my Lord Devonshire haughtily. Mr Wharton, who was looking at Beaujeu, was heard again to snigger.

"Te-hee," says Mr Wharton. "A curst ingenious King, indeed."

Then my Lord Shrewsbury, with his air of saying something vastly noble: "I for one would see England free, gentlemen," and was answered by the roar of the mob without:

The English confusion to Popery drink,
Lilli burlero bullen a la !

"I think," says my Lord Danby, and his little eyes twinkled, "I think we are all in one ship, gentlemen," and he held out his hand. There followed much wringing of fingers, to the small edification of M. de Beaujeu, who at last tapped my Lord Danby on the shoulder.

"*Enfin*, my lord, if you desire a guest you invite him," says he.

And so at last my Lord Danby took pen and paper and therewith implored the Prince of Orange to come and to come soon. Honour was put in pledge that those who signed would aid him and bring many more to aid. One by one they signed; one by one, each with some private message for the Prince, they took their leave of Beaujeu. Mr Wharton alone was left, leaning on the mantel, eyeing Beaujeu. To him Beaujeu turned, and "At last!" says he, and tapped his breast where the precious paper lay and laughed.

"Begad, Beaujeu," Mr Wharton drawled, "James was a knave and a fool by right divine, but I doubt we'd have thought him a decent rogue but for you."

"What?" cried Beaujeu.

Mr Wharton grinned. "You make Sunderland set him on the Bishops; you tell us he has given us for Prince a brat of the kennel; and so we are mightily moved and we pull the poor devil down." Mr Wharton chuckled. "But I trust I'll be there when you and Black James settle accounts in hell."

"Have no fear," Beaujeu sneered, and then gripped Wharton's shoulder: "Man, is it you ask mercy for the King of the Bloody Assize?"

"Mercy? From you? Oh, damme!" laughed Wharton. Then drew back a little, and looked curiously at Beaujeu. "But, begad, I never heard you excuse yourself till to-night," says he, in a tone of surprise.

Mistress Nell's hackney coach made its way eastward slowly. All the good people of London were out in the streets, cheering for the Seven Bishops, groaning for the Pope and King Louis of France, and, failing all else, howling "Lilliburlero." So they were too much occupied to make way for Nell's coach readily, and as it jolted through the press Nell lay back on the musty linsey-woolsey, a little frightened, a little excited by the noisy crowds, and most heartily anxious for her cousin.

Mr Healy had worked out Turenne's last campaign with Montecuculi, and was devoting his whole mind to making a picture of the ideal garden. He held his paper at arm's length, he put his head on one side, and regarded his artistry with some complacence. Then, judging it too gaudy, put it down, and bent over it to mitigate

the splendour with patches of saxifrage, and as his pencil worked he hummed or sang :

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-fields did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring.

To whom Mr Dane entered swaggering and nodded. "Beaujeu not here they tell me?" says he, tossing down his hat. "D'you know why he wants me, Healy?"

"Sure, 'twill be for the pure joy of your presence," said Mr Healy meekly ; and Mr Dane, after thinking it over, concluded to laugh. He crossed the room to Mr Healy's small library—vainly essayed Cæsar and the Georgics, and found at last 'La Fontaine'—which appeared to Mr Dane very childish, and which he read with a pleasant feeling of superiority, stimulated by some glasses of the excellent Burgundy of Beaujeu.

Dubois appeared in the doorway. "Pardon, Mr Dane, a lady."

Mr Dane struck an attitude. "Dubois, a miracle!" says he. Mr Healy looked at him curiously. "Well, Dubois, well, the wench's name?"

"The lady desired herself to give it to monsieur."

Mr Dane laughed. "Begad, Healy, the wenches give a man no rest," he remarked, looked in the glass to settle his cravat, and went out.

"Beaujeu, my dear," says Mr Healy to the void, "I do not admire your family."

Mr Dane, with his swaggering strut, with his practised cynical smile, strode into the lady's presence, and then "Nell!" he cried in pure amazement: and for a moment the smile was gone. She was very lovely in her frightened blushing grace as she sprang to meet him, holding out her hands. Mr Dane accepted them.

"Dear heart, you make me proud," says he.

"I could not help but come, Jack," she murmured, and looked up at him with tears in her eyes.

"*Ma belle*," said Mr Dane, smiling. He put his arm round her, and made her sit on a couch close beside him. "Art incomparable sweet, Nell," said he, bending close. She blushed and drew away. Then looking into his eyes:

"You have another tone now, Jack," she said very quietly.

"I doubt I am a cruel tease," says the complacent Mr Dane. "Dear, forgive me!" and he pressed her hand and clasped her closer.

"I looked for you, and then—then you had gone—and I could not but come." Mr Dane was smiling still, and his eyes agleam. Under her drooping head the light shimmered and fell about the pearls on her neck. He could see her white bosom rise and fall.

"So you came, sweeting!" he whispered and laughed, and caught her to him and kissed her face and neck. She struggled to free herself, but he held her and laughed and kissed her again and again. "Nay, nay, will you deny yourself now?" he laughed.

Her cheeks were hot and dark: with all her strength she forced herself a little away. "Coward, Jack!" she cried fiercely. "Coward!"

"Mr Dane, I had supposed you a gentleman!" the voice rang sharp. M. de Beaujeu stood in the doorway.

Mr Dane's arms had dropped limp. He sat with hanging head and crimson cheeks, a boy ashamed. Nell had sprung away from him and stood breathless, pale now and defiant, turning flashing eyes from one to the other.

"M. de Beaujeu!" she cried, "Lady Sunderland bade me tell you spies are abroad. You and Mr Dane are in danger. I was to give you this." M. de Beaujeu received the paper with a bow. "That is why I am here."

"I do not know how to thank you," said Beaujeu simply. "I am ashamed."

Nell made him a curtsey. "It needs not, sir. By your leave—my coach waits."

"Do you permit me the honour to escort you?"

"I thank you. I had rather be alone."

Beaujeu bowed gravely, and moved to take her hand. Jack stepped back out of the way: "You think no worse of me, ma'am, than I of myself," he muttered. But Nell swept on, with her head borne high.

On the stairs the mellow voice of Mr Healy was uplifted.

"This carol they began that hour:

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino!
How that life was but a flower,
In the spring-time——"

With that ringing in his ear, with a very white face, Beaujeu bowed to kiss Nell's hand.

He returned to find Jack looking through the curtains at the departing coach, and Mr Healy with a whimsical smile looking at Jack. Jack started round: "I make no excuses, monsieur," he said sharply, looking Beaujeu in the eye, and Mr Healy's eyebrows rose up.

"You have none," says Beaujeu in his passionless voice, and went on: "You will go at once to the Hague, Mr Dane. The cutter waits you at Blackwall:" and he held out the precious composition of my Lord Danby.

Jack started back: "No, by God! I must see her again!" he muttered.

"Is she like to desire it?" said Beaujeu, sneering.

Jack stared at him, flushed, and then: "Give it me!" he muttered, snatched it and flung on his heel. They heard something like a groan. The door slammed.

"I'll have been contemplating a romance?" Mr Healy enquired with a smile—and was surprised at the pallor of Beaujeu's face, who turned and said:

"The fool insulted his cousin Nell."

Mr Healy shrugged his shoulders: Mr Healy permitted himself a sneer. "It would grieve and surprise you," he said, with some scorn.

Beaujeu appeared moved. He flung out his arm in a gesture of disgust. "Oh, you have told me already I am mightily like him," he cried.

"You perceive a similarity?" says Mr Healy,

improving the situation. "Sure 'twas the same bad education for you both." Beaujeu turned away, biting his lip. "But what would his cousin Nell be doing here at all?"

Beaujeu started. "*Mordieu*, I had near forgot. That from the Sunderland." He held out to Healy the scrap of paper.

Mr Healy smoothed out its creases: "'Hide or fly.—S.," he read aloud, and stared.

But Beaujeu laughed. "*Bien*, my lady, I fly," says he, and took up his hat and went out.

CHAPTER XXV

M. DE BEAUJEU LEAVES BY THE WINDOW

M. DE BEAUJEU was honourably received by my Lady and my Lord Sunderland with an impressive display of agitation. My lord's face was livid. He palpitated. My lady flushed, and wide-eyed met Beaujeu at the door, and pushing it to in her negro's face: "You?" she cried. "You, and did you not get my note?"

"*Pardieu*, yes," Beaujeu admitted, smiling. "'Hide or fly.' *Bien*, I have flown—to you."

"You are mad," muttered Sunderland.

"On the contrary, I am most admirably sane," says Beaujeu, and sat down between the agitated pair.

"Have you forgot Sherborne?" cried my lady.

"I remember him in my prayers."

"He has had you spied upon——"

"I am aware of it," says Beaujeu blandly.

"Lud, have you a devil?" cried my lady aghast.

"My lady, I am a bachelor."

"Your admirable wit," says Sunderland, showing his teeth, "will have opportunity soon in hell."

"Let us practise our repartees, my lord."

"Oh, will you play the fool now?" cried my lady. "I tell you he has spied on you—he has found out your secret meetings with Wharton and the Whigs——"

"Not with the Sunderlands I do trust?" Beaujeu enquired, with an air of great anxiety.

My lady frowned. "He brought the news to my lord here first—my lord promised to carry it to the King——"

"Can I ever repay?" Beaujeu murmured.

"To-day Sherborne charged my lord that the King had not been told——"

"Ah, heartless! Ah, cruel Sherborne!"

"Ay, fool it to the end!" my lady snapped. "Well, the end is that my Lord Sherborne is with the King at this hour. So the devil help you now!"

"You refer," says Beaujeu blandly, "to my lord?"

"Fool, will you go?" snarled Sunderland.

Beaujeu leant back in his chair. "I applaud the comfort of your furniture," says he.

"Will you be so mad?" cried my lady. "How can we save you when the King himself acts?"

"I have wondered myself how you will do it," Beaujeu, smiling, confessed.

"Fool! fool!" my Lord Sunderland's voice rose high. "If you are taken here it is death to us all."

"And if I were taken elsewhere, death only to me. You perceive clearly why I am here."

"Why could you not fly?" cried my lady.

"It did not fall with my plans."

"And where are your plans if you are taken here?"

"I have not enquired. For, you see, I shall not be taken here." My lady drew away from him. Her cheeks grew paler, but brighter yet shone her grey eyes, and her quick breath came slower. My lord's fingers clasped and unclasped. He looked all ways. "Pray appreciate the situation," says Beaujeu, in his passionless voice. "'Tis fixed now the Prince of Orange will come. I despatched the last invitation before I came here. In two months your King James will be in exile. Where you will be, my lord, depends quite entirely upon where I am. For, my lord, if I am taken now there will be found in my breast a letter from the Prince of Orange to my Lord Sunderland——"

"You brought that here?" screamed Sunderland. "Fool! fool! fool!" and he wrung his hands.

"I see that you do appreciate the situation. *Bien*, if I am taken, my Lord Sunderland is hanged. If I am saved, I have the honour to save my Lord Sunderland." He paused to laugh. "Believe me, I anticipate salvation."

My lord could only wring his hands and mutter: "But what can I do? Tell me that! What can I do?" and Beaujeu smiled upon him. But my lady had drawn away and stood very still by the mantel. Her white arm lay along it, and she gazed down at Beaujeu and her eyes sparkled. Then the door opened a little, the scared head of a waiting-maid appeared.

"My lady, my lady, the King!"

"The King?" my lord gasped.

"He is crossing the court!"

Beaujeu threw back his head and laughed. "Tis a situation full worthy your wits, my lord."

But my lord had fallen into a chair and gasped and stared wildly round. He spake, but was not articulate.

Then: "Save you?" cried my lady. "Ay! I'll save you. But I'll shame your very soul!" Beaujeu stopped laughing. My lady sprang, a whirl of drapery, across the room: "Nanette! Take a coach—drive madly——" the rest was a murmur in Nanette's ear, who vanished. Then my lady whirled round on her lord, and whispered fast in his ear. My lord put up his head: his pale lips curled back from his teeth, and he looked for one instant straight at Beaujeu. Then nodded to his wife and looked down into his breast. My lady stood up bright-eyed, smiling.

"Tis vastly impressive indeed," says Beaujeu coolly.

My lady gave a curious laugh. "It will be more so," says she. "Lud. I never knew a man my master yet,"

"Oh, my lady! My lord blushes!"

There were footsteps in the corridor, and, "M. Lucifer, come!" cried my lady, and caught Beaujeu's hand and drew him after her through one door while the footman knocked at the other.

M. de Beaujeu found himself in darkness perfumed with roses. He was gently compelled to a seat, then saw my lady's white arms moving against the wall. The faintest creak of a panel, and he heard with great clearness the usher announce His Majesty.

Beaujeu turned to my lady's dim presence. "My compliments," says he, and laughed.

My lady's hand fell swiftly on his lips, and she murmured in his ear, "*Bête, bête.*"

My Lord Sunderland was discovered by His Majesty reading the *Imitatio Christi*. His Majesty indeed was twice announced before the sound pierced my lord's devout thoughts. Then he started up, his lean face all a smile, and "Pardon," he said, "pardon," bowing with the book in his hand. "I am oft lost in this good gift of your Majesty."

Majesty scowled at Thomas à Kempis from the doorway. Majesty's big mouth was drawn downward, and his lean sallow face even uglier than it need be. "I have to complain of you, my lord," says he, in a high peevish voice.

"At least not before lackeys and my Lord Sherborne, sir?" Sunderland enquired blandly, and bestowed a small bow on Sherborne in the background.

"Before whom I will, my lord" cried His Majesty.

Sunderland bowed his head: "I am your Majesty's man—to shame if you will so," he said meekly.

"I tell you that my Lord Sherborne must be here," said the King, with the voice of an angry child. My Lord Sunderland bowed and set two chairs. His Majesty sat down, my Lord Sherborne on a nod from him also sat down, and the pair of them glowered at my Lord Sunderland who remained meekly standing. "Sit, my lord!" the King cried.

"In my Lord Sherborne's presence? Oh, sir, 'tis honour indeed!" Sunderland murmured, and sat on the edge of a chair.

"What does that mean, my lord? My Lord Sherborne is my friend."

"Your Majesty is more fortunate than I," says Sunderland, bowing.

"And why is he your enemy? Because, my lord, you——"

"——would not assist him in his amours, by your leave, sir," Sunderland said quickly, and Sherborne flushed.

"What?" Majesty twisted round upon Sherborne. "You did not tell me that, my lord, you did not tell me that," he said querulously.

"Because it is a curst lie, sir," cried Sherborne.

The King's sallow face darkened: "You forget our presence, my lord," said he.

"Then pardon, sir. I will say it is one of my Lord Sunderland's truths."

"Oh, my dear lord," says Sunderland, shaking his head more in sorrow than in anger, "oh, my dear lord, what a bad memory you have!"

"Have I that, my lord? Zounds——"

Majesty was again shocked: "My Lord Sherborne!" he cried.

"Oh, sir, I must speak my own way or not at all. I say, my Lord Sunderland, I remember, at least, that I told you of a traitor and his treason—and you did nought, nor even warned the King."

Majesty nodded to the words. "Nor even warned us," he repeated shrilly, "nor even warned us. 'Tis of that I complain."

My Lord Sunderland appeared to struggle with mirth. "Indeed, sir. I did not desire aid my Lord Sherborne to make your Majesty ludicrous."

Majesty started up flushing. "Ludicrous, my lord, ludicrous?" he cried.

"Why, sir, if you declare it treason to make love to my Lord Sherborne's mistress is there another word?"

"Do you tell me I am ludicrous?" cried His Majesty.

"Nay, indeed, sir. But that my Lord Sherborne would have you be."

Majesty sat down to think it over. "I shall not deny," says Sherborne glaring at Sunderland, "that the fellow Beaujeu is my private enemy."

"As your rival for the possession of Mistress Charlbury—why, now we have it," says Sunderland, smiling.

"But you did not tell me that, my Lord Sherborne!" cried the King angrily.

"My lord has so bad a memory," Sunderland murmured.

"I think, sir, a man may be my enemy and a traitor none the less," said Sherborne bluntly.

"It is so," says Majesty, nodding wisely ; "it is so."

"And I say, that whether he be my rival for a woman or not, 'tis still no excuse for him to be hand and glove with Wharton and all the snarling Whigs in England."

Majesty nodded again, and Sunderland cried, "Oh, faith, I've no love for the gentleman's choice of friends, but I should be a butt for the town if I arrested a fellow for dining with Wharton."

"You would, my lord, you would," Majesty again agreed, and looked from one to the other and rubbed his forehead.

"I told you, my lord, and I tell you again," cried Sherborne, "there is more than dining here. I doubt the fellow's name is not his own. 'I doubt he is no Frenchman at all——"

"My dear lord," says Sunderland blandly, "you may doubt he is the devil. But 'tis in no sort evidence against him." Again Majesty nodded.

"Well, my lord, and did I tell you that on Wednesday se'nnight——" my Lord Sunderland's footman entered, and Sunderland with a bow to the King beckoned him nearer, and the footman spake to my lord's ear and withdrew. "Did I tell you that on Wednesday se'nnight, and again on Friday, the fellow Beaujeu met Wharton and Russell and Lumley at Wharton's house after midnight, and that after that second

meeting Lumley rode away post to the country? Did I tell you that? Is that evidence?"

"Why certainly you told me," says Sunderland smiling.

"Well, my lord, well! And is that not cause enough to lay the knave by the heels?" cried Sherborne: and turned to His Majesty. "Sure, sir, for your own sake you will make the rogue give account of his practices?"

Majesty nodded. "I am obliged to you, my lord." And twisted round on Sunderland. "And you, my Lord Sunderland, I complain of you," he cried. "Make me a warrant for the knave speedily. I am displeased that you did nought in the matter."

Sunderland put up his hand. "Nay by your leave, sir. I have done something," says he smiling. "I feared that my Lord Sherborne would dare to deceive your Majesty thus——"

"Deceive, my lord?" Majesty's voice was uplifted.

"Zounds, my Lord Sunderland!" Sherborne roared, springing up, flushed. "By God! do——"

"Silence, my lord!" cried austere Majesty.

"And so," Sunderland continued quietly, "I have summoned Mistress Charlbury—who also may have some evidence concerning M. de Beaujeu."

Sherborne grew pale. He looked askance at Sunderland. And on the other side of the curtain my Lady Sunderland had come very close to Beaujeu and put her hand on his shoulder. It was stiff and still. "Sir," says Sherborne in

a low voice turning to the King, "I will swear that of any treason Mistress Charlbury is guiltless. I will put my life on that."

"La, his chivalry!" my lady murmured in Beaujeu's ear.

"Her story is then quite beyond suspicion—you confess it, my dear lord," says Sunderland smiling, and lifted the bell.

"Enters Delila," my lady whispered: and felt monsieur move under her hand, and smiled in the dark.

Rose came with her easy grace, and stood a moment a tall white statue, then curtsied to the ground before His Majesty. Majesty, who appeared vastly puzzled, nodded without dignity. My Lord Sherborne set her a chair, but she scarce bent her head to thank him, and stood with her hands clasped before her, fronting them all.

"I shall be plain with you, Mistress Charlbury," says Sunderland (my lady tittered genteely), "you are summoned to tell His Majesty what you know concerning a M. de Beaujeu, who is accused of treason by——" he paused.

"My Lord Sherborne, doubtless, my lord," cried Rose.

"How! You knew it?" cried Majesty, and Sunderland smiled.

"I knew, your Majesty, that my Lord Sherborne would accuse M. de Beaujeu of anything."

"And why, ma'am?"

"Because my lord is jealous of monsieur, sir." Majesty nodded wisely.

"And who is this M. de Beaujeu?" said Sunderland.

"A Huguenot gentleman from Auvergne."

"Huguenot? Huguenot?" cried Majesty angrily.

Sunderland turned to him laughing: "Indeed, sir, between a Huguenot and a heretic," the renegade indicated Sherborne, "the lady is ill bested." So Majesty looked gloomily at Sherborne.

"Ay, ay," sighed Majesty, "my lord, I must speak with you on these matters. I will commend you to Father Petre." But Sherborne only scowled at Sunderland.

"I am no renegade, sir," he growled.

Sunderland appeared horrified. "My Lord Sherborne! Do you dare this?" cried Majesty, dark with wrath.

"Your Majesty perceives the depth of my Lord Sherborne's loyalty," murmured Sunderland.

"I do, I do!" said Majesty nodding.

"Sir—" cried Sherborne.

"Enough, my lord!" Majesty turned his back, and was going. Then, "Nay, but the other was heretic too," he muttered, and stayed to rub his puzzled brow, while Sunderland watched with narrow eyes. At last he put his hand on Sunderland's trusty shoulder. "Come, Sunderland, bring me the truth out," says he wearily. My lady again tittered. There was the pause of a moment while Sunderland sucked in his breath. Then, "Mistress Charlbury, have you ever supposed," Sunderland put his finger-tips together and looked at them, "that

M. de Beaujeu might be other than he declares himself?"

"I, my lord? No, indeed!"

"Oh, Delila, Delila!" my lady sighed in monsieur's ear.

"Ah. Never thought that he might be concerned in plots against His Majesty?"

Rose seemed amazed. Then she laughed. "M. de Beaujeu, my lord? Oh, if you knew him! 'Tis a gentleman concerned only with his pleasures and himself!"

"Neatly true, faith," my lady murmured.

"It appears you know him well?" said my lord sharply.

Rose blushed: "I have cause," she said in a low voice.

"Oh, has he wronged you?" the King asked curiously.

"I make no complaint of him, your Majesty."

"Then if you know him well," cried Sunderland, "how do you dare say he is not intent on treason?"

"'Tis because I do know him well that I say it, my lord."

"What?" Sunderland drew down his narrow brows. "When my Lord Sherborne tells us that he spent Wednesday se'nnight and Friday till the small hours plotting with Whigs?"

"It cannot be," Rose murmured: and Sherborne laughed.

"Nay, we have it on my Lord Sherborne's word. Do you answer that, Mistress Charlbury?"

The three men stared at her, and she at the

ground a while: then a blush rose swift from her bosom. "I know well why my Lord Sherborne should say it," she said. Then looked up defiant: "I know well, my lord!"

"So, ma'am, so. Why?" says Majesty, much interested.

"On those nights M. de Beaujeu was with me." Her voice was clear, and she met Majesty's eyes, but her cheeks flamed.

"A lie!" roared Sherborne, starting up.

"Your Majesty!" says Sunderland hastily. "Your Majesty!" in polite horror.

"Another such word, my Lord Sherborne," cried Majesty, rising too, "and you leave the Court for ever. Back, my lord. Silence, my lord. Know your place." He was shrill and dignified. Then he turned, frowning on Rose. Majesty was stern to the peccadilloes of subjects: "You are his mistress, woman?" he cried. The girl's bosom heaved, and she made no answer.

And behind the curtain my lady, clinging affectionately to Beaujeu, said in his ear: "You had settled accounts with Delila, I think?" and laughed low.

"You are his mistress, woman? Answer me!" cried impatient Majesty.

"Your Majesty has said it!" the girl murmured, hanging her head.

"Delila—to the last, Delila!" whispered my lady, but monsieur started away from her.

A casement creaked. M. de Beaujeu had left by the window.

CHAPTER XXVI

M. DE BEAUJEU COMES IN BY THE DOOR

MAJESTY was frowning. My Lord Sunderland was laughing. "Sure, now," says he, "now we perceive my Lord Sherborne's notion of treason. 'Tis to embrace Mistress Charlbury."

"The girl lies for the sake of her lover, my lord," cried Sherborne. "I can bring my fellows that spied on Beaujeu to swear it."

"My dear lord," says Sunderland smiling, "I will bring a hundred knaves to swear the Pope a heretic for a crown a piece."

But Majesty was frowning steadily at Rose: "You are in my displeasure, woman," he said peevishly. "'Tis wantonness such as yours that brings trouble on the land. The wrath of heaven is——"

But there was a scuffle at the door and a cry: "*Corbleu*, if the good God is there himself, I will enter the same!" Rose was pale in an instant and started round. My Lord Sunderland's lips curled back, and Sherborne flushed and clenched his hands, as M. de Beaujeu broke into the room—to check, to bow low before the frowning King, and to say "I pray pardon of your Majesty. One told me" (he talked indifferent English with difficulty) "one told me—my wife was called to Whitehall. I desire always to stand beside my wife:" and he moved to Rose and took her hand. The girl looked into his eyes.

Her lips were white.

"Wife!" cried Majesty and Sherborne.

Beaujeu bowed and drew himself up, a stiff soldierly figure. But his hawk face was white as the girl's. "Wife!" he repeated.

"You did not tell me that, ma'am!" cried Majesty, frowning at her. Rose hung her head.

"I am ashamed," says Beaujeu. "I had desired it secret."

"It need not have been secret from the King," said Majesty.

"At least, I tell it first to your Majesty," says Beaujeu with a faint smile.

"Well, monsieur, well! I am not displeased. There is over-much evil-living," says Majesty graciously. "But let me warn you," his face darkened again, "I hear ill report of you. You are Huguenot. You are suspect of plotting against me."

"I, sir? I? And my wife," he held her hand still, "my wife—was she called here to speak for me?"

"Ay, monsieur!" cried Sherborne. "And now, without a girl to answer for you, tell us where you were on Wednesday se'nnight."

"With one of whom I am infinitely unworthy," says Beaujeu very quietly.

"Bah!" Sherborne flung round on his heel.

But Sunderland, touching the King's arm, whispered, "Your Majesty marks it—he and she tell one tale," as if that were strange. And Majesty was impressed and nodded.

"I trust," says Beaujeu, looking at the

King, "I trust I am as loyal to your Majesty as my Lord Sunderland."

"You are Huguenot," said His Majesty dubiously; and then with some eagerness: "Pray, monsieur, have you ever thought seriously of these matters of faith? Let my Lord Sunderland send you a priest!"

Beaujeu bowed at Sunderland and smiled: "Sir, I should be rejoiced to receive my Lord Sunderland's confessor."

"Do so, monsieur, do so!" says Majesty smiling. And M. de Beaujeu and his wife with reverences departed.

"Does your Majesty complain of me still?" Sunderland asked meekly.

"No, my lord, no!" Majesty patted Sunderland's trusty shoulder.

"'Tis indeed my whole offence that I would not use your Majesty's power in aid of my Lord Sherborne's amours," says Sunderland in the humility of rectitude.

"You serve me well, Sunderland." Majesty patted again, then turned with falling brow on Sherborne. "And you, my Lord Sherborne, you are in my displeasure. Go. I shall not see you at court for a year."

"Sir, will you believe a girl lying for her lover?" cried Sherborne.

"My dear Sherborne," says Sunderland blandly, "'twas yourself confessed that we might believe her."

"You are always right, Sunderland," said the King. "He did so." And then shrilly: "Will you go, my lord?"

"Sir," cried Sherborne desperately, falling on one knee, "for your own sake——"

"Am I to bid you twice?" cried the King.

Sherborne sprang up, dark cheeked with swollen eyes: "Some day, sir, you will know who have been your friends!" he cried and flung out.

"Insolent!" muttered Majesty.

"I trust that already your Majesty knows your friends," says Sunderland gently.

"I do, Sunderland, I do." The dark face of Majesty smiled. "Why, he would have had me help him to mortal sin. And made me ludicrous. I am always in your debt, my lord——"

"Nay, sir, nay. Do I not owe you more than any man can repay? Did you not teach me the Catholic Faith?" my Lord Sunderland bent and kissed the King's hand—who smiled graciously, a sallow saint.

"Do not thank me, Sunderland," said Majesty devoutly. "What are we all—even I—but instruments? Do you know I felt myself drawn to this Beaujeu. He seems one with a desire for truth."

"I trust 'tis so." Sunderland turned up his eyes. "Does your Majesty desire I should see him again?"

"Do so, my lord, do so. Plant the seed. You have a kind heart, Sunderland. Well, it grows late;" the Horse Guards' clock was striking midnight. "I must leave you. At your devotions, as I found you?"

"I snatch moments from the world," said

Sunderland bowing low, and Majesty smiled approval and went out.

At once my lady came through the curtains gay and laughing: "La, my lord, there is none your equal—in your own trade," she cried.

My lord gave her his chill smile: "I believe I satisfy His Majesty," says he.

My lady came to the couch and stretched herself upon it in luxurious, lazy grace: "Oh, 'twas infinite worthy," she said, and laughter rippled through her voice and shone in her eyes. "You were all vastly comical. I do not know when I have had so pleasant an hour." She paused to laugh again. "Faith but I have had my tit for tat with Beaujeu at last."

Sunderland's dull eyes dwelt upon her: "That girl loves him, my lady—and now he knows it."

"Lud, I profess he might," my lady tittered.

"I am sorry for that," says Sunderland, eyeing her still.

"Oh, get to your devotions!" cried my lady, and my lord went out with his chin on his breast. He feared he had been unselfish and was pained. My lady was left alone with her mirth.

M. de Beaujeu mounted into the coach after Rose and they jolted off into the dark. Nor the man nor the woman found aught to say. Beaujeu was thinking—thinking—thinking—and Rose could not think at all. Sitting beside her, very stiff, very cold, M. de Beaujeu had to live again his glorious past.

Toiling through the ruts of the hill past St Martin's, the coach stopped creaking by Rose's gate. Through the fragrance of the midnight

dew Beaujeu led her in. The little green room was light with many candles. As she sank down to her chair with a sigh Beaujeu looked again to her eyes—dark, tear-laden now.

M. de Beaujeu fell on his knees and cast his arms about her and hid his face in her dress and groaned, "Rose, Rose."

"You do know? Ah, you do know now?" she cried all trembling.

Beaujeu lifted his head. "If I had not been very vile I had known always," he said slowly, and his keen eyes were dim.

Rose tried to smile: "I—I never thought you so," she murmured, and Beaujeu bit his lips, and his arms fell away from her. His throat was quivering. Rose saw it and laid her hand on his.

"I do not merit—to see you—to breathe your air," says Beaujeu with slow heavy stress, gazing at the fair white face. "Yet you—you forgive."

"I had never thought of that," said Rose simply. "I—I only hoped—some day—you would know."

M. de Beaujeu's eyes fell as he flushed. On his knees before her with bowed head he tasted shame. At last the dull eyes were lifted again to hers. "No use in words," he said slowly, "I see at last," the thin lip curled, "what I am." Rose pressed his hand. He cast his arm about her again "And yet—and yet—" he muttered hoarsely—then drawing her close: "dear heart, can you take the rest of my life?"

Rose let his hand go: she leant back in her chair away from him and looked long into the dull eyes. "You forget," she said very quietly.

"'Tis not as of old—" and then as he winced—"No!" she cried, "I did not mean that! I did not say it to hurt you. But then you were but a boy—just the squire's son——"

"I would I were still!"

Rose turned upon him a strange intent glance: "Do you mean that?" she said slowly.

Beaujeu waited before he answered. "Ay, if it would undo what is done. But at least I can give you a worthier place."

Rose sat very still, unyielding to his arm. "You forget," she said again. "I am a common player—and you a great man in the state. I——"

"Great?" cried Beaujeu. "Great—beside you? Dear heart, 'tis I am unworthy—and you—you!" He threw his other arm about her and drew her down to him. But she put up her hands to stay him.

"No—no indeed!" she cried, and at once he let her go.

M. de Beaujeu rose to his feet and now his lips were white. "Forgive me again," he said. "I am too base."

"No," Rose murmured, "not that." She pressed her hand to her head, white amid the black curls. "Ah, not now. Do not ask me now. I cannot think." She looked up at him smiling a little and he saw tears sparkling on her cheeks. "I am tired, you see, so tired."

Beaujeu bowed. "May I come on the morrow?"

She rested her head on her hand, the broad brow furrowed. "Give me a day," she said at last. "You may need think too."

"At noon then," said Beaujeu, and took he hand, but as he bent to kiss it, met her eyes. A moment he gazed and saw the dark gold of them glow: "Rose!" he cried, and caught her to him and kissed them. She yielded and lay still on his breast. Then very gently he laid her in her chair again. "Dear heart, God keep you," he said softly, and kissed her hand and went out.

"It was a lover and his lass—

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,"

Mr Healy carolled gently as he came downstairs on the sound of the opening door. "Is it peace now, Jehu?" says he smiling.

"I have been saved by the devotion of Mistress Charlbury," said Beaujeu, and Healy had to look at him to be sure that he was not sneering. In the same passionless voice Beaujeu told the tale. At the end of it he looked at his friend. Mr Healy said nothing. Mr Healy put a hand on his arm. "I have never thought a man so vile as myself," said Beaujeu, and passed on up stairs.

Mr Healy looked after him and smiled a little. "Dear man!" says he to himself.

CHAPTER XXVII

M. DE BEAUJEU FIGHTS FOR ANOTHER

M. DE BEAUJEU, a gentleman of responsibilities, could not spare a day for thought^t of love. From morn till night he laboured with Mr Healy on a document (you may read it yet) which told in detail of the King's troops and propounded the strategical needs of an invading army. Mr Healy, who had a true affection for the art of war, enjoyed himself vastly. And Mistress Nancy Leigh cultivated gillyflowers and patience. Then after nightfall Mr Healy must go forth with the work of genius in his bosom and deliver it to a mysterious cloaked gentleman under the Piazza for swift conveyance to the Hague, and M. de Beaujeu, visiting a half-score honest gentlemen, moderate their zeal to revolt untimely. M. de Beaujeu's revolt was to be contrived on scientific principles.

So his day was full of good works, and when he rose on the morrow duty still called. To be sure of missing none of the talk of the town he went to Jeremy's on his way to Rose.

Jeremy's was crowded and gay. All men were turned fierce Whigs again, and there was babble enough of treason to deaden the waiters' footsteps and hang a town. The Prince of Orange was hourly expected—he would sail up the Thames and land at the Tower—he had sworn to hang King James from an arch of

London Bridge—he was bringing an army of giants, Switzers, Swedes, and Brandenburgers, seven feet high apiece.

On this wise talk came M. de Beaujeu, and at once was assailed by many crying “Well, monsieur, well, what news?”

M. de Beaujeu smiled amiably. “Eh, messieurs, how fine weather!” says he. “One tells me they may yet save the wheat. But the barley—hélas!—it is very sick.”

“Like the King,” cried one.

“Ah, truly? I had not heard it. I trust he will be restored soon. Pardon, messieurs, pardon;” and he passed on to a knot of friends by the window.

Behind him, “Close, devilish close,” says one nodding wisely.

“Ay, he could an he would.”

“A devilish deep fellow, gentlemen.”

M. de Beaujeu came to his friends. “Eh, my dear Laleham, but you bloom,” says he. Wharton, who had been speaking, had fallen silent and looked at him curiously. My Lord Laleham grunted. My Lord Wickham, the third in the group, burst out laughing.

“Zounds, here is the sinner himself,” he cried.

“Sinner?” Beaujeu enquired.

And my Lord Wickham laughed the louder: “Oh, ay, ay, innocence! You will tell us now you are not a man.”

Beaujeu yawned: “But you are marvellous witty, my lord.”

Wickham clapped Wharton and Laleham on the back. “Zounds, gentlemen, look at the

saint! You'd not know a woman from a man, would you, Beaujeu?"

Beaujeu sat down leisurely: "Nor a man from an ass, *parfois*," said he.

But Wickham laughed boisterously again: "'Tis no use, Beaujeu! We have laughed at it for an hour."

Beaujeu glanced at Wharton and Laleham: "Then why stop for me?" he enquired. Laleham appeared uncomfortable and angry.

Wharton shrugged his shoulders: "A stale jest," he drawled. "Wickham likes 'em so—women or jokes."

"So does not Beaujeu, begad!" cried Wickham. Then shook his head humorously over Beaujeu. "Naughty fellow! Still in her teens, too!"

M. de Beaujeu's eyes flashed. He rose up before my Lord Wickham: "I fail to understand you, my lord," he said sharply.

"Oh, you would! You would! No, begad, 'tis all a fiction, and her mother has never whirled her back to the country at all."

"Do you know what he means?" Beaujeu turned frowning to Wharton.

But Wickham cried between chuckles: "Oh, oh! St Beaujeu! Did little Nelly give you a bad night then? Eh, St Antony—little Nelly d'Abernon?"

Beaujeu whirled round. "You lie, my lord; you understand me? Lie!" he said quietly into Wickham's face, and his pale blue eyes were flashing. Before them my Lord Wickham retreated.

"Why, why, damme, Beaujeu—" he expostu-

lated. "Why flare up so? We all know she went to you from Laleham's rout. Her mother told the Mazarin."

"I said that you lied, my lord," says Beaujeu in his passionless voice, stepping nearer. Again my lord drew back. Laleham and Mr Wharton looked at each other.

"Zounds, but she did!" muttered Wickham. "Why, the old lady has took her back to the shire in disgrace. 'Tis common talk." He looked to the others for support.

"Fight your own fights, Wickham," drawled Wharton, shrugging his shoulders.

"She came to my house and left it—as my own sister," says Beaujeu. "You have chosen to say other. *Bien!* I have called you a liar, my lord." He paused, and they glared at each other. "Shall I call you a coward also?" cried Beaujeu.

"Monsieur!" cried Wickham, growing pale.

"Your most obedient——" Beaujeu bowed.

"Wharton, you will serve me!" Wharton nodded.

"Laleham?" cried Wickham, turning to him.

"Go to your friends, my lord," growled Laleham, drawing back.

"I'll remember you for that, my lord!" cried Wickham flushing, and then called across the room "Seymour!"

A vastly fine gentleman made his way to them daintily: "Stap me! what have we here?" he enquired, and now the chatterers turned and fell intent to listen.

"I desire it known," says Beaujeu, "that

the gentleman who talks lightly of Mistress d'Abernon has affair with me."

"Little Nelly d'Abernon?" Mr Seymour laughed. "Why, stap me, though! They talk of her——"

"Seymour, you become objectionable," drawled Mr Wharton.

Mr Seymour stared in some surprise: "Gad be good to the wench that Tom Wharton defends," said he.

"Seymour, you become offensive," drawled Mr Wharton, and stood up.

Mr Seymour stared with larger eyes. "Do you mean that offensively, Wharton?" he enquired.

Mr Wharton grinned. "I mean it intellectually," says he, and Mr Seymour scratched his cheek.

"I accept any place, any time, any weapons, Wharton," says Beaujeu—then swung round upon the listeners. "And in this cause, messieurs, any opponent." No gentleman grasped the occasion. Beaujeu turned round again, bowed to Wickham and Seymour, and "*Au revoir*," says he.

"Gadsbud, no!" cried Wickham. "We'll end it now!"

"Mr Wharton," says Seymour ceremoniously, "we demand to meet immediate."

Beaujeu frowned: already it was time he should be gone. "It is inconvenient, Wharton," says he.

"La, la, and all times were alike to him i' gad!" cried Mr Seymour. "You insist,

Wickham?" Wickham nodded. "We insist, Mr Wharton."

Wharton shrugged his shoulders. "Verdict—suicide," he remarked. "Swords? Behind Montagu House?" Mr Seymour bowed. "Have with you then!" cried Wharton, and took his hat and Beaujeu's arm. "Send Dr Garth in a coach, Laleham," and they passed out. On the stairs Mr Wharton observed that a procession followed; he turned, and "Gentlemen," says he smiling, "duty calls you elsewhere. Listen to duty, I beg."

So the four passed out alone and mounted hackney coaches and jolted off. "Gad, Beaujeu, 'tis something hard on the poor devil," said Wharton.

"Let him tell no lies of a woman."

"Te-hee," says Mr Wharton, "you have never told one yourself, neither." Beaujeu bit his lip. "Lies, were they then?"

Beaujeu turned to him: "Lies, before God!" he said sharply. "She came with a message from the Sunderland. She saved me." Wharton laughed. "And why that?" snapped Beaujeu.

"At your being saved by a woman," Mr Wharton chuckled continuously.

Soon they had passed up Drury Lane to the Oxford Road. The coaches stopped, the four walked round the garden where Montague House stood white and new, with the tilers busy on the roof, and came to a narrow meadow. Beaujeu glanced up at the sun; it was well past noon, and the hedges threw a

tiny shadow. In a moment he was out of coat and hat and wig, a gaunt, bald figure of strength.

My Lord Wickham kept him waiting. My lord had to try a pass or two with Mr Seymour—to turn his shirt-sleeve up and to turn it down—to take off his brodered-silver undercoat and to put it on—while Wharton grinned and Beaujeu looked sourly. Came the rattle of a swift-driven coach, and out of the coach Dr Garth's round, jolly face was thrust. He hurried across the meadow, and Mr Wharton turned to meet him: "We are waiting Wickham's courage, doctor," says he.

"Gadsbud, Mr Wharton, I have work enough without your making it," says the doctor, shaking his head.

And at last Mr Seymour announced that my lord was ready.

My Lord Wickham tried immediately to beat Beaujeu's blade out of line, failed, and sprang back. He was agile and very lithe, and never a second still, but Beaujeu used little of his great reach nor ever stirred from his place. Only my lord was let feel that he had never before countered so stiff a blade. My lord grew red—in anger that he availed nothing, in heat because he tried vastly; my lord grew rash, jumped in to attack again and again and wildly. M. de Beaujeu stayed one lunge and another—came a third, very wild and fierce. M. de Beaujeu threw back his left leg, bowed to a thrust that ran gleaming through the air over his head, straightened

his long arm, ran his point neatly between my lord's right ribs at the side and checked on the instant. My lord dropped his rapier and clapped his hand to the smart. Dr Garth and Mr Seymour ran to him together.

Beaujeu gave his rapier to Wharton and came forward. "My lord, I am sorry," says he, and Mr Wharton stared. "I believe that it is not dangerous. I sought to avoid that."

My lord, who was rather white, gave a doleful laugh. "Begad," says he. "I have enough—and you might have given me more, Beaujeu," and he held out his hand. Beaujeu took it.

And the doctor, looking up from the wound, "Egad, monsieur, but you're an anatomist," says he. "You have missed every thing I'd have asked you to miss."

"I desired so," says Beaujeu. Wickham's eyes followed him as he moved away, rested on him while he stood with Wharton helping him into his clothes.

"Beaujeu!" said Wickham, and Beaujeu came up settling his cravat. "I am your debtor. I'll take back what I said."

"You oblige me much," says Beaujeu, bowing gravely. "You know me—you might well doubt—but before God my story was true." Mr Wharton strolled up grinning.

"Stap me!" muttered Mr Seymour, staring at Beaujeu. "Then Gadsbud, Beaujeu, I believe you myself," he cried. Beaujeu gripped the two men's hands before he turned and hurried away.

"Gad," muttered Mr Wharton, looking after him curiously, "gad, where's the old Adam?"

M. de Beaujeu had sprung into a coach, and bade the man drive hastily to Rose's cottage. Come there late, and at last, M. de Beaujeu received a surprise.

The shutters were shut over the little case-ments, loud knocking brought no answer till a woman looking over the hedge of a farm hard by cried to him that Mistress Charlbury had driven away in her coach an hour ago. Whither then? Towards the town.

Beaujeu strode frowning home. There a letter waited him:

"DEAR HEART,—You were right not to come. You see now, 'twas right what I said. I knew I could not be y^e fitt Mate for you. But 'tis kinde in you not to say it. And indeede 'tis much best that I should not see you. Do not trouble after me. I will always remember how noble you were to me at y^e Pallace. It was like you. God keep you in your grate Perrils. Dear, be cauteous. You are too brave. Pray, Mr Dane, think of me sometimes. But do not be troubbled, dear. I shall be happy.

"ROSE."

CHAPTER XXVIII

M. DE BEAUJEU OPINES HE IS DEAD

M. DE BEAUJEU went out into the highways and hedges, sought diligently till the moon was high for man or woman who could tell him aught of Mistress Charlbury's coach. It was

not to be traced beyond Charing Cross. M. de Beaujeu came home very weary to read once again that consoling letter.

Mordieu! how could she dream that he would change as basely, how could she dream that he would fail her? . . . Eh, how could she dream anything else? It would seem quite in his character—nay, passably honourable for him. To spare her the pain of hearing that she was beneath him, why, that would be chivalric—for Beaujeu. Never before had he liked himself so little.

But after all—after all—she would come back. Let a few weeks pass and she must be found. *Bien*, in a few weeks this work would be done, his own place established. Then truly he would be her “great man in the state”—then with all his honours upon him he would show her that he had not failed. Ay! So perhaps it was best. Let the weeks pass—there was work enough to fill them—when he had set a King of his own making over England, when that King had paid him his due, then—why then, confessed of all, not least of Englishmen, he would show Rose that he could never be too great for her. Egad, ’twould be vastly better, vastly nobler so. And M. de Beaujeu went, not ill-content, to bed.

In the morning Mr Healy and he and a map of England worked together on the problem of which brave gentlemen should seize which towns—but, behold Mr Healy found his friend slow. That admirable keen brain was blunted. M. de Beaujeu was strangely slow to see the obvious. In fact, M. de Beaujeu was not so well content

as he had been: monsieur found it merely impossible not to think about Rose: monsieur gazed stupidly at the big map adorned by Mr Healy with pins and wondered where on it Rose might be—wondered so zealously that he let Mr Healy make all the plans of himself.

“Danby takes north of Humber and the devil takes north of Tweed, good neighbours faith, and that’s the whole of it,” says Mr Healy at last, reaching out for a pipe. “We’ll be staying in town our mighty selves and never smell steel at all! Heigho!” Mr Healy gave a great sigh.

“I must stay in town,” growled Beaujeu frowning.

Mr Healy stared at him. “I did not deny it, my dear,” he said in surprise. Beaujeu got out of his chair and began to pace up and down the room with short quick steps. Mr Healy was wrapt in amazement.

The door broke open. Spattered with mud, haggard, red-eyed, Jack Dane rushed in. “I have ridden post from Harwich, Beaujeu,” he cried hoarsely. “On Black James’s horses, begad!” and he dragged a letter from his breast. Beaujeu pounced upon it and walked away to the window.

Mr Healy filled Jack a glass of wine and Jack drank thirstily. Beaujeu stood reading, his keen face outlined against the light, and as he read he smiled. A tap at the door and there came grinning Mr Wharton. Beaujeu looked up, saw him, and jumped at him. “Begad, in good time, Wharton! Little Hooknose comes with

the first fair wind, and you had best be off to your shire hastily!"

Mr Wharton's grin broadened. "Softly now, softly," says he. "What! Master Jack here?" he paused to chuckle. "Well, damme, come in!" he beckoned to the open door. A grave and reverend gentleman appeared in grey frieze and his own grizzled hair, and Jack stared and Beaujeu drew away frowning. "I present Master Antony Smallpiece," says Mr Wharton, "attorney to Sir Matthew Dane."

"Umquhile, sir," says Master Smallpiece squeakily, "umquhile attorney," and made his bows. "Mr Dane, sir, it is my grievous duty to convey to you the annunciation of the late demise of——"

"My father!" cried Jack, starting up. "Dead? And why was I not summoned?"

Master Smallpiece coughed. "By your leave, Mr Dane, by your leave," he said nervously. "I am not, I profess, obnoxious to any censure. Merely as a concession to the sanguine tie I presented to Sir Matthew that he should call his son to his last mortal couch. He replied, even moribund, vigorously. I grieve at the relation, Mr Dane. 'I am sick (even as Eli) at my son's transgression' (I relate his own words). 'Do I desire see him? Unnatural!' (says Sir Matthew, pray understand me) 'Infamous. At least he shall gain nothing. Unnatural—infamous,' and soon after breath left him. He was much wasted."

"Damme," says Mr Wharton, chuckling, "damme he faced it out." Jack, who had been

sitting with bowed head, looked up suddenly and flushed. "Well, Jack, you have not seen much of him in this world. Pray that you get no chance in the next." Jack started up, and Mr Healy, putting a hand on his shoulder, said swiftly:

"Wharton, my friend, may be you'd be a gentleman if you were dumb." Mr Wharton, who was never touchy, gave an amiable chuckle and put up his hand in the gesture of a fencer confessing a hit. Jack turned away and stood looking down at the cold hearth.

Master Smallpiece again coughed. "I profess, Mr Dane, I am distressed at my tidings," says he. "And I apprehend the residual is no more comfortable. Sir Matthew hath confided to me a testament (in the making whereof I am in truth no more than a mere instrument, sir). The Send estate, entailed upon you, remains still your own. But Sir Matthew hath chosen to bequeath Bourne Manor to your cousin, Thomas Dane, where and whensoever he may be found."

Jack laughed a little. "I am glad of it," says he, and Master Smallpiece gaped. But Mr Healy and Mr Wharton directed their eyes to M. de Beaujeu who stood in the shadow silent.

"So, Sir Matthew thought Tom Dane was still with the living, did he?" says Mr Wharton grinning. "Well, may be he was right."

"Sir Matthew was of that conviction, Mr Wharton," says Master Smallpiece. "I might aver that he lived in daily fear of Mr Thomas Dane's return."

"Begad, they would have had a happy meeting," says Mr Wharton.

And out of the shadow spoke M. de Beaujeu. "Eh, gentlemen, an old man's fancy. This Thomas Dane—who has heard of him in seven years? Certainly he is dead."

"Oh, you think so?" says Wharton grinning.

Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders: "Who can doubt?"

"Not I, begad, if you say so," laughed Wharton. "Faith you ought to know!"

But Beaujeu struck in, drowning the last words. "Also, also—surely in your English law an outlaw cannot inherit, eh, Master Attorney?"

Master Smallpiece scratched his nose. "You make a point, sir," says he, "you——"

"Gad, Beaujeu, do you think I want my cousin's land?" cried Jack.

"Sure he makes a point too, Beaujeu," says Mr Healy.

"I do not think so, Mr Dane," Beaujeu said. "But in fact, if he is dead, the acres should stay in the family."

"And how do I know that he is dead?"

"I met Mr Dane when he came to Flanders," says Beaujeu quietly. "He went to the wars—he vanished. I have not heard of him in seven years. I conceive, Master Attorney, your English courts would readily pronounce him dead?"

"I apprehend, sir, I apprehend, if properly approached," says Master Smallpiece with dignity.

"Courts pronounce?" cried Jack. "What do I care for that? If he is alive——"

"I knew Mr Dane well," says Beaujeu sharply "If he were alive, he would scorn to take what your father had held . . . Eh, do you wonder?" and he gave a shrug and a sneer.

Master Smallpiece coughed. "*De mortuis*, gentlemen, *de mortuis*. You are acquaint with the Roman adage? Mr Dane, I should be much honoured by your command to bring the cause to court."

"Oh curse the cause! Curse the estates!" cried Jack. "God, do I care for them? We—I—" it was difficult to speak yet to be silent of his father, and his face worked, he flushed crimson and at last turned away with a groan.

Master Smallpiece stared. "I will wait upon you at another occasion, Mr Dane, sir," says he and backed out.

Beaujeu came out of the shadow: "Away with you, Wharton. The first east wind brings Little Hooknose now. You rise when you hear he is at Exeter. You should join him at Salisbury or sooner."

Mr Wharton looked him up and down. "Tell me, are you flesh and blood?" he enquired.

"Whatever I am, I win," said Beaujeu sharply.

"Humph. Well, that is a human speech," said Wharton grinning: he held out his hand as they gripped: "I'll have a fine crop of rebels from my shires I swear. And you?"

"I'll hold London."

"A handful," laughed Wharton and departed.

Beaujeu turned to Healy: "See gallopers go to Devonshire and Danby, Healy," said he, and in a moment he was left alone with Jack.

He poured himself a glass of Burgundy, and sat down to sip it. He looked curiously at Jack over the wine. In a moment Jack turned pale and distraught: "Beaujeu," says he, "have you seen Nell again?"

Beaujeu put down his wine: "In effect, no:" he remarked. "It was scarcely possible. Her mother, who appears to be a fool, learnt that she had come here at night—chose to believe the worst—and (in order, I conceive, that every one else might believe the worst) has hurried her daughter away to the shire. Mistress d'Abernon, if you please, is disgraced."

"Disgraced?" cried Jack flushing. "Zounds, let me hear a man says so!"

Beaujeu smiled slightly. "I do not think you will hear many men say so," says he.

But Jack did not heed. "God! I must go to her," he muttered and turned on his heel.

"I have something to say to you first," said Beaujeu. Jack turned again to stare at him and Beaujeu sipped his wine again. "It is right that you should know. The bullies who assailed you in Mistress Charlbury's house were there unknown to her."

"'Unknown to her'?" Jack muttered. "She was innocent?"

"Innocent—since you choose the word," said Beaujeu with a sneer.

"And how can you know it?"

"Because it was on my motion that Sherborne sent the bullies," said Beaujeu quietly.

"You?" cried Jack, starting back. "You? And you've posed as my friend."

"Endeavour to believe that I am," says Beaujeu in his passionless voice. "I would now give my right hand that I had not done it."

"But why—why? What end did you gain?"

"I was fool enough to believe Mistress Charlbury a common woman," says Beaujeu in the same level tone. "I thought her unworthy of you. I desired that you should break with her. Thinking like a mean knave, I acted as a mean knave."

Jack stood a moment with wrinkled brow, puzzling it out, then flushing started forward. "You—you—" he cried fiercely, and lifted his hand to strike.

Beaujeu sat quite still: "It is merely your right," he said calmly, looking into the angry bloodshot eyes.

Jack's hand fell: "God, Beaujeu, how could you do it?" he cried. "Do you know what I called her? And she—she— My God, I must see her, and——"

"And your cousin Nell?" Beaujeu asked quietly.

Jack stared at him a moment, then stumbled to a chair and pressed his hands to his head: "What can I do?" he muttered to himself.

"You can go to your cousin," said Beaujeu, "I do not think your 'Delila' hurt Mistress Charlbury deeply. She did not love you." Jack looked up, dazed. "I have had to tell her how base to her I have been. Believe me, it is not you that have hurt her."

"You love her yourself?" Jack muttered.

"Mr Dane, I have never known a man act

so vilely to a woman as myself. It is to me marvellous that Mistress Charlbury can forgive me. Nor to her nor to you can I pretend to excuse myself." The passionless voice fell to a deeper note. "Believe me, if yet you can, I had no thought to rob you of her love."

"I never had it, I know that," Jack muttered. "But what I said to her—oh, why have you made me such an knave?" And Beaujeu stared at the ground. Jack gave a short sharp laugh. "Begad, I think there has been but one gentleman of my name for many a year, and that is my cousin Tom." Beaujeu stirred in his chair. "And you say he is dead?" said Jack sharply.

"Certainly he is dead," Beaujeu repeated.

"And I am left!" said Jack, and laughed again. "A curst quaint world!" Then he turned on Beaujeu. "Tom loved the Charlbury, you know."

"Perhaps not more worthily than I," said Beaujeu quietly.

Jack looked at him sneering a moment; then rose wearily: "I go to Nell," he said; but on his way to the door turned back and caught Beaujeu's arm: "Man, if they talk of her in town answer it, for God's sake—till I am back again."

Beaujeu bowed: "But I do not think they will talk," said he, and his eyes glittered.

CHAPTER XXIX

MR DANE IS HUMBLE

THE trees in Cobham Park stood golden in the sunshine. They had no charm for Lady d'Abernon, who required sympathy, and bestowed it upon herself lavishly. She had indeed always thought that Helen would end so. She had always been sure of it. Alack, why was Helen her daughter? Sure, she had done her duty by the girl. 'Twas not for lack of plentiful warning she had gone astray. Lady d'Abernon assured herself that she had always acted according to the most reputable traditions. It was, in fact, some consolation to know that in hurrying her daughter out of town she was following the wisdom of half a score great ladies. Reputations—it was confessed at court—became convalescent in the shires. With careful skill the girl might be found a husband yet. Lady d'Abernon sniffed lavender and sighed. Ah, if only Helen had been guided by her she might have had one already. But the girl was always a fool. So like her father.

The trees in the park stood golden, yet brought no joy to another anxious heart. Jack Dane came striding along the white road, a better sight since his twelve hours' sleep at the inn, but still very grave and dull-eyed. He was grown much older in a week.

"Mr Dane requests the honour of an audience of Lady d'Abernon."

The lackey shook his head. "My lady is not within, sir."

"In that case—you will take my name to Mistress d'Abernon." Mr Dane stepped into the hall.

"Sir—indeed, sir——" the lackey recoiled as Mr Dane advanced.

"You are, I conceive, a servant?" Mr Dane enquired. And at that the lackey retired. Waiting in the hall Mr Dane heard an angry voice. He walked on the sound—he entered Lady d'Abernon's parlour, and "My lady, your most humble," says he with the lowest of bows. My lady, who was rating the footman, stopped, stammered, flushed, and stared.

"How dare you?" she cried. "William!" and she glared at the lackey and waved her hand to Mr Dane. William made a hesitating advance, for Mr Dane was large, and he appeared to intend to stay.

"My lady, I beg your pardon. I pray you grant me a few moments."

Lady d'Abernon, seeing no help for it, waved the lackey away, and "How dare you?" she repeated feebly when he was gone.

Mr Dane drew himself up. "I know why you take me so, ma'am. But I'll not insult your daughter in telling you she is blameless. Why she came to me——"

"You? I thought it was the Frenchman," cried Lady d'Abernon.

Mr Dane flushed. "You seem to think many

strange things," he said sharply. "But sure you must know why she came to me."

"Know? What is there to know?" cried Lady d'Abernon, whose imagination furnished only one explanation.

"More than her kind mother has guessed, ma'am," says Mr Dane flushing. "She was charged by—by a great lady with a message to me. She could not find me at Laleham's rout and came to Beaujeu's house seeking me."

"And who will believe that?" says Lady d'Abernon with contempt.

"I'll convince any man!"

"You'll never stop the town talking," says my lady. "Oh, the girl's a fool."

"Pardon me. I'll not allow that said of the lady whom I hope to have to wife."

"What, now?" cried Lady d'Abernon in sincere surprise.

"I do not understand you," said Mr Dane coldly.

Lady d'Abernon gaped, not prettily. For behold a miracle. There before her was a man of decent blood and comfortable estate proposing to marry a girl that he (or his friend—no matter) had had for his pleasure. My lady did not doubt that. But even for her fool of a daughter it was her religious duty to do her best. So, "Of course, you cannot in honour offer less, Mr Dane," says she severely.

"I beg you permit me to see Nell," says Mr Dane.

"But what would you provide for her?" said the affectionate mother.

Mr Dane looked down at her sneering: "I desire to settle upon her all I have but the entailed lands," he said coldly.

Lady d'Abernon opened her mouth: "All?" was the sound that came at length. "All?" in an awed tone. Then she recovered herself. "Pish! 'Tis no more than your mother's dower. Well, sir, do I learn that you promise that?"

"I do."

"'Tis little enough. I had hoped for a better match. Since you have so used the girl——"

"I have asked that I may see Nell, ma'am," says Jack sharply.

"Oh, there can be no denying, now. Pray remember, Mr Dane, that we have small cause to thank you."

"I have not desired you," said Jack.

Lady d'Abernon made a scornful noise, rang the bell, and turned away from him.

Nell was reading; "The Faery Queen" was laid down as Jack came in, and she rose. Only the faintest colour marked her cheek. She waited for Jack to speak, and Jack bowed and stood silent. They looked at each other frankly man and maid till his glance wavered and he flushed: "Nell, can you forgive me?" he said in a low voice. "I am come to ask your pardon"; and he waited staring at the ground.

"Jack," said Nell softly. He looked up. She was holding out her hand, and he fell on his knee and took it and kissed it. Nell stooped

forward and laid her other hand on his shoulder. "Ah, Jack, I am glad," she whispered, and he saw her grey eyes smile at him. "We'll forget, Jack," she cried gaily, and tossed back her brown curls.

Jack rose from his knee. "You make me feel the more brute," he said slowly. "Faith, I deserve it."

"I know," said Nell. "Yes, I know you are sorry. But indeed 'twas only just a moment—that you—you forgot." She blushed a little. "'Tis all over, Jack," and she smiled.

Jack came nearer and took her hand. "Nell, I persuaded your mother to let me see you——"

"And how did you do that?" cried Nell gaily.

"To ask you—to ask you——" says Jack, and flushed and stammered. "Nell, 'tis many a year—and I have not always been——. Nell, can you be my wife?"

As he spoke a blush flooded her cheeks, but she looked frankly in his eyes, and "Why—why do you ask?" she said slowly.

"Nell, dear—will you try to trust me?" says Jack. "Nell, indeed, dear heart——" and he drew her closer.

But she put up her hand against him. "Jack, you are cheating me! You are cheating yourself!" she cried, very pale.

"By heaven, no!" says Jack, and meeting her eyes, "Ah, Nell, you'll learn to trust me again?"

"Yes, I trust you now; see!" and she laid her white hands in his. "I know—I

know you are fond of me—but 'tis not, not so. You are sorry, only sorry. Jack, is 't not true?" she cried. "You think you ought, and as you ask me——. Ah, Jack, is it fair?" and the full red lips quivered and faint lines were traced on her brow.

But still Jack held her hands and looked into her dark grey eyes. "On my honour, Nell, you are wrong," says he in a low voice. "I'll not cheat you. I'll not say I have never had thought of another lady. But I think I have loved you since you could walk. Even at my basest, Nell——. Faith," he laughed an instant, "you know how base—and but for you I 'ld still be the same sorry prigster. Nell, Nell, I'm not such a rogue that I 'ld ask you if I did not love you with all my heart."

"Ah, you think it, now," Nell murmured, and the lines on her brow grew deeper. "You believe it just now, Jack. But after——" and her throat was a-trembling and her eyes misty.

"Dear, you are trying to doubt," Jack cried. "Will you not try to believe? . . ." He drew her closer: "Tell me there is another man would make you happier and I——" his voice went away. "I—God knows I 'ld give you joy and—and go." She did not answer, and he took both her hands in one of his and set his arm about her. "'Tis not that," he whispered in her ear. "'Tis only one answer I'll take now, Nell," and he drew her closer. She did not stay him, the furrows on her brow grew smooth, the quick uneasy breath fell calm.

"I'll not cheat neither, Jack," she said very

quietly. "I'll not answer now. Indeed, indeed I can't. Wait awhile—wait till Christmastide," and as he frowned, "Ah, Jack, is it not fair to me?" she cried.

"I'll wait your own time, dear," says Jack in a moment: and then, smiling a little, "dear, let it be short," he whispered: and a dimple trembled in her cheek as she blushed.

She let him hold her in his arm a while then gently moved away and led him to the window. "When the leaves are gone, Jack," she said, and pointed to a great tree.

"Oh, lud," says Jack, gazing, "'tis an oak!"

Nell laughed gaily and held out both her hands. "Go pray to them, sir," says she, and Jack knelt again and kissed the two white hands. But as he was shutting the door, "Jack," said Nell softly, and he turned again, "I forgot they were oak leaves."

"And I'll not remember," says Jack, and departed.

To Lady d'Abernon consuming a sermon of Dr Hicks entered Nell silently, and: "Jack has gone, mother," says she meekly.

Lady d'Abernon started: "Heavens, child! Well?"

"I have sent him away."

"You sent him away?" screamed Lady d'Abernon. "You——? Oh, the girl's lunatic! And why, pray?"

"I desired it."

"Desire? Ugh, your desires. Sure, we have had enough of them. Oh, fool, fool!" she waved her hands helplessly, and before Nell's

steady eyes, Nell's quiet smile, became inarticulate. So Nell left her.

When the moon was up Nell sat all white by her window looking out northward at the pole star shining bright above the moor. "I wonder," says Nell very low. She leant out and drew deep breaths of the sweet night air. Then as she walked to her bed: "No, I'm sure," she whispered, "I'm sure," and she laughed and hid her blushing face in the thyme-scented pillows.

CHAPTER XXX

LOVE IN A COTTAGE

THEY were praying to the weathercock outside St Clement Danes. It was public now, it was in print under his own hand that William of Orange was coming to free England from tyranny, Papists, and his father-in-law. So good honest citizens gathered around the vanes to pray for a Protestant east wind. And in Whitehall King James was clapping into the fire every copy of Prince William's declaration that the tipstaffs could bring him and giving orders to revoke and rescind all the ordinances of his three years' reign. He complained pathetically to my Lord Sunderland that his wicked people would not believe him sincere. But how should good Protestants ('twas asked in a nameless leaflet writ by M. de Beaujeu) trust a King who

persecuted Bishops, who had made a Prince of Wales of a butter-woman's brat?

M. de Beaujeu sat in his room over the river guiding, with Mr Healy, the storm. There was plentiful work. So many fine gentlemen must needs come and confide to him now that they had in truth been for many years devoted to freedom's cause—so many more must write and beg the honour of an occasion to serve His Highness of Orange (whose name indeed had been for a decade in their humble prayers). Withal there was the town and its passions to watch and guide. Good citizens must be roused by rumour and pamphlet to fierce wrath against their King. The 'prentices and the mobile must have their leaders and their rallying cries. Sure, the King must not be let doubt a moment that his people had him in bitter hate.

So M. de Beaujeu had plentiful work, and he tried to lose himself in it, for it seemed that Mistress Charlbury had vanished off the earth. Healy and Jack and he had beat the town for her—she had been sought in the old home at Byfleet—and all was for nought. So Jack was gone to raise his Kentish tenantry, and Beaujeu was left to work and forget. And he could do neither thoroughly. An hour's fierce labour would end in his staring stupid at a paper, or pacing peevishly up and down the room a long while, his mind numb. Yet since monsieur was working for his own greatness, he made no mistakes, he left nought undone, the strings of the great revolt were firm held in his hand. And Mr Healy marvelled alike at his brain and his heart.

There were two noble gentlemen, Patrick O'Gorman and Richard Rutter, gentlemen with whose arm-bones Mr Healy's sword was acquainted, could have brought tidings of moment to monsieur. Detailed by my Lord Sherborne to go a-spying on Mistress Charlbury they had done their duty. While Beaujeu was pinking my Lord Wickham they had beheld Mistress Charlbury mount her coach. Mr Rutter and Mr O'Gorman sped after it as best they could, but being over-good friends of strong ale had stitches in their sides and lost it in Kensington Lane. For which they were little thanked by my Lord Sherborne.

But my lord having some light was guided. Mr O'Gorman and Mr Rutter and their gallant companions, my lord's private bullies, were set to converse in all the ale-houses on the western roads. It was a grateful task, and after joyous weeks Mr Rutter ran his quarry to ground in a little house by the river at Isleworth. Mr Rutter, though slightly drunk, was sure that he knew the tall woman picking roses, and he lurched off gurgling with glad tidings.

So on the next day my Lord Sherborne, his crimson velvet bedewed with the autumn mist, strode into a little dark wainscotted room, and stood smiling before Mistress Charlbury.

Rose started up very pale, and her hand caught at her breast: "You?" she gasped. "You?"

"And why not I, child?" says my lord, smiling. "Since your noble husband has cast you off."

"And who says that, my lord?" Rose cried.

My lord laughed. "Does it need saying? Why else are you hiding here? I'gad, I know what he was when you lied for him, and sure you yourself know him now—'tis a knave that uses you for any scoundrelly turn and——"

"My lord!" she cried fiercely, flushing.

My lord approached and laid his hand on her shoulder, but she started from his touch. His blue eyes were dull. "Rose," says he, in a low voice, "I am not come to hurt you—not that, God knows," and he met her searching gaze. "I am come to help, child. I thought at first he had placed you somewhere. But now," his voice rose higher, "now he has scorned you—spite of all—and you" (my lord's voice was unsteady), "you are hiding for shame. So I come. Rose, I want to help. Will you not trust me again? You trusted once, child."

Rose had grown pale again. "It was before I knew you, my lord," she said coldly.

Sherborne muttered something—then caught her hands. "'Tis my quarrel if 'tis yours, Rose," he cried, "let me repay."

"Repay?" Rose echoed it, wide-eyed in amazement.

"Ay, sure, you must hate him now at least!" He grasped her hands harder, he was growing crimson, and Rose stared at him as at a madman. "Let me make the knave answer it!" cried Sherborne. "Let me take up your wrongs."

"I have no wrongs, my lord," said Rose coldly. "Please you, release my hands."

Sherborne flung them away from him and started back. The veins swelled in his temples, and his breath came noisily. A moment he glared at her, then "What? What?" he cried hoarsely. "Still mad for him? Fool!" he laughed, "does he want you?" and since that made her blush, laughed again. "Well! you may make your adieux to him, mistress. Begad, I will now make an end!" He eyed her an instant, smiling upon her but unlovely, then caught up his hat and strode off.

Rose caught her breath. At any cost, my lord must not be let go thus—'twas death for Mr Dane or his ruin, and in that cause all must be dared. "No—no, I protest, my lord," she gasped. "I—I yearn for him to be punished." Sherborne turned in the doorway and eyed her curiously. "I pray you—tell me what you would do."

Sherborne stared at her a moment, and then, "Bah, did you think to fool me so?" he snarled. "Tell you? And have you warn him and save him again? No, begad, you'll not bubble me twice."

"Indeed, my lord, 'tis not so. How can you think I would save him again?" says poor Rose anxiously. "'Twas yourself said I must hate him at heart, and——"

But Sherborne laughed: "Ay, you can act. All the town knows that. But I am not the King to be cheated so, ma'am. Then his brow darkened. "Zounds, you must be curst, to love him so—and he 'ld not even stir to take you—oh, God!" My lord compared his own case.

"I say that I do not love him, my lord," cried Rose blushing.

"Why, then, we'll prove it. Soon, egad, there'll be nought of him live to love, and then—will you weep for him? Not you, child, for you do not love him. Give me some wine then, and I'll drink you hell to Beaujeu!"

Rose had caught her hand to her breast and gazed at his bloodshot starting eyes. "I—I have tried to cheat," she said unsteadily. "I do love him yet. My lord, if you love me, indeed, you'll not do this thing."

"If?" cried Sherborne. "God, what would you ask me? I have offered you all of mine time and again? And would your fine flame Beaujeu do as much? Begad, he'll not have you even for his light of love. Oh, he has put a devil in you! . . ." My lord's passions conquered his speech.

"You talk of love, my lord," says the girl quietly, while he mumbled and muttered. "If you love me you'll not harm whom I love."

My lord seemed to himself to listen to ravings. "By God, 'tis the pure reason," he cried amazed. "Well, mistress, we'll see if you love the dead," and he turned away.

Rose gave a little gasp. "Stay yet," she murmured, and my lord lingered, looking at her. She blushed and could not speak for a while. Then, looking down at the ground, "If you care to take me, who do not care at all for you—you may, my lord," she said.

"Ay! As the price for his life," cried my lord.

"Since you must have a price," said the girl.

My lord stared at her a while. Then, "No, ma'am," he said, and he laughed. "I'll account with him first. You," his eyes grew greedy, "you shall come after," and on that he went out, leaving her all trembling and cold.

So Rose's maid must needs go into town on the carrier's wain, and M. de Beaujeu found in his hall a letter.

"DEAR,—Pray look well to yourself. My Lord Sherborne hath sworn your death, and means it.
ROSE."

M. de Beaujeu striving to find how and whence it had come drove himself and all his household near madness.

CHAPTER XXXI

MY LORD SUNDERLAND LEAVES THE SHIP

*Suave mari magno turbantibus aequora ventis
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem*

My Lord Sunderland read the Horatian tag inscribed in the neat hand of M. de Beaujeu. It was the agreed sign. The Protestant wind had come out of the east. William of Orange and his armament were upon the seas.

"I am not sorry for it," says my Lord Sunderland to the scrap of paper. Life at Whitehall had grown mighty harassing. King James unkindly suspected everyone, and my

lord's ingenuity had been something strained. He was ready for the sign, and he rang for his servant and sent to my lady the message: "I await only her ladyship." That also was an arranged token.

Then the door-latch was stirred and my lord sprang up as the King came in: "Your Majesty honours me," said my lord.

The King thrust a letter into his hands: "My lord, what does that mean?" he asked in a shrill peevish voice. My lord found himself reading a letter from his wife to Mr Wharton. She began by calling him Tom, and joked with him as she was wont to joke with more men than one. So far was nothing to rouse the King whatever my Lord Sunderland might feel. But soon came words of graver import:

"'Tis dull here, Tom, and things go ill. I doubt they'll be worse yet. You like them so, you rogue—and faith for you they are well enough. Oh lud grant I'll see Tom Wharton on the Council. And I doubt I will, too, for the King is—my chaste pen finds no word for the King. Majesty's face is longer than ever, and his knees are worn to the bone with praying. Sure, the sight of him would make atheists. I grow clever and 'tis time to halt.—A."

Sunderland looked up. "Your Majesty," says he most solemnly, "this is my Lady Sunderland's hand."

"Do I not know it, my lord?" cried impatient Majesty. "Tell me, my lord, tell me—how comes your wife to write so to a Whig?"

My Lord Sunderland appeared stricken with

great grief. "Your Majesty knows too well my domestic misfortunes," he said slowly. "All the world knows them. I had hoped that you, sir, would not make a mock of them."

"Mock?" cried Majesty. "Bah, what is it to me if your wife is frail?" My Lord Sunderland made a groan and a gesture of despair. "I desire to know, my lord"—Majesty's voice rose shriller as the black eyebrows came down—"what is this talk of times changing and the rogue Wharton being in favour?" Majesty rapped with his fist on the table: "In fine, my lord, in fine—how dares your wife write so of me?"

Sunderland started back: "Your Majesty does not doubt my honour?" he cried in pained surprise: then, gazing on the scowl of Majesty, stumbled back and caught at a chair. "Ah, sir, it needed but this," says he hoarsely. "For your sake I have made all England my enemy—now—now you, too—cast me off." My lord strove with strong emotion a moment, then, conquering, lifted his head and spake in the calm of despair: "Your Majesty doubts my honour. I have done. Do what you will, sir. I had rather fall by your hand than your foes'."

Majesty was somewhat discomposed. He looked askance at injured virtue standing before him with head held proudly. "Honour, my lord? No one doubts your honour," said Majesty nervously.

Sunderland shook his head. "Your Majesty is kind to say so," says he with a sad smile. "This man,"—he tapped the letter—"this man has wounded my honour at its tenderest—and

'tis with him whom of all others I must hate most that your Majesty thinks I would conspire. Your Majesty believes me base enough for that. I have nought to say." His chin fell on his breast. "I pray your Majesty's leave to withdraw," and he dropped to his knee.

The King raised him quickly. "No, my lord, no. I know you for my friend." Sunderland bowed to the very ground. "I protest I have never doubted you, Sunderland. How could you dream so? Do you not trust me neither?" Majesty, whose hands were all a quiver, eyed him gloomily.

"Your Majesty!" cried Sunderland aghast. "Not trust you? I?"

"Nay, my lord, I know that you do. I know," Majesty muttered to himself nervously. Then cried shrill: "But pray, my lord, what means that talk of change and the rogue Wharton being in favour?"

Sunderland affected to read the letter again. "Why, sir, I can but guess," says he slowly. "For a guess I would give you this: the knave Wharton has blustered of the Prince of Orange and his coming. My lady, woman-like, believes all she hears." The King, looking mightily gloomy, nodded. Then Sunderland laughed: "Why, sir, 'tis the old story of a good time coming, when the King's power shall be broke. So rogues have talked since I was a child. So they will talk still when I am in my grave!"

"You believe that?" asked Majesty dubiously.

"Should I deceive your Majesty," cried Sunderland.

/

"No, my lord, no." Majesty patted his shoulder. "You have always comfort for me, Sunderland. You are a good servant."

"Your Majesty honours me! May I hope that I am still held worthy your trust?"

"Say rather of my friendship," says the poor King graciously, and gave my Lord Sunderland his hand to kiss. Thereafter my lord had some trouble to get rid of him.

But two hours afterwards my lord and his lady mounted their coach and left Whitehall and the King.

"So the ship sinks and we leave it, my lord," says my lady with some scorn as they jolted away.

"I could wish, my lady, that you would conduct your amours with more discretion," says my lord tartly.

"Oh lud, let your wife find some consolation."

"You require so much. I am not jealous, but I do not see why you need write treason to Wharton. That last witty epistle, my lady, has come to the King."

My lady laughed merrily. "And he brought it to you? Oh, noble! Would I had been there."

"I said, my lady," says Sunderland sharply, "that your shame was well known."

"Mine?" cried my lady, "Oh lud!" and lay back on the cushions to laugh.

My Lord Sunderland coughed.

My lady having enjoyed her jest looked at him sideways out of her almond eyes. My lord's lean figure was wrapped in brown velvet from

chin to toe, his little eyes flashed bright, and there was a white gleam of teeth between his thin lips. "Faith," says my lady, "you are vastly like a rat."

CHAPTER XXXII

LOVE IN A CARRIAGE

AND now all was suddenly turmoil. The Protestant wind had come and wafted the Prince of Orange to Devonshire, and swiftly he marched on London. Couriers came galloping to Whitehall with the news. Couriers went galloping out by every road to call King James's scattered regiments together. And my Lord Danby fell upon York, my Lord Devonshire on Derby, and the north and the midlands broke out in revolt; and the mobile howled all day long in town; and my Lord Sunderland hid himself, and King James lived in his oratory upon bread and wine.

The shires were in revolt, the town in a frenzy, and my Lord Sherborne was well pleased. Such tumult was apt to his purpose. My lord had required to strengthen his forces, and so Mr O'Gorman, a gentleman of distinguished friendships, had introduced him to Captain Hagan of Whitefriars and the Savoy. Captain Hagan, a genius in his trade, was presented to my lord, who beheld a lean fellow with a squint and a slit nose. He wore his

own straight brown hair, scarce long enough to hide his shorn ears, and his garb was a modest grey. Altogether he contrasted with the rubicund, the resplendent O'Gorman.

My lord enquired if Captain Hagan knew what was asked of him. Captain Hagan turned one eye on Mr O'Gorman; the other was still set on my lord.

"I am asking ye, Pat," says the captain thickly, "Will you want him bastinated or will you want him——" the captain pointed downwards with his thumb and made a clink in his throat.

"I want the knave taken off, sirrah," my lord cried.

Save for the one eye Captain Hagan still neglected my lord. He became confidential with Mr O'Gorman, and taking him by the button-hole: "Have you the cole now, Pat?" he enquired.

"Put a price on the job," Mr O'Gorman advised.

"A warm fifty, Pat, not a sice less," says the captain.

"You shall have it," my lord cried and moved to his cabinet.

"Megs, now, Pat, megs," says the captain, shaking his head severely at Mr O'Gorman, but allowing one eye to follow my lord. My lord counted out sixty guineas and pushed them across the table. Captain Hagan tried them one by one in his dirty fingers. "Not a tatt among 'em, Pat," says he, as he slapped the last into his pocket. "You may say I

am equipped. Two days is my time, Pat, as you know. I'll have a tilter through him inside my time. Od rot my bones! He's for the maggots. Pom-pom!" he slapped his hat on his head by the crown, pivoted on his heel, and stalked out.

"May we trust him," says my lord to Mr O'Gorman.

"Begad, do you think Rochester ever paid man or woman for nothing?" says Mr O'Gorman. "Well, and he kept Pete Hagan in bed and board for five years. Pete sticks by his word, and by that he has won to the top of the trade," says Mr O'Gorman with reverence.

As the mists were rising from the river, and the dim autumn twilight fell, a coach dashed up to the little Isleworth cottage, and a man sprang out and hurried up the garden.

"Madame, pardon. Pardon, I am ze valet of M. de Beaujeu," he cried, breathless, as he broke in upon Rose. "Monsieur 'e is wounded wiz a sword. 'E cry your name *mille fois*, madame. Madame, M. 'Ealy, 'e beg you come quick." Rose gazed at him a moment, her hand on her heart, her face dull white in the gloom. "Oh, madame, you will not come?" cried the man reproachfully.

A sob broke from her. "Oh, yes! Yes!" she gasped. "Take me!" and the man took her hand and hurried her to the coach.

The door was slammed upon her, the man sprang up beside the coachman, and they

sped off up the lane. Lying back in the dark with her hands tight clasped in her lap Rose felt the beat of her heart.

But soon the coach checked violently, she was flung forward, all around rose the clatter of hoofs and oaths, and a man sprang in beside her and caught her in his arms.

"So, child, at last!" My Lord Sherborne whispered in her ear, and laughed.

Striving against him with both hands she freed herself a little, she saw his face red in the dark. "You!" she gasped, and turned in his arms and caught at the door. My lord grasped at her wrists and held them, and as she writhed in his arms he crushed her to the seat beneath him.

"Would you slay me, child?" he laughed as he used his heavier strength upon her. She struggled wildly beneath him, panting, and cried out. But the noise of tramping hoofs deadened her cries, and soon they whirled off at a wild pace, and horsemen were galloping at either window.

My lord's prey lay gasping, crushed beneath him. He moved from her a little way, but held her still. "What, sweeting?" he laughed in her ear. "I might take you if I'd spare him? Gad, I've not spared him and I've taken you."

She shuddered in his arms: "My lord—my lord, is he dead?" she gasped.

"By now," says my lord with relish.

Rose drew a long sobbing breath and fell back in the corner, and lay very still.

"Rose," says my lord huskily, "dear child!" and drew her against him. Her bosom was still against his heart, her cheek cold to his burning

lips. My lord seemed to himself to embrace the dead. His arm dropped from about her, and she fell slowly back on the cushions. My lord stared at her white face through the darkness; he caught her hands. "Rose," he muttered, "Rose!" and pressed them to his lips. "Dear heart, I have been a brute and a boor, but"—the voice grew hoarser—"you have made me mad, child. There is nought in the world but you. I'd go to hell to win you. Child, what more do you ask than I'll give you? Before God, I have meant you honestly; ay, I mean it yet. I'll live but to serve you. I'm your slave. God, you must see it! you must know it! Rose!" he pressed her hands and drew her closer. "Rose, I'll give you all I have—have you nought for me?"

"For you?" and her laugh rose shrill above the roar of the hoofs. "For you? Nought for any man—now. And for you——" again she laughed, and my lord drew away from her at the sound.

They sped on through the night, and the cold dank air stung their faces. "So, ma'am, so!" my lord snarled. "But at least I have you! And I'll use you to my pleasure, begad. Do you taunt me, mistress? Zounds, I'll make you a woman of the town." She answered nothing. "You choose it, you choose it so," my lord muttered then to himself. "You choose it do you not?" he cried in her ear and clapped his arm about her. Still she answered nothing nor hindered. My lord pressed kisses on her cold cheek and held her hard against his side.

So they whirled on through the night away down the road to the west. And Rose lay still in his arms, past pain, past shame. For M. de Beaujeu was dead.

CHAPTER XXXIII

A GENTLEMAN WITH TIDINGS FROM THE KING

My lord had little pleasure of his drive in the dark. To hold in his arms a body cold and still, a body that swayed helpless with every jerk of the coach, to kiss a chill cheek sometimes, was scarce the victor's pleasure he had worked for. The curst wench would not even struggle, would not give him even the joy of conquering her writhing limbs again. When they stopped to change the horses she made no motion nor sound. When they came to his house at Grateley in the bitter cold of the early morn she let him lift her from the coach and bear her in and set her down in an upper room.

"Zounds, you might be a corpse!" cried my lord angrily.

Rose lifted her face to his. Great dark eyes gazed at him deep-sunk below her white brow. The dainty curves of her cheeks were gone: he saw them haggard and dull and damp, and she stooped in her chair, and the graceful form was shapeless. Such was the creature he had won for his desires.

My lord turned away with a muttered oath and went out.

The same French valet that had beguiled her brought her a tray of meat and wine, and putting it down with a flourish and a bow saw her dull eyes gazing at him, and started and stammered something, and fled.

She tasted nothing, she sat still, leaning forward, her hands on her knees, gazing at nothing, while the morning light broke pale through the misty air. There were no thoughts, no fancies to torture her, for her mind was numb. And at last, when the sun was high and bright above the plain, her weariness brought her sleep.

Twilight was falling when my lord's hand on her shoulder woke her. She started up. "You?" she cried, flushing, and then, "Ah, yes, yes," in a low, piteous voice, and sank down again.

"Art rested, child?" says my lord tenderly, and bent to kiss her. She shuddered and shrank away. Now she could feel, and she started up and faced him.

"You dare, my lord?" she cried.

My lord chuckled. "Faith, child, 'tis a thought late to talk of daring," says he, and moved to take her.

She put her hand on his arm: "I am in your power, my lord," she said coldly. "If it pleases you to know that—that——" she choked a sob—"and to know that I pray God for death," she cried loud—"then—then, my lord, you have that pleasure."

My lord flushed, but, "Rose, why will you take me so?" he said, not ungently. "I mean

you well, but you make me mad with your taunts. And have I given up nought for you? At this hour I should be with the King. He had summoned me, and but that I cared for you more than honour I'd be with him now. Child, I've cast my very honour away for you—is it like that I do not love you?"

"Your honour!" said Rose, in a low, scornful voice, and her pale lip curled: an instant her dark eyes flashed.

My lord's arm gripped hard on her waist, but he bit his lip, and after a moment, "Ay, you can sneer at me," he said, "but what would your Beaujeu have done for you? Not that, nor the least part of it?"

"Oh, indeed you are right," cried Rose, and a little colour came to her dull cheek, "M. de Beaujeu had some care for his honour."

"Had he ever a care for you?" cried Sherborne, flushing darker. "And, egad, his honour—a traitor, a liar, a nameless——"

"Need you make yourself fouler yet?" Rose cried. She drew herself up and looked down proudly at his glaring eyes: "Sure you take a strange way to commend yourself, my lord—to show yourself in all your vileness, to tell me you have no honour left."

A light kindled in Sherborne's eyes, his hand clenched and unclenched. Then he sprang upon her and tore open her dress and buried his face in her bosom. She let him do his will, her cheeks were dull white again, she was limp in his grasp. "And this is love, my lord!" she said very quietly.

His arms fell away from her, and he started back. She reeled a moment, catching at her dress, then drew herself up unblushing and with one hand hiding her bosom, "Before God, my lord, I had rather be myself, even myself, than you—you!" she cried.

My lord scowled at the ground: he was trembling a little, then: "Bah, we will see that, mistress!" he cried hoarsely, and moved towards her. And she waited him very still.

But his bloodshot eyes met her proud scorn, and he checked, and, "Ah, Rose!" he cried, and flung out his hands to her.

There was loud tapping at the door, and "Pardon, milor, pardon," and the head of the French valet appeared. "Gentleman say 'e 'ave tiding from ze King."

"From the King?" cried Sherborne, turning.

"Milor," says the valet, bowing and held open the door. My lord gave one backward glance at the girl's proud eyes, and turned with a groan and hurried out.

CHAPTER XXXIV

MR HEALY WEARS A WHITE FLOWER

MISTRESS NANCY LEIGH and Mr Healy met in the narrow wainscoted passage. With an air of great awe Mistress Leigh shrank away into a recess and drew her skirts tight about her and made room for him to pass.

"Sure, you have a most delectable grace," says Mr Healy, smiling down at her.

Mistress Leigh's eyes were modestly downcast before his magnificence. "Sir, sir, I doubt I detain you," says she in a still small voice; and she remained fixed in the narrow recess, but let her skirts fall to hide the golden broidery on her slim ankles.

"'Tis purely scandalous in you, indeed," says Mr Healy, and composed himself against the opposite wall to look at her, for the light was falling glorious through the dark golden hair to the cream-white of her neck, and a dimple was trying to come in her cheek.

"I do trust, sir, I am not in your way," she murmured.

"Will you tell me now, am I like a mouse?" Mr Healy enquired gravely. Her bright eyes were lifted to his. "'Tis yourself is so like a kitten," Mr Healy explained.

Mistress Leigh came out of her corner to curtsy. "La, sir, you are too kind!" she cried. "And how soon shall I be a cat?"

"My dear," says Mr Healy, approaching her, "I think you will be a kitten still when you are a grandmother." The dainty colour in her cheeks darkened a little, and she drew away. Mr Healy put forth his long arm and surrounded her. "Sure you have run away often enough," says he with decision.

She leant back against his arm. "La, sir, could I dare impede your magnificence?" she cried, looking up at him, and the dimple would not be denied,

"You have led my magnificence a dainty dance, indeed. Have you a reason for it at all—Kit?" Mr Healy drew her closer, and looked down into her eyes.

"Sir," says she demurely, "I love my own name."

"Nancy," says Mr Healy, and appeared to think about it. "Nancy—sure 'tis as daintily naughty as yourself. Now why do you run away continuous, Nancy?" He paused for a reply.

Nancy hung her head. "I think Mr Healy is the dullest man in all the world," says Nancy.

"Sure, Nancy dear, but you'll let him look at you, for 'tis the daintiest sweet face in all the world that you have and——," she lifted her dimpling blushing face, and Mr Healy concluded with kisses.

Then there broke upon them Beaujeu's voice. "Healy! Healy! Here, for God's sake!" and there was something wild in his cry.

"Nancy, dear," says Mr Healy, "I had better find him than he us," and kissed her again and departed, crying, "Wait me now!"

For on M. de Beaujeu there had broken a woman, red-faced and distraught, crying: "Mossoo, mossoo, is my mistress here? Your man he says she be not."

Beaujeu stared at her a moment and knew her for Rose's maid. "Here? How could she be?" he cried.

"There was a Frenchy man come to her last night, did tell as how you was wounded

and was crying for her, and did take her away in a coach."

"Where was she then?" cried Beaujeu.

"She was biding in ferryman's cottage by Isleworth. And have she never come here, then?" the elderly maid sobbed. "Dear heart, dear heart!—and I never did like they Frenchies."

Beaujeu sprang up and rang the bell. "What hour was this? What like was the coach?" he said sharply.

"Sunset time he come," the maid sobbed. "My Lord Sherborne had been with her the night before and she did pack him out in a stamping rage indeed. Ah, mossoo, do 'e think then——"

"Healy! Healy! Here, for God's sake!" cried Beaujeu. And as Dubois came in answer to the bell, "A horse, at once!" and he moved to his pistols.

Mr Healy came in and stared at the sobbing woman.

"That scoundrel Sherborne has dared kidnap Mistress Charlbury," growled Beaujeu, busy over his pistols. "I must go. Healy——"

"But the work here?" cried Mr Healy.

"Curse the work!" growled Beaujeu.

"Eh, and the King and the Prince?"

"Curse the King and the Prince!"

Mr Healy looked at him a moment smiling, then sprang to the door: "Two horses, Dubois!" he cried.

Beaujeu looked up from his pistols. "You?" he asked.

"She may well need the pair of us."

"Thank you," said Beaujeu.

Mr Healy ran upstairs to Mistress Leigh:

"I will have to be going," says he.

She gazed a moment wide-eyed, then drew away frowning. "Oh, you want no more of me now," says she with some scorn.

"My dear," said Mr Healy, taking her hand, "there is a very noble lady lying in the power of a nasty knave. 'Tis not you will blame me for riding to free her."

The girl turned away from him: "I—I doubt you will often find me hateful, Mr Healy," she said unsteadily. Mr Healy caught her in his arms and held her a moment, then kissed her hand and hurried off to his boots. As he tramped downstairs again, a white gillyflower, the last of the year, fluttered past his eyes. He caught it, and looking up saw Nancy smile from the shadow, and he kissed her flower and set it in his breast.

Beaujeu was ready and Dubois ran up to announce the horses. Beaujeu laid his hand a moment on the sobbing woman's arm. "Try to be calm," he said, "rest here: we go to save her," and he strode out.

But Mr Healy took Dubois by the button: "Dubois, my friend," says he, "while I am gone, let no man pass the doorposts unless you know him—and if you do, doubt him like the devil."

As they turned the steep corner into the Strand, four men, who appeared to be drunk, lurched into Beaujeu's horse, and one swearing caught at the bridle and there rose the cry,

"Lug out, boys!" and the lurching gentlemen reached like one man for their swords.

But M. de Beaujeu was in a hurry. He gave his horse the spur and brought his whip handle crashing down on the wrist at his bridle. So the horse plunged forward, and Captain Hagan was overturned in the kennel, and thus failed of his contract. He arose with a bloody wrist, and very foul, and thereafter his friends found him remorse. Captain Hagan had been touched in his honour.

It was Mr Healy who came clattering to the door of my Lord Sherborne's town house and demanded my lord in the name of the King. But all the windows were shuttered and dark, and Mr Healy must needs believe the porter, who swore that my lord had gone to Grateley.

Galloping westward they took post horses at Staines, and there heard of a coach that had passed in the night. A guinea to an ostler at Bagshot brought them news of it again, and as they walked their horses up the steep hill to the heath: "We'll be with her by sundown, Beaujeu," says Mr Healy, glancing at the grim, set face.

Beaujeu gave a short, sharp laugh: "By sundown!" he said scornfully.

Soon they were up on the level track, bare and dark through the heath. Then down for miles they sped, and on through the bronzed bracken of the flats. In Basingstoke Mr Healy, boasting himself a King's courier, was most urgent to know where the King's army lay. "Odso, master, ye'll find the whole at Andover," it was told him.

And Mr Healy, springing dust-begrimed on a fresh horse, chuckled, "Sure now I'll be careful to do that." Round the hill's shoulder, above the silver line of the river, they spurred their reeking horses into Whitchurch, and took fresh beasts at the "White Hart." Delicately now, sparing the horses with all skill since these must bear them to the end, they rode up hill and down under a glory of dying leaf, lemon yellow and crimson and brown. The sun was drawing to the west when they came out on Andover Down, and the two peered keenly through the gathering haze. From afar came flashes of scarlet and steel. The little town was alive with troopers. Off to the right, down hill by a bridle track, went Beaujeu. Under the hedges they skirted round Andover town, and cautiously, fifty yards apart, came out again to the high road on the crest of the hill beyond.

Then the humour of things overcame Mr Healy, and he laughed aloud: "Sure 'tis a Julius Cæsar of a general there," says he. "Devil a picket and devil an outpost at all! Oh, the kind soul!" But Beaujeu hunched his shoulders and said nothing. For Rose had been in Sherborne's power a night and a day.

In the last pale light of a November sun they spurred on that infinite straight white road. The lean horses were going heavily after ups and downs a score, and M. de Beaujeu's had stumbled more than once before high above them on the right the rose-red walls of my Lord Sherborne's house broke glimmering through sparse golden leaves. Then a sound came down wind to Mr

Healy's quick ear, and he turned peering. There was a party galloping at them across the short turf on the left, a party that gained on them fast, and a "Halte là!" was borne to their ears, and swords waved pale at them. Mr Healy, holding the pace, still gazed. "A quartette of the Blues," says he at last, and turned and sat down in his saddle.

"They ride three yards to our two," says Beaujeu, and began to pluck at a pistol.

"Just that," Mr Healy agreed calmly. "'Tis purely inconvenient. Well, we will be getting over the breast of this hill, my dear; and when we have dropped out of their sight you will get on my horse and incline to your right—and God speed you!"

"Your horse?" says Beaujeu, staring.

"She has less yearnings to progress on her nose," Mr Healy explained.

"But you, man?" cried Beaujeu.

"Since the two of us cannot get to the lady you had best be the one," says Mr Healy, and another shout of "Halt!" came clearer.

"Can I leave you to them?" cried Beaujeu, with a jerk of his head backward.

"I am a man, and she is none," says Mr Healy: they were in a dip of the land, and he reined up sharply and sprang down. "Come on now!" he cried, as Beaujeu stared at him. "Will you leave her to hell?" Beaujeu sprang down and up again in an instant, gripped at Healy's hand, and was off at a gallop on the better horse. He thundered down to the bottom of the dip, and far out of sight of pursuit lifted his horse to the

palings. Then even from Mr Healy he vanished as he turned craftily and used the waves of the park to hide him.

Mr Healy and his white gillyflower were left to meet four angry troopers coming over the crest of the hill to take him in the name of the King.

And so in Grateley Manor, as my Lord Sherborne came hastily down the wide stairway he saw a figure white with dust standing in the gloom of the hall. "You come from the King, sirrah?" cried my lord. "What is your errand?"

At a bound the tall figure sprang upon him, a fierce gripe caught his throat, a pistol-barrel was pressed to his head, and "This, my lord!" Beaujeu said sharply. "Take me now to Mistress Charlbury or I shoot you here!" And as Sherborne strove against him, "Be still, my lord!" he hissed, and the barrel pressed closer.

Sherborne's hands fell. He grinned in the dark. "So murder is one of your trades?" he said thickly through the choking gripe.

"I am not very patient, my lord," says Beaujeu. "I desire Mistress Charlbury at once."

"But not she you," Sherborne gurgled. "She——"

"One lie suffices. No more words." The pistol always touching my lord was moved swiftly to the back of his neck. "No sound, no flight, or you die. Take me to her," and the gripe was moved from throat to collar. "Walk!" cried Beaujeu. My lord turned without a word, and led on down the hall through the gloom.

CHAPTER XXXV

MY LORD SHERBORNE MAKES AN END

MY LORD SHERBORNE tripped, stumbled, and fell forward, dragging Beaujeu after him to the ground. "O'Gorman!" my lord yelled. "Norris! Rutter!" And then Beaujeu's pistol flashed and cracked above him. Beaujeu sprang up and tossed the empty pistol clattering down, and flung back his cloak and snatched out his rapier. For oaths resounded, and my lord's men came at a run. But my lord groaned from the ground.

Beaujeu sprang to the stairway, and "Rose!" he shouted, full-voiced. "Rose! Answer me! Rose!" and breathing short he drew his second pistol in his left hand. Mr Rutter's rapier was darting at him out of the gloom ere he heard a faint answering cry from above. Beaujeu fired into the breadth of Mr Rutter, and hurled the pistol at his face and turned and darted up. Mr Rutter flung up his arms and fell thudding on his back.

"Rose!" Beaujeu shouted again in the corridor.

"Here! Here!" she cried, and beat upon the panels of the locked door.

At a run Beaujeu hurled himself against it, and the lock was rent rasping, and he reeled into the room. Rose was dashed behind the door against the wall. He sprang to her,

and, with the rapier held on guard across the doorway, caught her in his left arm. "Hurt, child?" he gasped.

"No! no!" and she clung to him and laughed happily. "Quite, quite safe! Ah, but——"

But Beaujeu sprang away from her no whit too soon, and lunged at a venturesome gentleman who was coming in. The fellow sprang back against the wainscot of the corridor, and even so was pinked. He gurgled and reeled sideways, and his fellows were heard to check and slide along the floor. And Beaujeu laughed loud in the darkness, and "Another, gentlemen, another!" he cried. For as he stood shielded in the doorway none could assail him, save from his front, and his long arm, as he knew, and they by proof, reached easily to the farther wall. My Lord Sherborne's army appeared to dislike the position. They remained out of sight muttering. An unsteady step approached. My Lord Sherborne's voice rose in hoarse rage. "Pox on't! Why do you wait? Do you fear one man? Oh, curse you for cowards! Give me a sword!"

"Easy, now, easy, my lord——" it was Mr O'Gorman. "Sure, you have had enough of him already——" and he lowered his voice muttering swiftly. Others joined in, and for a long while Beaujeu stood idle on guard in the dark, straining his ears vainly. At last:

"As you will, as you will," he heard my lord growl. "Only make an end."

Hurried footsteps sounded in the corridor,

and Rose stole up to Beaujeu and laid a trembling hand on his arm. "Back, child, back to the window!" he whispered. "Watch there!"

But the footsteps came again after a while, and now a dim light shone past the doorway. "I'll thank you for that!" cried Beaujeu with a laugh, and there were long mutterings yet again.

The light grew brighter a little. Holding wooden chairs before them like bucklers, Mr Norris and Mr O'Gorman edged along the wainscot. Then with a yell they ran together upon Beaujeu's point. But Beaujeu sprang aside and shortened his sword and stabbed Mr Norris swiftly under the arm, who went crashing down with his chair as two more swordsmen broke in on Beaujeu, and my lord came shuffling with two lanthorns to light the fray. The two lunged fiercely in the flickering yellow light, and Beaujeu must needs break ground again and flap his cloak in their faces. While they fought stamping about the fallen chair and the dead, Mr O'Gorman had cast his own chair away and drew near slyly, cocking a pistol. Rose ran upon him with a cry and caught his arm. Swearing, he turned upon her, and at that my lord cast away his lanthorns and sprang to them. All was dark suddenly, but the pistol flashed red and roared and a body fell with a thud.

"Holy virgin, 'tis himself!" gasped Mr O'Gorman.

"Odso, have ye shot my lord?" cried Beaujeu's foes, and their blades met his no longer, and he heard them jump back. But Mr O'Gorman yelled an oath and ran empty handed on Beaujeu, who heard him, and moving to one side drove out his fist through the dark. Mr O'Gorman crashed down against the door and lay clucking. Beaujeu kicked him out to the corridor, and, breathing hard, stood again on guard.

"Art hurt, Rose?" he panted.

"No, no indeed, but my lord——" the girl gasped.

"Give him water," said M. de Beaujeu. He heard Rose murmur softly:

"My lord, my lord——" and then give a cry and sob.

"Give him water," said Beaujeu again.

But my lord had no mouth.

CHAPTER XXXVI

MR HEALY DESERTS A CONVERSATION

FOUR angry troopers of the Blues came over the crest of the hill and saw a dusty gentleman trudging on leading an unwilling steed.

"'Od rot ye! Halte là!" cried their corporal.

Mr Healy turned and smiled upon them and waited: "Can you lend me a horse now?" says he.

At which the corporal became profane, and

reining up close on Mr Healy's toes, "And where in hell is the knave that was with you?" he cried.

"The knave that was with me?" Mr Healy repeated in pure amazement—then laughed. "Sure, 'tis early hours to be seeing double."

"Rot your bones, there was two of you," growled the corporal.

"There is myself and my horse—sure now if you look at the beast like that he will fall down," says Mr Healy.

"Stick me!" growled the corporal and scratched his head, and the troopers stood in their stirrups to peer all ways through the gathering gloom. But Beaujeu was not the man to be needlessly visible, and never a sound of him came over the turf. So they sat down again and stared at one another and gaped. "Look 'e," says the corporal, "I take you for a dirty Oranger."

Mr Healy laughed. "Faith, you are a wit," says he. "Will you tell me now am I going to Winterslow?"

"And what a pox have you to do at Winterslow?"

"'Tis a bit of a message from the King to Colonel Salkeld."

The corporal laughed hoarsely. "You'll tell that to my Lord Feversham, my bully."

"'Twill be purely joyous for me. But I have told him once to-day, my dear."

"What?" roared the corporal. "And Feversham sent you to Winterslow?"

"He did that."

"Why, stick me, the Orangers are at Winter-slow!"

"Oh dear, oh dear!" says Mr Healy. "But faith, now, you are bubbling me?"

"Rot me if I am. We saw Klopstock's horse ride in at noon."

"Klopstock?" cried Mr Healy: and then swiftly added, "'Tis a jewel of a name indeed! And where will I find Salkeld then? Oh dear, oh dear! I'll have to be getting back to Andover."

"Odso, you will, my bully," growled the corporal, frowning at him. "Stick me if I like your tale. Up with you now."

"Mount, is it? No thank you, my dear. I am not wanting to break my nose."

"Gadsbud, what ails you with the brute? He was carrying you well enough when I saw you."

"Sure 'twas when you saw two of me, that," Mr Healy remarked. "Why, my dear, there is a stone in his off fore and the Bucephalus is lame to boot."

"Fetch the stone out then, curse you."

"I have broke all my fingers already. Egad, do you think I would be walking for my health?"

"Oh, rot you for a bumpkin," growled the corporal, and swung down. "Let me see it now." As he stooped to the leg, Mr Healy craftily twitched the nostril of the steed, who reared indignant and came down on the corporal's toe. Whence a dance and much profanity. "Here, you, Bowdon, come hold

the brute," cried the corporal at last. "Stand off, you lean put."

Mr Healy obediently retired as trooper Bowdon approached. Mr Healy retired slowly, talking fast: "Be easy now! 'Tis Beelzebub's own temper he has. Oh dear, oh dear, be easy or he'll stamp on you both. Sure now——good luck to you." He had sprung at one bound on the corporal's horse, he snatched the bridle of Bowdon's, dashed in his spurs and went galloping off with the pair.

There were yells and oaths behind and the two mounted men started after him. Mr Healy found his stirrups and began to unbuckle the strap that held the musket bucket. In a moment musket and all crashed down behind him and his horse sprang forward more lightly.

So Mr Healy and his white flower deserted the conversation. Mr Healy thundered on through the twilight over that lean country and the lusty troopers spurred after him in vain. Mr Healy was thinking hard, but he rode like M. Duval. The burdened troopers were out of sight and hearing when a "Halt, thou!" rang out from the gloom in a German voice.

"Quarter guard!" roared Mr Healy in German, reining up violently.

The guard started up out of the ground, and Mr Healy dismounting cried: "Colonel Klopstock?"

"Colonel Klopstock commands," says the sergeant.

"Take me to him, my friend."

"So!" says the sergeant, something surprised,

"You ask for what you would get without asking, sir. Files!" and between two pair of troopers Mr Healy was ushered into the kitchen of Winterslow inn. Colonel Klopstock was aiding and abetting a buxom maid to butter eggs: he turned and his long red face was dark in the firelight when Mr Healy remarked blandly from the gloom:

"Klopstock, my dear, do you know Jim Healy yet?"

Colonel Klopstock, his loose belt jingling, sprang to him and dragged him forward into the firelight, stared at him a moment and straightway embraced him.

"Aw, dear," says the buxom maid, and giggled.

"I have little time for it indeed," says Mr Healy extricating himself. "Do you recall Beaujeu, Klopstock?"

"Thunder of heaven! Will I forget——?"

"Well, my dear, he is being murdered a four mile away. Will you give me a troop now?"

Colonel Klopstock jumped to the door: "Trumpet of the first troop!" he roared. "First troop saddle!" A trumpet blared, the turf boomed with hurrying feet and hoofs and: "A troop was enough for you?" says Klopstock turning to Mr Healy.

Healy nodded: "Ay, but I am tied to seconds now."

"My troops turn out in three minutes," says Klopstock simply, and walked out with him to the street. "I move to support you, if you choose, my dear."

"I'll not need you, indeed," says Mr Healy.

"So. God be with you. They are there!" he took Mr Healy with him to the ranks. "Franz, dismount. Healy, a horse for you. Captain Hegel, you act under this officer's orders. March." The old soldier watched them clatter off, and "So," says he again philosophically, "there was not enough eggs for two," and walked back to eat them.

CHAPTER XXXVII

IN DEATH

IN the bloody doorway M. de Beaujeu still stood on guard. Away in the dark corridor the two that alone were left to meet him muttered together, and behind him a sob broke ever and again from Rose. But he dared not go to her, and he waited, tortured by her pain, every sense and muscle strained to meet those foes in the dark. At last Mr O'Gorman began to draw himself along the ground, like a creeping thing, gasping, and he came to his friends, and the mutterings grew louder. "God blast me to hell, if I leave him now," he heard Mr O'Gorman growl.

"Then meet him yourself, Pat! My lord is gone, and there is half of us down, and we be on match for the devil."

"Nor I've no quarrel with him, neither. My lord is on his back——"

"Rot ye, do I not know it?" yelled Mr O'Gorman.

"Ye should!" and strife began in the corridor, when there was a great shout.

"Orange! Orange!" and the clatter and clank of steel and the three bullies scurried together past Beaujeu's door and down the back stair. Mr Healy's voice was uplifted over the thud of many boots. "Beaujeu! Beaujeu!"

"Here!" cried Beaujeu amazed. "Here!" and Mr Healy running hotfoot stumbled over the bodies into his arms.

"My dear, is she safe?" Healy panted.

"Safe," said Beaujeu very quietly, holding him.

"God would be thinking of her," said Mr Healy in a moment. Then turned and cried in German, "Bring lights, lads!"

"Not yet," said Beaujeu quickly, and turned and said, "Rose!" She ran to him through the dark, and dropping his wet sword he lifted her and carried her out over the dead. He bore her away down the corridor, and tried a door on the farther side, and passed on to a moonlit room, and shut the door on the turmoil and the noise. Then he set her down, but he held her to his breast, and she clung to him, laughing and sobbing wildly.

At last she grew calmer a little, and "Art safe now, love," he whispered in her ear, "safe!"

"Yes, yes!" she cried, and clung the closer—then sobbed again.

"Love, dear love, try to forget."

There was much noise without, the sound of dragged bodies and hoarse laughter. "What are they doing?" she cried, lifting her head, and he saw her wan, worn face. "Dear—go—go—see they do not dishonour my lord. 'Twas for me he died."

And Beaujeu, gazing down into the wet, dark eyes, said slowly, "I think he was glad, love. I go," and gently he set her in a chair and went out.

Klopstock's Horse were arranging the dead in a line, mirthfully, and flickering candle light fell on the blood and the grinning faces. Mr Healy turned. "Sure, Saul has slain his thousands," says he, with a chuckle and a jerk of his head.

"My lord died to save her," said Beaujeu simply, and Mr Healy gaped. Beaujeu laid his kerchief over that ghastly wound in the jaw, and looked down at the dead man's eyes. They were wide open and fearless. "Help me, Healy," said Beaujeu, and the two bore my Lord Sherborne away and laid him upon a bed. Beaujeu went out, and Mr Healy brought candles and set them at head and foot, and drew his sword to salute the dead.

Rose came softly in with one hand in Beaujeu's, the other clasped to her breast. And while Mr Healy stood, with his long sword agleam, the girl knelt by the bedside and kissed the damp forehead and laid her hands upon my lord's dead eyes. She knelt, and her bosom was white where the torn dress fell away.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

CONCERNING DUTY AND M. DE BENTINCK

IN the mellow light of a November afternoon they came over the gaunt downs with the troopers clattering in escort. The warm wind met them from the west, and a dainty light tinge of colour stole to Rose's pale cheeks. She felt Beaujeu's eyes upon her, and turned and smiled to him: "'Tis like summer again."

"Summer at last," said Beaujeu softly, and she blushed and made no answer.

Beyond Winterslow Mr Healy shouted an order in German and touched his hat to Captain Hegel, who rode out to the flank, and half the troops wheeled away, a medley of lemon yellow, and dark blue, and steel, all flashing and shimmering in the sunshine. Then as they halted in line on the grey green turf the Captain spake, and the long swords flashed out in salute while Beaujeu and his lady rode by. Beaujeu, touching his hat, leant over to her, and said "'Tis for you, dear."

"For me?" she flushed dark as she turned on him wide-eyed.

"The first time," says Beaujeu, smiling at her, "not the last," and again she made no answer. Looking straight before her, she rode down that long line of steel, and she bit her lip, and her brow was furrowed. But M. de Beaujeu was very well content. Such honour was proper for the lady of his love.

Indeed, he was happier than for many a day. It was pleasant to think that he had saved her—*pardieu* 'twas the first fair service he had ever done her—but 'twas good to have done something at least. And now he had her safe by his side, and he would never let her go. Now he was riding triumphant to the Prince, to the army whom he had brought, whose way he had made easy. M. de Beaujeu had achieved. M. de Beaujeu rode with his love to be glorified.

But his love had no word for him. His love gazed wide-eyed into the golden west, and her fair face was very calm.

Past the outposts and over the bright river and into a street thronged with soldiers, through bear-skins, buff coats and blue, and gleaming cuirasses, they rode to an inn. Mr Healy was waiting at the door and ushered them in, and departed to announce to the Prince M. de Beaujeu.

In a little parlour, fragrant with lavender and thyme that overhung the street, the two were left alone. Beaujeu smiled at her and said softly, "Rose!" and took her to his breast.

She did not deny him, she was very still in his arms; but she did not answer his kisses, and the eyes that sought his were sad and dark.

He made her sit beside him in the window. His arm was about her still, and, "We'll not part again, dear heart," he whispered low in her ear. "Wilt not deny me now?"

But her sad eyes gazed steadfast into his. "You forget," she said gently. "You know——"

"Ah, do you still doubt?" cried Beaujeu. "Child, when you fled because I did not come, when you wrote that letter, you were unjust!" Ay,—as she started—"God knows you might well think me so base!" Dear heart, I was not—that. I never meant to fail you—never a moment dreamed you less than my queen. Dear, what man is there in all the world but would hold me unworthy, not you? Rose, Rose, will you ever wrong yourself so?"

"Truly, truly did you not—not think it best?" she cried, and she was blushing, and tears were bright in her eyes.

"I was coming to you that morning when a fool must needs speak foully of Nell d'Abernon—my cousin, child, you remember? Well, I could not but challenge him, and the fool made me meet him at once. But for that fight I'd have been with you at noon." She gazed at him unanswering. "Before God, 'tis true, Rose!" he cried, flushing. "Should I lie to you?"

"Dear, I did not doubt," she said quickly, and laid her hand on his. "'Tis like you." Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "And yet—and yet I am right you know," she murmured piteously.

"Oh love, love——" He gathered her in his arms.

But a hurried step sounded on the stairs, and a man broke into the room without knocking, a lean fellow with a sallow bony face.

"M. de Beaujeu!" he cried. Beaujeu had started up, and stood before Rose.

"M. de Bentinck!" says Beaujeu.

"Oh, send your wench away," said Bentinck sharply.

"If M. de Bentinck cannot speak as a gentleman I will desire His Highness to use other messengers."

"Do you talk of His Highness's affairs in the stews?" snarled Bentinck.

M. de Beaujeu, who was very white, approached him: "You will ask pardon of this lady and of me, M. de Bentinck," he remarked coldly. "Or you convey to His Highness my regret that I serve him no longer."

"What?" cried Bentinck, drawing back.

"I never repeat myself," Beaujeu observed, and as Bentinck waited, glaring and biting his lip, "I assure you, you will speak or you will go," Beaujeu informed him.

So M. de Bentinck, Dutch aristocrat, bowed himself, and, "Madame, I regret——" he growled, and glared at Beaujeu, who waited, "M. de Beaujeu, your servant."

"*Bien*," says Beaujeu, and turned to Rose, who sat very still and pale. "Mistress Charlbury, M. de Bentinck prays your leave to withdraw."

Rose bent her head, and the two men went out. When they were in another room, "I shall remember this, Beaujeu," Bentinck cried.

"It should be gratifying," Beaujeu sneered.

"I have to tell you that His Highness is

displeased with you," says Bentinck, with satisfaction.

Beaujeu stared a moment, then: "His Highness is too exacting," he sneered.

"I shall report that," cried Bentinck.

"Certainly you will report that," said Beaujeu swiftly. "I, and I alone, have made this chance for His Highness—I have brought him the friends without whom he was weak as Monmouth—I have wrought for him success. But he is pleased to be displeased. *Bien*, inform him that I consider him too exacting." He spoke with careless scorn, and Bentinck cried anxiously:

"What does that mean?"

Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "What His Highness pleases," said he.

"Do you desert us now?" cried Bentinck.

Beaujeu's lips curled in a sneering smile: he allowed Bentinck to look at it for a moment: "M. de Bentinck," says he amiably, "when you want help it is wise to ask politely."

Bentinck's sallow cheeks darkened. "You will confess that His Highness has cause of complaint?" he said more mildly.

"Believe me, I confess nothing."

"You promised to stay in London, to keep the town in hand, and you come here riding after a wench——"

"M. de Bentinck—when a boor offends me I thrash him."

"Oh, let her be the Virgin Mary then! Still you have failed in your duty——"

"I take that from His Highness only."

"What else can you say?" cried Bentinck.

"There is London left without a man to speak for His Highness——"

"*Bien*, march on London. Let His Highness speak for himself."

"You allow you have failed us?"

"A trifle." Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "I say, monsieur, march at once. You may march over Feversham."

"The King is still at Whitehall," said Bentinck—and as Beaujeu stared: "Ay, monsieur, still! You told us the King would flee. We had counted on that. That was the foundation of all. And he does not flee! Tell me, then, what is to do." M. de Bentinck warmed to his subject. "We march, as you bid us foolishly, and take him. And what then? Shall we hold him captive? There would be a hundred plots in the year to free him. Shall we kill him? You know well that we dare not. These, our so good friends of this present, they would all turn against His Highness, they would all be champions of King James if one sought to cut off his anointed head. We dare not do that, and so we dare nothing. You perceive, monsieur, you have brought us to an *impasse*. His Highness desires to know if you have now any resource."

And Beaujeu stood biting his lip a long while.

Bentinck laughed at him—then watched with a sneer—and at last broke out: "Ay, you boast and bluster, M. de Beaujeu, and this is the end of it all! You have misled us, you have failed us. We stay here like sheep, we can neither move on nor back. And then in your insolence

you tell me you have helped His Highness to success! God help him from your help! You——”

“In fact you become eloquent,” says Beaujeu quietly. “Take this to His Highness from me: ‘I have brought you to Salisbury. By God, I will bring you to Whitehall.’” And he turned short on his heel and went out, and M. de Bentinck gaped.

But Beaujeu could find Rose nowhere. A maid told him at last that she was gone to her room. He sent a message to beg her see him. She sent a message to beg him excuse her. He wrote her a note insisting that he must see her now, for the Prince bade him go incontinent to London. The note came back with “Dear, good-bye” scrawled upon it in an unsteady hand.

M. de Beaujeu swore and sought Mr Healy: “Healy, I’ll leave Mistress Charlbury to you.” Mr Healy opened his eyes. “The Prince requires me to go to London.” Mr Healy grunted. “Care for her. Bring her to me,” said Beaujeu, in a low voice. Mr Healy took his hand.

“You’ll recall myself to Mistress Leigh?” he enquired: then laughed; “’Tis a topsy-turvy world indeed, and each of us wants to be t’other.”

CHAPTER XXXIX

M. DE BEAUJEU ACHIEVES SUCCESS

A LONG détour in the night brought M. de Beaujeu safe past Andover and my Lord Feversham. But, had he gone straight, there had been little to fear, for my lord's army was vanishing like snow in the sun, and the morning showed him soldiers straggling all across the countryside, begging food at the cottage doors. M. de Beaujeu received an idea.

Night was falling again when he rode slowly into town. He was not ambitious to be seen, and he came by byways through the gloom. The town was still noisy and feebly riotous. In his own hall he was received by three. Dubois, smiling largely, bowed and bowed again, but Rose's maid ran to him crying, "Mossoo, mossoo?"

Beaujeu took her outstretched hands. "Your lady, I thank God, is safe," he said gravely. "She is coming to town," and the woman gave a cry, and fell to kissing his hands. "I have to thank you that I won to her in time." He saw Nancy standing pale in the flickering light, and came to her. "Mistress Leigh, Mr Healy begged that I would recall him to you." A dimple trembled in her cheek, and her eyes shone. "Believe me, he deserves your memory well," said Beaujeu softly. "And he too is coming."

"When?" said Nancy.

"I seek to hasten him," said Beaujeu smiling, and bowed and passed to his own room to hasten Mr Healy.

M. de Beaujeu began to write a most interesting document. It set forth plainly, shortly, in the words of the people, that my Lord Feversham had turned his army loose upon the countryside. The Papists were marching at their own will, taking toll of what they would. So M. de Beaujeu, telling nothing but the truth. And then came a craftier sentence: sure, this wrong was grievous for good Protestants to hear, but what had they not to fear when thousands of armed Papists were let loose to work their own will?

M. de Beaujeu sent it off to Wharton's news writer with the message, "Let it work!" and went with a good conscience to bed.

So by the next night the wild rumour had set the town aflame. Good honest citizens had heard much, and believed more. Now, behold, 't was an army of wild Irish marching, murdering and ravaging through the land, and no man's strong-box, nor life, nor wife, nor child, was safe. Pury householders girded themselves and walked the streets in ranks with ancient broadswords, howling "No Popery!" till they had no voices. They marched to Whitehall, and yelled "Lilliburlero" to serenade their King; they burnt a waxen Pope and a waxen devil before his windows. They exceeded even the anticipations of M. de Beaujeu.

There was little sleep in London that night,

and the morning found the mobile still afoot in the streets. M. de Beaujeu, eating his breakfast to the sound of the roar in the Strand, smiled to himself. It was now time to appear. M. de Beaujeu demanded his coach.

Slowly he progressed westward through the noisy crowd. Greasy faces were thrust in at the window, and "Hey for the Orange!" or "Hell for Feversham!" howled at him. To both sentiments M. de Beaujeu touched his hat. So he came at last to Sam's, the Tory coffee house. M. de Beaujeu desired to show himself to the friends of the King.

There were not many of them in Sam's (nor, indeed, in any place else at the end of that November), and what there were looked askance at M. de Beaujeu, a wolf in the fold. M. de Beaujeu, who desired merely to be looked at, sat down and lit a pipe. After a while a graceful back and two admirable legs caught his eye; they turned, and M. de Beaujeu surveyed the Roman beauty, the kindly sneer, of my Lord Halifax. My Lord Halifax raised his eyebrows and in a moment approached.

"Faith, M. de Beaujeu, you amaze me," says he in French.

"Without intention, my lord." Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "Pray, why does my humble presence amaze you?"

"It is in fact your presence that amazes."

"Oh, oh, I understand. Yes, my lord, my friends have all run off to save their country. But you see I have no country to save, and I stay in town."

My lord's grey eyes appeared amused. "*Pardieu*, monsieur, you have a sufficient courage. But since you are here you might let us sleep o' nights."

"I shall be charmed to ease your conscience."

"Do you know, I doubt my conscience is as good as your own," says Halifax, smiling. "No, monsieur, 'tis the physical turmoil that keeps me awake. You might let your mobile know that they need not howl the night long."

M. de Beaujeu opened his eyes very wide: "*Corbleu*, do I guide the rabble?" he cried. "My lord——"

Halifax flung up his hands, laughing: "Monsieur Innocent, Monsieur New-born-babe—this becomes a little tedious. In great seriousness—before the mobile gets out of hand and rabbles us all, pray calm them. Let them know these romances of Papists and murder and rape are—romances."

Beaujeu shook his head. "I do not understand. Why I? Faith, my lord, it is for your King to act, to speak. If his people are unjust—*bien*, let him tell them so."

"*Pardieu*, but who would believe him?"

Beaujeu gazed steadily into my lord's eyes and spoke very slowly: "My lord, if His Majesty has so comported himself that there is no longer a man to believe his word—whose is the blame?"

Halifax stared back at him a moment. Then, bowing, left him.

M. de Beaujeu sought his coach and therein fell to smiling. Slowly through a thicker crowd he was borne along the Strand. Above the

steep turn to his house the horses were stopped an instant: then, as they began to slide down over the pebbles, two men lounged out of the court on the left. The one was sallow and lean and tall, the other rubicund and fat, and one hustled the other back to the shadow of the court again while M. de Beaujeu alighted. " 'Od rot me! 'Tis himself," muttered Captain Hagan to Mr O'Gorman, and he rubbed his big hands together. But Mr O'Gorman grew purple and swore. He was not pleased with M. de Beaujeu.

But soon another gentleman came down the street, and my Lord Halifax was announced to M. de Beaujeu, who came in upon my lord with every feature striving to express amazement.

My Lord Halifax rose laughing, "Pray do not affect surprise, monsieur," says he in English. "I think you guess my errand. Let us not waste time. I come from the King. You can speak for the Prince. Then——"

"Eh, pardon. You do me too much honour. Moreover, the Prince of Orange, as one tells me, is in England—doubtless to speak for himself."

"How well you speak English!" says Halifax artlessly, and then laughed. "Monsieur (since you choose to be monsieur), I speak to you as gentleman to gentleman—I wish only to end this unhappy turmoil. In fine, I ask you—what is your purpose?"

Beaujeu shook his head. "My lord, I do not understand one word."

Halifax shrugged his shoulders. "You hate the King?" he asked bluntly.

But Beaujeu's eyes were cold and his voice passionless as he said, "I know no cause that you have to love him, my lord."

"The King is vastly afraid," Halifax remarked. Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands. "Ah, but what has he to fear?" says Halifax. "Will you answer that?"

"I answer, my lord, I answer," says Beaujeu in a low voice, frowning—"three years of murder, three years of broken faith are not to be wiped out by a month of folly." He paused while Halifax watched him closely. "And that I would say to his face as I say it to you," cried Beaujeu.

Halifax stared at his flashing eyes: "And what does that mean?" he enquired.

"It means, my lord, justice."

"What! Would you kill him?"

"Ah, you know then what justice demands?"

"You dare not."

"Confess, my lord, we have dared a little, my friends and I."

"Why, 'twould raise the country!"

"I had thought the country was raised already—in another cause."

"Ay, but the King's murder would turn all men against you."

"*Bien, bien*, it is possible. But at least the King would be dead."

And my Lord Halifax gazing found the grim face harder than the words. My lord appeared puzzled and ill-pleased. At last he rose. "Monsieur—the King insisted that

"I should bring you to him," he said in a formal tone.

"If I go, my lord, I go in your care," says Beaujeu carelessly.

Halifax bowed, and as they moved together to the door he looked curiously at the immobile hawk face: "Beaujeu," says he, "I have wondered sometimes—what is your quarrel with the King?"

Beaujeu turned to him: the grim face was outlined sharp against the light. "Believe me, I have one," said he.

The roar of the mobile in the Strand came to them as Beaujeu opened the door. "I do not admire your friends," says Halifax with a shrug.

"Shall we take oars, my lord?" Beaujeu suggested, and Halifax nodded and they went in again. The door was shut, and at the sound of it Captain Hagan's sallow face started out of a doorway. "Burn him! Bubbled again!" says Captain Hagan. For Beaujeu and Halifax passed through the house to the river stairs and called a wherry, and therein were rowed to Whitehall.

They were brought to King James's cabinet, and again Beaujeu beheld the long sallow face of Majesty. It was grown darker and the nostrils twitched and the mouth. "Well, my lord, well?" the King cried in his high peevish voice.

Halifax bowed. "I bring M. de Beaujeu according to your Majesty's command. Monsieur is in the counsels of the Prince,"

The King flung round on Beaujeu: "Ay, sirrah, ay," he cried. "And you said you were loyal. You lied to me! You——"

"I give no account to your Majesty of my words or my deeds," said Beaujeu coldly.

"But you are a traitor!" cried the King shrilly, and grew swarthier yet. "You are foresworn, fellow! You——"

Beaujeu turned away from Majesty with a shrug of his shoulders. "There is no profit in this, Halifax," he remarked, and moved to the door.

"Wait! wait! Can you not wait a moment? Mary! Is no one to heed me?" His voice broke and the heavy underlip lolled down. Beaujeu waited.

"Your Majesty desires to ask something of me?" he enquired.

"Well, fellow, and if I do? Are you to break in upon me? Are you to cut off my words? Know your position!" Beaujeu smiled, "Now, fellow, what is your master's intent?"

"I conceive it has become clear."

"Does he seek my realm?" cried the King. "He does seek my realm? You know that he does. I gave him my daughter to wife and he seeks my realm. He——"

"Your Majesty then knows his intent."

"I thank you for that, fellow," Majesty was indignant. "Do you boast of his villainy to my face?"

My Lord Halifax deemed it time for a word of sanity. "His Majesty would ask whether the

Prince of Orange would consent to treat," he explained: and the eyes of Majesty turning on Beaujeu expanded.

But Beaujeu laughed. "Treat? For what? How does one treat with him who already possesses, my lord?" The King gasped and stammered.

"Already?" Halifax put up his eyebrows. "You are hasty. We are not yet all in your power."

"Are you not? *Bien*, who lives will see," and there was a sneer on his lip as he turned and his cold eyes sought the King.

The King paled. "What? what?" he gasped, and wrung his hands. "Our Lady of Loretto!" he muttered to himself. Then, "Will he take my life also?" he cried.

"I know not why your Majesty should expect mercy from others," said Beaujeu coldly.

"Bah, this is child's talk, Beaujeu," cried Halifax.

"You think so?" said Beaujeu, and laughed.

The King eyed him sideways like a frightened beast, and his mouth opened and shut as he drew his breath. There was silence awhile in the little room, and from the street below came the roar of "Lilliburlero." The mobile were a-singing to their King.

Beaujeu went to the window and opened it, and the roar came clear.

The English confusion to Popery drink—
Lilli burlero bullen a la!

"Is that child's talk?" said Beaujeu pointing

out. Majesty came delicately and peered. Full across the wide road to the Cockpit the crowd was stretched. Naked swords and long heavy cudgels were brandished aloft, and on the points of them, spots of bright colour in the gloom, oranges.

And I no longer in England will stay—

Lilli burlero bullen a la—

For by God, they will hang us out of the way.

The King started back and retreated to a corner.

“Why do they hate me so, why do they me so?” he muttered, wringing his hands.

Beaujeu shut the window on the chorus, and turned to him with a sneer. “Your Majesty is pleased to forget your Bloody Assize.”

“They were rebels,” cried the King.

“These are rebels. The sons, sir, of men that you hanged. These—conquer.” He turned on his heel and went out.

The King stared after him a moment, then hid his face in his hands and muttered “Deus, Deus meus, ut quid dereliquisti me?”

My Lord Halifax allowed himself a smile; the cry of Calvary appeared to him inappropriate. Then: “Sure, your Majesty will not heed these threats. How can they dare harm you? If ’tis attempted all parties will rally about you. Nay, face it out. Dare the Prince to his worst.”

“I thank you for that, my Lord Halifax,” cried the King, starting up. “You would have me stay to be murdered.”

“Faith, sir, the Prince has much more to fear from your staying than you. He dare not hold you prisoner, he dare not——”

"He dares all things," cried the King. "He is an infidel. He is possessed of a devil. Shall I wait to be destroyed? Nay, my lord, I have been too rash already, too venturesome."

"I implore your Majesty to stay," cried Halifax.

"What, my lord?" Majesty's heavy brows came down. "You, too, are in league with the heretic? You would compass my death. Go, my lord, go! I wish you joy of your new master. Serve him as you have served me!" Majesty laughed at his jest.

My Lord Halifax had drawn himself up haughtily, and looked down at the King, and the sneer deepened on his lip. "Sir, you forget your dignity," he said coldly, and bowed.

"One word, my lord," cried the King, and Halifax waited. "'Had Zimri peace?' ask yourself that, my lord, 'had Zimri peace?'" and Majesty nodded wisely and frowned.

My Lord Halifax, who alone had stood by him when the Whigs were triumphing, whom he had cast off in the years of his power, who alone, again, stood by him now that his power was gone—my Lord Halifax allowed himself another smile ere he went out.

In the courtyard he found Beaujeu lounging, who turned at the sound of his footsteps, and waited for him. "You knew your man, Beaujeu," said Halifax with some scorn, and Beaujeu smiled. "Will you wait a little? I think we shall see something." So they

paced together up and down the courtyard while the darkness gathered and the mobile still howled. "What will your King be like?" said Halifax.

"He is at least neither fool nor coward."

"I was wondering if he is grateful," said Halifax smiling; and Beaujeu, who intended that his King should be grateful, smiled also.

Through the night, over the heaving dark water, a barge gay with bright colour and gilded carving came to the Palace stairs. Across the courtyard came a little company all muffled from knee to chin. In the midst was the King, hurrying in quick short steps with downcast head. The two tall gentlemen, watching curiously, lifted their hats as he passed. But he saw nothing, and stumbled down the steps, and catching at the outstretched hands was dragged into the barge. His servants sprang aboard. Slowly the great hull swung out on the ebb-tide and vanished into the dark.

M. de Beaujeu was back again in a foul little room, saw again a yellow haggard face—then the yells of a crowd rang again in his ears. In a moment my Lord Halifax turned to him smiling: "Is revenge sweet?" Halifax asked.

And M. de Beaujeu smiled back.

CHAPTER XL

M. DE BEAUJEU RETURNS IN TRIUMPH

So M. de Beaujeu went home rejoicing. He had paid all debts. He had kept his word. He had cast out one King and made another. The throne (by the grace of M. de Beaujeu) awaited the ascent of His Highness of Orange. By the grace of M. de Beaujeu—his Asthmatic Highness should not forget that.

On that chill winter's night M. de Beaujeu had his hour of triumph. Shouldering slowly through the crowd down Charing Cross and the Strand he smiled amiably on sleek citizens and greasy bullies when they howled in his ear. They had done his work very well. It would have been churlish to complain.

In this genial temper he came out of the crowd to the silence and emptiness of Essex Street and swung on down the hill with a freer step. Sudden a file of men leapt out of the wall. There was never a challenge, never a word, but rapiers shot at him gleaming through the gloom. Aside and back Beaujeu sprang and cast off his cloak and whirled it whizzing round in the air and flicked out his sword. They pressed on, still without a cry or an oath. They tried to lunge through the swing of the cloak, and Beaujeu's darting flickering point and his long arm sent one to

fall vomiting blood across the swords of his friends.

Then as they started back, "Points, boys, points," muttered Captain Hagan hoarsely. It was the first word spoken. The four that were left rushed upon him with oaths.

Beaujeu sprang back up the hill shouting lustily, "Dubois! Dubois!" and shaking his cloak he caught in it two lunging swords and tangled them, and, snatching, held the pair. His own blade clashed and scraped with Mr O'Gorman's, and Captain Hagan ran at him, shortening his sword to stab. But Beaujeu sprang aside, holding still to the captive blades, and Captain Hagan's hard-driven thrust went home upon the wall and his rapier snapped short at the sword hilt. "'Od rot ye!" cried Captain Hagan. "'Od burn ye!"

And Beaujeu lurched on the greasy hill feinting with Mr O'Gorman and wrenching at the two swords that he held in his cloak, and muttered oaths and hard breathing sounded with the scrape of stone and heel. A long lunge sent Mr O'Gorman cursing back upon Captain Hagan, and in that instant of respite Beaujeu dropped his elbow, and in the dark stabbed upward as a man stabs with a dagger—twice. And the two men whose blades he held shrieked shrill like women and reeled away and fell.

Flinging their swords and his cloak away Beaujeu sprang in upon Mr O'Gorman and engaged. Dubois came running yelling, "Rascal! Assassin! *Coquin!* Rascal!" and flourishing Beaujeu's whip aloft. He flung himself on

Captain Hagan, who caught his whip hand and closed.

From the open doorway Mistress Nancy Leigh cried shrill, "A Papist! A Papist! 'Prentices!"

A minute Beaujeu and O'Gorman fenced, and O'Gorman steadily blasphemed, and Dubois and Hagan swung wrestling hither and thither and Nancy ran out in the street and cried "'Prentices, prentices, a Papist!" Then Beaujeu's wet sword shot through O'Gorman's arm and Mr O'Gorman dropped his sword with a yell. Beaujeu glanced round. Captain Hagan had wrenched the whip from Dubois and his arm was aloft to strike. Beaujeu sprang at him, but Hagan slashed at his eyes, and Beaujeu, thrusting blindly, missed him and stumbled forward and fell and lost his sword. Then, wild with pain and unseeing, flung himself on Hagan and clipped the man in his arms and wrenched him from Dubois, who was cast away staggering and fell. Beaujeu swung Captain Hagan off his feet, and while he kicked and struck frenzied dashed him against the wall. Again and again the lean head was crashed upon the stones, but Captain Hagan had ceased to strive, and after one groan he made no sound more, and Beaujeu's blind face was spattered with his blood. Still in the madness of pain and fight Beaujeu swung the limp body hither and thither, and Mr O'Gorman stole up behind swinging a broken rapier in his hand.

But again Nancy had cried to the 'prentices, and a score brisk boys of the Strand came pelting down the street twirling their staves by

the middle. "There! there!" cried Nancy wildly. "'Tis a Huguenot butchered by Irish Papists." And as Mr O'Gorman swung up his broken sword to dash the hilt down on Beaujeu's head, a triplet of cudgels crashed upon his own. But Mr O'Gorman had smitten, and Beaujeu fell down upon Captain Hagan thudding.

Nancy ran to him and fell on her knees in the blood by his side and tried to loose him from Captain Hagan, and the 'prentices panting leant on each other and peered round at the dead. "By the Bar, boys!" says one, "'tis a graveyard, no less."

Nancy strove in vain with those bloody linked fingers, and she turned white in the gloom and "Oh, will you not help me?" she cried. "'Tis a Huguenot gentleman, a friend to the Prince, and these bloody Irish——"

"'Od rot all Irish," cried the lads, crowding round her. "Let be, mistress; which be the Oranger?" She showed them, and two sturdy lads wrenched Beaujeu's writhen gripe apart and drew him from his foe and lifted him. "One to five! Burn me!" says one as they moved off with their burden. "One to five! Now, rot me! Sure, he fought a good fight and he died a good death."

Dubois was sitting up on the stones and staring wildly round. He rose tottering and reeled to his master's dripping sword and took it and followed.

So M. de Beaujeu was borne in triumph home.

CHAPTER XLI

M. DE BEAUJEU RECEIVES HIS REWARD

For a night and a day and a night M. de Beaujeu lay on his bed dumb and very still. Dr Garth came to him and bound his head and his torn left hand, but the wounds were slight enough. Dr Garth lifted the lids from his bloodshot eyes, and brought a candle near and gazed into them. The pupils were very large and dull and covered deep with tears. Dr Garth put back the eyelids, and turned away frowning. Beaujeu was breathing slowly, heavily, and the doctor commanded leeches. When they had fed full the head was bound again, and the bandage was drawn across the eyes.

The sun had gone round to the south on the second day when M. de Beaujeu stirred on his pillows and put up a trembling hand, and felt the wet linen about his head. "Is— is any one here?" he said feebly, turning his white drawn face this way and that. Rose's maid, who was watching him, started up and ran away. "Who are you? Why do you run?" said Beaujeu to the empty room, and began to pluck at the bandage with weak fingers.

In a moment came quick light footsteps, and Nancy's hand fell on his. "Please,

monsieur, do not touch it," says Nancy. "Dr Garth will come soon."

Beaujeu's long fingers closed on her hand. "This is Mistress Leigh?" he asked.

She nodded, forgetting for a moment that he could not see, then bit her lip, and "Yes, monsieur," she said in a low voice.

"Ah." He appeared to try to think. "Was Dubois hurt?"

"No, no indeed," said Nancy quickly. "You saved him, monsieur."

And again Beaujeu was silent, thinking. "You saved me," he said half to himself. "You saved me. Eh, that is coals of fire on my head, Mistress Leigh."

"Don't—don't——" said Nancy tremulously. "You have always been very kind—and I have been a shrew."

"No," said Beaujeu simply, and lay with her hand in his for a while silent.

Then Dr Garth, red and jovial, came bustling in. "Well, monsieur, well, you have mighty little right to be alive," he cried. "Is it your own soul come back to you or another?"

"*Pardieu*, I can scarce tell yet, my head buzzes vastly."

"Thank God you have a head to buzz," said Dr Garth, and began to shift the bandages. "And how is the head now?" he asked at last.

"Why, noisy still — but well enough. I suppose you have the bandages over my eyes?"

Dr Garth straightened himself and looked down at the white face. Nancy was biting

her lip, and her eyes were shimmering in tears. "Yes, the bandages are over your eyes," said Dr Garth in a moment.

"How soon may I be quit of them?"

"Not yet. Best not yet," said the doctor slowly.

"Eh, but you see I want to write," says Beaujeu, shifting impatiently in the bed. Nancy, who had tears glistening on her cheeks, laid her hand gently on his shoulder.

"To write?" Dr Garth repeated and coughed. "To write? Humph. To the Prince of Orange, I take it? Well, he is come to Windsor, he'll be in town anon. Doubtless you'll hear from him, monsieur."

"Is he so near?" cried Beaujeu smiling. "*Bien*, then I can wait. Yes, doctor, I think I shall hear from him," and he lay and chuckled.

But Dr Garth looked at him gravely, and Nancy turned away shivering and hid her face.

So M. de Beaujeu, blindfolded, passed a happy day, and ate marvellously.

On the morning of the morrow Dr Garth came to him again, and "Well, monsieur, well, how goes it now?" says he, bending over the bandages.

"Why, vastly well. But 'tis irksome to be blindfold."

"Irksome, eh?" says the doctor, stopping a moment to look at him. "Egad, monsieur, if I was you I should thank God I could still breathe."

"I will when I can see," says Beaujeu smiling ; and Dr Garth opened his mouth to speak—then shut it and went on with his work. "Well, doctor, am I to see to-day?" says Beaujeu lightly. "May I slough my bandages?"

"Monsieur," said the doctor, "the bandages are off."

"What?" cried Beaujeu, and started up in the bed and swept his hand across his brow, and turned wide eyes to the doctor. "What? . . . Oh, I see—I see. I am blind;" and his fists were clenched, and he sat leaning a little forward, breathing hard, and waves of blood swept across his thin face.

Then Dr Garth said gravely: "Monsieur, if you are alive now, it is by the marvellous kindness of God."

At that Beaujeu laughed long and loud—then was silent awhile—then laughed again—and then: "I hope that I thank Him duly," he said.

"You will perhaps yet," said Dr Garth. "I will wait on you again to-night."

Beaujeu watched him go with sightless eyes. "If I need you," he muttered to himself, then rose, and slowly feeling before him moved to the bell.

In a moment Dubois came running in and fell on his knees and caught Beaujeu's hand and kissed it. "Ah, monsieur, monsieur," he muttered. "*Hélas*, and it was for me. Ah, monsieur——"

"My dear Dubois," says Beaujeu in his passionless voice, "I do not feel pathetic, Shave me."

So M. de Beaujeu, mighty fine in his black periwig and his blue velvet, came slowly down-stairs. His left hand was still swathed in linen, and his steps faltered a little, and the tall figure was bent. He came into his room above the river and stood by the window in the sunlight. The wash of the tide, the waterman's cries came to him, and he tried to think of the darting wherries, the changing golden gleam of the waves. The sun was warm on his cheeks. It must be bright, very bright, he told himself, and the sky would be clear and blue. Not dark blue—not in December—no, it would be pale blue, like the coats of his own old regiment. The regiment! Ay, he could see that still—long ranks on black horses and pale blue above, broken with the grey gleam of steel. *Pardieu*, how they wheeled into line and rushed down the hill when they brought off Ginkel's musketeers! Black horses, and pale blue coats all level, and the swords agleam, they hurled the French cuirassiers, one tangled mass of steel, into the river, and the brown Rhine foamed and was white with the Frenchmen's plumes.

Well! That was long and long ago. He would never see the regiment again. He laughed. Faith, if he was to count the things which he would never see again he would need live some time. And that (he was smiling at the sunshine), why, that was scarce worth while. No, scarce worth while. He felt for a chair and sat down by his desk and rested his head on his hand. No, he could be no use in the world more. Faith, 'twas a little hard, for he owed

some debts. Healy—he could have desired to serve Healy a little—a little in requital of much. And Rose—Rose—sure, he could never have given her enough, but at least he might have served her all his life. And now, bah! he was not as useful as a footman, he was a burden, a curse—he groaned and hid his face. Captain Hagan had well chosen his blow.

The door opened gently and Mr Healy, his bright eyes dimmed, his face very sorrowful, came to Beaujeu and put his hand on one broad, quivering shoulder. “Beaujeu, my dear,” says he softly. Beaujeu started up and stared at him, and there were tears in the blind eyes.

“Healy?” he asked hoarsely.

Mr Healy put an arm about him and held him hard. “My dear,” he muttered, “my dear,” and so the two stood awhile together. “She is safe and very well,” said Healy at last.

Beaujeu started away from him. “For God’s own sake, keep me alone!” he cried.

Healy looked at him sadly and then began to smile. “You’ll trust me,” says he. “I’ll have to leave you a little while.” He caught Beaujeu’s hands. “Man, promise me you’ll be here when I come back,” he whispered.

Beaujeu laughed. “*Bien*. Do not be long,” he said, and Mr Healy went out in a hurry.

But Mr Healy had been gone but a moment when Dubois came to ask if monsieur would receive M. de Bentinck. Beaujeu waved his hand, and muttering to himself, “Best end it,” stood with his back to the window waiting.

M. de Bentinck came in with a smile of

satisfaction on his sallow, bony face. "M. de Beaujeu—I am here to inform you," says he pompously, mouthing the words, "that you are deep in His Highness's displeasure." Beaujeu started and stood stiffer, but the white-hawk face was in shadow, and M. de Bentinck, peering, could see no sign of feeling. M. de Bentinck continued his oration. "I recall to you, monsieur, that His Highness censured you for a gross neglect last week. You carried it off boasting and blustering. You professed, Monsieur, that you would return to your duty in London. You returned to London. At once the town broke out in riot. There has been plentiful disorder and pillage. I do not know what you have gained in it, monsieur, but the good name of His Highness's cause has been shamed. Finally, monsieur, finally," says the orator, licking his lips, "when King James fled you were so besotted that you sent us no word, and His Highness was left to hear of it by rumour. The safety of his enterprise was put to hazard. I tell you, monsieur, that His Highness had been better served by a footboy." M. de Bentinck paused for a reply. But Beaujeu stared down at him and seemed to see the sneer on his thin pale lips and said no word. "Do you answer me?" cried Bentinck sharply.

"Nor you—nor your master," said Beaujeu.

"Then, monsieur, I inform you that His Highness dispenses with your services. I demand your commission."

"It shall be sent," said Beaujeu.

"I require it now!" said Bentinck.

Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "You may continue to require."

"Do you defy me, sir?" cried Bentinck. "Here is the order," and he held out a paper under Beaujeu's eyes.

Beaujeu flushed. "I have, monsieur," he said slowly, difficultly, "the fortune to be blind."

"Blind?" cried Bentinck starting back and staring at him. Then in a formal tone: "M. de Beaujeu, do you inform me that you suffered in the service of His Highness?"

"No, monsieur, in a private quarrel."

"Ah, your wench I take it," said Bentinck in a moment. "Well, I await your commission at Whitehall. Permit me to observe, monsieur, that if you had cared for your duty you might have escaped these disasters."

Still pleased with himself M. de Bentinck departed. He was of all men the most agreeable to the taste of King William III.

CHAPTER XLII

M. DE BEAUJEU PLAYS WITH HIS SWORD

M. DE BEAUJEU sat down and began to laugh. There was comedy in the end of it all. Egad, but his Asthmatical Highness was a grateful soul! Behold the Saviour of England, William III., the Magnanimous Liberator, in his beautiful nakedness. His Highness was comical—and the

polite Bentinck was comical—and blind M. de Beaujeu the most comical of three. So he laughed loud.

But faith, the laugh sounded strange. 'Twas doubtless himself that was laughing but—eh, but there was no longer a self. No more than a stupid something that could suffer. . . . A week ago, and he would have played a hand with Little Hooknose. Ay, *pardieu*, played a hand and won it. . . . Well, and why not, even yet? He held the cards still, and Healy would stand by him, and Wharton, and—bah, his brain was gone as well as his eyes! Sure there was nought to play for, nought any man alive could give him now. The best a blind man could hope was to hide himself. Yes. One could still hide.

But indeed it was comical! He (God save him!) would have asked a command; he would have been a Turenne—he, the blind man. Behold a Turenne with a dog on a string and a stick. Generalissimo Gravelblind. Oh, certainly, it was comical. . . . This nonpareil Beaujeu had been too great a man for Rose!

Her tall lithe beauty, the black curls on her round white throat, her glowing golden eyes came to him clear in his darkness. . . . Rose . . . Rose. . . . He found himself muttering that—then cursed himself for his folly. Sure, it was vastly sweet to babble her name, to remember all that he had brought her of pain, to know that he had nothing to give her at last. . . . Oh fool, fool! She must never come to him now. He must not trouble her

more . . . never hear her voice . . . never hold her again . . . never.

The fire was burning ruddy, the sun was gone. In the shadow M. de Beaujeu felt his way along to the arms-rack and took down his sword and came back with it to his seat by the window. Never hold her again . . . never hear her voice. The words chimed in his brain. M. de Beaujeu drew off the sheath and began to play with his sword.

The lithe wrist tried its poise, and the steel shimmered cold in the pale light. A good blade. Faith, it had served him even too well. It had saved him to live through this last hour. Too well, egad. Ruins of hope were not comfortable company. Sure, God was daintily cruel: to let him conquer and give for guerdon helplessness, to let him live while he knew himself dead. Ay, he had been a fool to hope so high, to hope at all, but to live yet—well, it was a good blade. Might serve him once again, never yet so well. M. de Beaujeu laughed to his sword and caressed it.

He stood up and walked to the corner, feeling his way along the wall. He set the hilt in the angle of the wainscot, and steadying the blade in his bandaged hand stepped back to get his distance. Then, with the point set against his heart, paused for a moment. Other fortunes than his own troubled suddenly the thoughts of M. de Beaujeu.

Thus far he had been a curst bad friend, a curst bad lover. Was there aught he could do

still? For Rose? No. The hour was past for that. To her he could be only a wretched burden, such as she must not bear. For Healy? Ay, Healy had begged a promise to wait his coming. Healy wanted something, perhaps. Bah, but what could a blind man do? *Enfin*, he had promised. He would wait. M. de Beaujeu made his way to the window, nursing his sword. Of instinct he yearned for the light.

But the sun had passed to the west, the fire was no more than quivering red ash, and Beaujeu stood in shadow and shivered.

Soon the latch clicked, there were footsteps, and the rustle of a dress, and a gay voice cried, "Beaujeu!"

M. de Beaujeu turned with the naked sword in his hand.

"Beaujeu, 'tis I—and my wife!"

"You? You are Jack, I think?" says Beaujeu slowly.

Jack had come close to him and stared, round-eyed.

"Egad, have you forgot us?" he cried. "Jack Dane and Nell."

Beaujeu bowed at the sound. "Pardon. You see I—I do not see very well. I am blind."

"Blind!" Jack gasped, and started back, and Nell came running forward crying.

"Monsieur!" and caught his hands on the sword in hers.

"Pray do not be distressed," says Beaujeu in his passionless voice. "Did I understand Mr Dane? May I give you joy?"

"Ah, monsieur, am I not to care?" says Nell very softly, clinging to his hands. "You fought for me. May I not remember?"

Beaujeu, standing very stiff, stared over her head for a moment, then bowed swiftly and kissed her hands.

"But, Beaujeu, man, how were you hurt?" cried Jack.

Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "Does it matter?" he said, and laughed.

There was silence awhile, and then, "Will you hold this still, monsieur?" said Nell, tremulously trying to take the sword.

"Why, the touch is pleasant," said Beaujeu smiling, "and one likes one's little pleasures."

Nell's lip was trembling, and Jack came heavily forward to take the blade away, but she stayed him with her eyes. "At least you will sit with me, monsieur," she said, and she drew him to a chair and sat beside him with her hand still on his, and Jack stood comically on guard by his right arm. "I do not know how to thank you——" Nell began.

"*Corbleu*, do not try!" cried Beaujeu sharply. "It is one of the few things I think of with pleasure." There was silence awhile, and to break it, "You are new come from Surrey then?" says he.

"How do you know that?" cried Jack.

"Ah, Mistress Nell has heather in her dress."

Nell looked down at the little grey sprig on her shoulder, then turned in surprise to the blind eyes. "But how could you guess?" she cried.

"Have you never met the wind from the heather after rain?" said Beaujeu smiling.

"Ay, a west wind on Monument Hill," says Master Jack, laughing at Nell. And Nell blushed. "Faith, Nell has never been there!" and daring her frown, he laughed wickedly.

"'Tis a place where one does foolish things," says Nell, with a toss of her head.

M. de Beaujeu began to understand. "At least you were happy in the scene," he said smiling.

Jack stared at him. "What?" Jack cried. "Do you know it?"

"I have ridden through your shire," says Beaujeu quickly.

"What a pox were you doing on Monument Hill?"

"On it? Eh, nothing at all."

"Yet you know how it looks," says Jack frowning. "Egad, how do you know it at all?"

Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "A chance. I was riding from a village—Ripley is it? Ripley? yes—and across by a plank bridge, I——"

"That bridge has been broke five years," said Jack, sharply. "Now when did you cross it?"

"I have been in England before," said Beaujeu. "Eh, but you weary me with your bridges and hills. I——"

The door opened. Mr Wharton stalked in gaunt and grim. "'Tis Tom Wharton, Beaujeu," says he, and took Beaujeu's hand and gripped it

a moment. "I have but just seen that sallow skeleton Bentinck and heard. I have consoled him with a character of himself and his curst master. But begad you'll try a pass with Little Hooknose yet, and damme I'll back you through hell!"

"Thank you. But did Bentinck tell you that I was blind?"

"Ay," growled Wharton, and bestowed an oath on M. de Bentinck's narrative style.

"*Bien.* I will let His Highness rest. He cannot give me my eyes."

Mr Wharton fell back a step. He did not argue it. Mr Wharton himself did not discover much in life for a blind man. Then his deep-set eyes fell on Jack and began to glitter. "So you have found your cousin?" says he.

"Cousin?" cried Jack.

And Beaujeu started up and dropped his sword. "Do you jest with me now, Mr Wharton?" he said harshly.

"I call you——"

Beaujeu sprang at the sound. "I had your word," he muttered.

"Oh, damn my word," says Wharton easily. "I call you Tom Dane. Cousin Tom—Cousin Jack;" he presented the two to each other.

"You are mad!" cried Beaujeu to Wharton.

"You are my cousin then!" cried Jack to Beaujeu.

"Cousin Jack talks sense," says Mr Wharton.

"I might have known," Jack muttered, while Beaujeu stood biting his lip.

"Well, begad, so you might," Mr Wharton

agreed. "And now that you do——" he looked a conclusion.

Jack turned frowning to Beaujeu. "But, egad, why did you say you were dead?" he cried.

Beaujeu smiled slightly. "In effect I am," says he.

"Why would you have me take your land?"

"I remind you of what I said," says Beaujeu in his passionless voice. "Can my father's son take what your father has held?"

"Would you have me so base as to keep it?" cried Jack flushing.

"Mr Dane, I have not much left but some pride. Pray leave me that."

They were all gazing at the white face, Jack and Nell in sore distress, Mr Wharton with a heavy frown, when the door opened again and Mr Healy came softly in, smiling.

"Monsieur," cried Nell, "monsieur, would you shame us?" and caught at his hand.

Beaujeu quivered. Mr Healy came up behind and put a hand on his shoulder. Beaujeu started round. "Healy?" he cried.

"'Tis myself," says Mr Healy.

"Will you take them away?"

"I will that," says Mr Healy. "Come now," and he waved them to the door.

"Damme, Healy, will you be a fool?" growled Mr Wharton.

"But you do not know——" cried Jack, as Healy urged him on.

"Do I not?" says Mr Healy. "Do I care for him less than you? Come away now, come away," and he shepherded them out.

Mr Wharton, looking back as he was pressed on, saw Beaujeu turn and move slowly, feeling before him towards the grey glint of the sword.

CHAPTER XLIII

M. DE BEAUJEU COMES TO HIS OWN

Now more than ever was the sword desirable. M. de Beaujeu had discovered what it was to be pitied. He did not intend to be pitied again.

Feeling before him, he stooped, and the cold blade met his hand. He raised it, and moved on unsteadily to the side of the room. Then he turned sharp, and, with his right shoulder keeping touch with the wainscot, sought the corner; he made an odd picture, the tall stooping figure nursing his sword like a child, and moving slowly, purposeful.

Rose stood in the doorway, and saw. Then she sped to him, and cast her arms about him, and she cried low, "My dear——!"

There came the long clatter of a fallen sword. Turning in her arms, Beaujeu gazed blindly, and the hawk-face flushed dark. "Rose?" he said hoarsely.

"Who else?"

M. de Beaujeu stood erect, and his hands were clenched at his side. "Why have you come?" he cried.

Still she clung to him, and glowing eyes looked close at the proud haggard face. "Dear heart!" she said tenderly, and gave a little sad laugh.

"Healy brought you. . . . I will speak to Healy," says Beaujeu. "You were wrong to come, child. I'll not have you stay."

Rose drew away from him a little, and caught his hands and held them. "Nor I'll not heed you," she cried, and blood tinged her white cheek. "I stay, Mr Dane. 'Tis my right."

"Right?"

"Do I not love you? Do you not love me?"

"Love?" Beaujeu laughed loud. "Child, what am I to talk of love?"

The girl's bosom rose stormily; the light died in her eyes; she blushed. "Will you shame me again?" she said in a low voice.

"Not that!" cried Beaujeu, starting and flushing. "Oh, God knows you've a right to say it. . . ." He groaned and bit at his lip, and tears stood in the blind eyes.

"Dear I did not mean it," Rose cried, pressing his hands, while a shrill wild laugh broke from her. "I could not think it. I—I—I said it to make you . . . ah, my dear . . ." and her voice broke in a sob.

Beaujeu took one hand from hers, and, groping, put it on her shoulder. "Rose, you have not forgot what you said to me," he said in a low voice. "You denied me; I was too great for you. Now I—'tis I would be the burden. I am dismissed. I have nothing in the world. I am blind. Shall I be less proud

than you? Sure, you'd not let me think shame of myself. You are come in pity. 'Tis more than I can bear. I'll face it out alone. Go, you, and forget."

Rose let his other hand fall. She stood alone, fronting him in her tall beauty, and her eyes glowed. "Sure, Mr Dane, we are both proud!" she cried. "Nor you nor I will take aught from the other. No! You'd rather turn to that sword." Her voice rang out with scorn, and she flung out her hand in a wide gesture of disdain. "That—before me. Pray, will you not use it on me first?"

She waited flushed, and her lips were parted for the quick breath. Beaujeu quivered as he stood, and turned away groaning, and stumbled and staggered. Then she ran to him, and caught him in her arms. "Dear heart," she whispered, "am I never to be happy? . . ." Then betwixt laughing and crying, her face all rosy, "Faith, you've not made me very happy ever yet . . . pray will you not ever, Mr Dane?"

Beaujeu cast one arm about her and drew her closer and she laughed. Then, tilting her chin in his hand so that his blind eyes looked down to hers, "Child, can I?" he said hoarsely.

"Wilt try?" Rose asked smiling.

"God help me," Beaujeu muttered, holding her close; and the two were silent awhile.

"Dear, 'tis just Rose that used to run over the heather," says Rose, clinging to him and talking low to his ear; "Rose in her russet

gown, and she knows nought of being great nor famous nor all the silly things; 'tis just Rose of the Red Barn, and sure she wants nought in the world but Mr Dane, like the poor silly maid that he kissed in the pine wood. But indeed he has forgot that, I think."

"Never," says Beaujeu, and caught her closer yet, and she sighed in his clasp, and he pressed his lips to hers.

So M. de Beaujeu came to his own at last.

In a while they went together to the window and sat there and she nestled against him with his arm about her talking low of the old days when they walked through the heather, and watching him smile.

There came a loud knock at the door and the two rose together, and Rose slipped her hand in his. "Pray come," she cried smiling.

Came somewhat bashfully Jack and Nell. "Healy said we might come," says Jack flushing. "Mistress Charlbury, I—I—I—"

"Indeed, sir, I am glad to give you joy," says Rose gently, and held out her hand. Jack came awkwardly to kiss it, and thereafter stood up very red and speechless. But Rose was looking at Nell and smiling. In a moment Nell ran to her and caught her hands.

"Oh, but I am glad to know you at last," she cried, and the two fair women waited a moment gazing into each other's eyes. Jack and Beaujeu must needs stand humbly apart.

"And now will you help us—again?" said Nell softly.

"Indeed, yes, if I can."

Nell smiled. "Why 'tis with M. de Beaujeu," says she, "and I think you can. You know we have M. de Beaujeu's lands—and unjustly! But he"—she looked reproachful at monsieur, and Rose's eyes went with her—"he'll not take them from us. He'd have us keep them as if he hated us. Indeed 'tis mighty well to be proud—oh, I do not mean to hurt——" Beaujeu's lips had quivered, and Rose turned to her with darkening eyes. "Indeed, indeed I do not mean to hurt," cried Nell flushing.

Jack stepped up to Beaujeu. "Cousin," says he in a low voice, "you know well enough 'tis no charity, this. You must know I cannot hold Bourne. God knows the shame of the past is mine not yours. And you——" Beaujeu held out his hand and Jack's heavy frown lifted as he gripped at it.

Beaujeu turned. "Nell, I think I have been proud long enough," says he smiling.

* * * * *

In the corridor over the river Mr Healy and Mr Wharton paced up and down together. Mr Wharton was morose to see and silent.

"You will be philosophising?" Mr Healy enquired.

Mr Wharton looked up with a scowl. "Begad," says he, "I am wondering why our curious God could not let Sherborne's bullies finish their work."

"Sure 'tis amiable to complain," Mr Healy remarked.

"Oh, life is a damned boon," says Mr Wharton sneering. "And here is a poor devil *that has

learnt to live for his plots and his fighting is told he must lose them all and live out his seventy years as helpless as a blind puppy. Zounds, what has he left that he cared for? Beaujeu, that is prouder than Lucifer, has to be fed and led for a forty year. "Damme, tis terrestrial hell!"

Mr Healy, contemplating his toes, did not answer for a while. Then he looked up and spoke very slowly: "Faith, 'tis himself should be more worth to a man than his work. . . . I have thought, do you know, that at whiles God will be spoiling a man's work to save the poor soul's self."

Mr Wharton stared at him. "Humph," says Mr Wharton with a shrug. "I do not know Beaujeu's chances of heaven, but on earth he is sure of hell."

Mr Healy beheld afar on the stair the dainty grace of Nancy Leigh, and he watched her vanish before he turned again to Mr Wharton. He looked with a whimsical smile at the ugly scowling face. "Sure 'tis something in life to make one dear soul happy," says Mr Healy.

Mr Wharton gave forth a scornful laugh, but a door opened behind them and Mr Healy turned away from him. Down the corridor towards Mr Wharton's wondering eyes came Beaujeu and Rose. His hand lay in the girl's arm, her cheeks were daintily flushed, she smiled a little and her eyes glowed like dark gold. M. de Beaujeu walked with a free light step, he bore himself soldierly, the blind eyes were bright and he too was smiling.

"Oh, *Damme!*" says Mr Wharton.

**PRINTED AT THE EDINBURGH PRESS
9 AND 11 YOUNG STREET**

NEW AND POPULAR 6s. NOVELS

The Red-Haired Woman. Her Autobiography. By Miss LOUISE KENNY.

Raw Material. Some Characters and Episodes among Working Lads. By Miss PHYLLIS BOTTOME.

"These 'characters and episodes among working lads' are exceptionally good. The author's rare sense of humour never degenerates into flippancy, nor her pathos into sentimentality. 'The Chitter' is delightful throughout, and the climax is exquisite. . . . Indeed, the great charm of the book is that we are given facts, not theories, nor patent remedies."—*The Guardian*.

The Cloak of Friendship. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN, Author of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," etc.

The Hill. By HORACE A. VACHELL.

"An inspiring book, which should be read by all boys, whether they are Harrovians or not; by men who were at public schools, and who would like to be taken back to their school days for several brief, entrancing hours; and by those who can appreciate a story full of optimism, vivid portraiture, humour, tenderness, and a knowledge of the human boy that is quite remarkable."—*World*.

Brothers. By HORACE A. VACHELL.

"A book to love and to live in awhile, and a book which will not lightly be forgotten."—*Westminster Gazette*.

The Pinch of Prosperity. By HORACE A. VACHELL.

"... very striking novel, which must add to the author's already great reputation for sound and thoughtful work."—*Vanity Fair*.

Shadowy Third. By HORACE A. VACHELL.

"An exceedingly well-written and well-conceived novel."—*Athenaum*.

John Charity. By HORACE A. VACHELL.

"A novel full of incident, passion, and character, told with unusual dramatic power."—*Guardian*.

In the Arena. By BOOTH TARKINGTON.

"Capital stories. . . . 'Hector' is a truly magnificent character study. . . . It is, we think, one of the truest, most ironic, and most telling studies in modern American fiction."—*Daily Graphic*.

A Quixotic Woman. By ISOBEL FITZROY.

"Agreeable to read, and never dull, so that it should have no lack of readers."—*The Scotsman*.

"The author arrests and holds the attention of the reader from the first."—*The World*.

In the Straits of Hope. By ELEANOR CROPPER.

"We shall be surprised if Miss Eleanor Cropper's brilliant novel does not achieve an exceptional success."—*Court Journal*.

The Greatness of Josiah Porlick. By ANON.

"This is a fine book."—*The Times*.

The Veil of the Temple. By W. H. MALLOCK.

"... We have rarely seen the connection between civilization and the postulates of religion more convincingly or incisively emphasised."—*Athenaum*.

Fort Amity. By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

"A high-pulsing tale of bodily adventure. . . . It is interesting throughout."—*The Times*.

NEW AND POPULAR 6s. NOVELS

The Odd-Job Man. By OLIVER ONIONS.

"A novel of merit."—*The Times*.

Tales from a Far Riding. By OLIVER ONIONS.

"... clearly conceived and powerfully told ... they are excellent in their peculiar fashion, without a weak spot among them."—*The Guardian*.

Danny. By ALFRED OLLIVANT.

"... The work is notable for the fineness of its sympathy and the delicacy of its natural art, as well as new in its kind. ... A very real story, of real humour, real pathos, and real character."—*The Times*.

Moth and Rust. By MARY CHOLMONDELEY.

"... A fine story, admirably told."—*World*.

The Valley of Decision. By EDITH WHARTON.

"... a really brilliant work."—*The Spectator*.

Tristram of Blent. By ANTHONY HOPE.

"There is originality of construction, of character, and of dialogue ... often epigrammatic, often paradoxical, but still more often delightfully humorous."—*The Times*.

Sabrina Warham. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

"The book has much that is true and beautiful."—*Morning Post*.

The Little Neighbour. By MARY DEANE.

"The story is beautifully written with pictorial grace."—*The World*.

"A fresh, original piece of work ... a story which we follow with excited curiosity ... a sweet oasis in the arid desert of modern fiction, and a book that will be remembered when the names of most of the productions of Miss Deane's contemporaries have long been forgotten."—*Court Journal*.

The Rose Spinner. By MARY DEANE.

"An exceptionally well-written story."—*Outlook*.

Treasure and Heart. By MARY DEANE.

"A charming story."—*The Times*.

Henry Brocken. By W. J. DE LA MARE (WALTER RAMAL).

"It has been reserved for Mr De La Mare, if not to create, at any rate to develop, with remarkable skill and picturesqueness, a form of traveller's tale which should appeal to an age thirsting for a fresh literary sensation, and bewailing the absence of any new thing under the sun, with all the charm of an original discovery."—*The Spectator*.

Leslie Farquhar. By ROSALINE MASSON.

"... The most attractive Scotch novel that we have read for a long while ... a novel to be recommended."—*The Standard*.

The Wind in the Rose Bush. By MARY E. WILKINS.

"... wonderfully artistic and enthralling tales of the supernatural."—*Vanity Fair*.

The Heart's Highway. By MARY E. WILKINS.

2s. 6d. NET NOVELS

The Beautiful Lady. By BOOTH TARKINGTON.

Bert Edward, The Golf Caddie. By HORACE HUTCHINSON.

"This is a really charming story, a change, how delightful it would not be easy to say, from the bitter fare on which we are too often treated."—*The Spectator*.

The Dream and the Man. By MRS BAILLIE REYNOLDS (G. M. ROBINS).

"A literary curio of unexpected charm."—*Outlook*.

The Gathering of Brother Hilarius. By MICHAEL FAIRLESS.

"An idyll in prose. . . . A fascinating piece of mediæval romance."—*The Times*.

Monsieur Beaucaire. By BOOTH TARKINGTON.

"Inside and outside, from cover to cover, 'Monsieur Beaucaire' is a charming surprise. The story fascinates; it is vivid, dramatic, original, piquant."—*Pilot*.

Mrs Green. By EVELYNE ELSYE RYND.

"Will be found distinctly interesting."—*The Globe*.

The Compleat Bachelor. By OLIVER ONIONS.

"'The Compleat Bachelor' my Baronite finds just delicious."—Baron De B. W. in *Punch*.

A Gift from the Grave. By EDITH WHARTON.

An Episode on a Desert Island. By the Author of "Miss Molly."

The Inn of the Silver Moon. By HERMAN K. VIELÉ.

Antonia. By JESSIE VAN ZILE BELDEN.

THE OLD STORIES OF IRELAND

Edited and Translated by LADY GREGORY.

Cuchulain of Muirthemne. The Story of the Men of the Red Branch of Ulster. Second Edition. Large Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

"It is the best book that has come from Ireland in recent years."—*Times*.

Poets and Dreamers. Studies and Translations from the Irish. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

"... her book is one to which all lovers of Ireland and Irish literature will turn with keen enjoyment, and that more than once."—*Times*.

POPULAR EDITIONS OF
MR MURRAY'S STANDARD WORKS

Large Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net each.

Letters from High Latitudes, being some Account of a Voyage, in 1856, in the Schooner Yacht *Foam*, to Iceland, Jan Meyen, and Spitzbergen. By the late MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN. With Portrait and Illustrations. Large Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

The Lion Hunter of South Africa. Five Years' Adventure in the Far Interior of South Africa, with Notices of the Native Tribes and Savages. By ROUALEYN GORDON CUMMING. With 16 Woodcuts. Large Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

English Battles and Sieges in the Peninsula. By Lieut.-Gen. Sir WILLIAM NAPIER, K.C.B. With Portrait. Large Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

A History of the Siege of Gibraltar. By JOHN DRINKWATER. With Map. Large Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

The Life of John Nicholson, Soldier and Administrator. By Captain LIONEL J. TROTTER. With Portrait and 3 Maps. Large Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

The Rob Roy on the Jordan. A Canoe Cruise in Palestine, Egypt, and the Waters of Damascus. By JOHN MACGREGOR, M.A., Captain of the Royal Canoe Club. With Maps and Illustrations. Large Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

Hawaiian Archipelago. The Palm Groves, Coral Reefs, and Volcanoes of the Sandwich Islands. By Mrs BISHOP (Isabella L. Bird). With Illustrations. Large Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

Unbeaten Tracks in Japan. Travels in the Interior, including visits to the Aborigines of Yezo and the Shrine of Nikho. By Mrs BISHOP (Isabella L. Bird). With Illustrations. Large Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

The Personal Life of David Livingstone. By WILLIAM GARDEN BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D. With Portrait and Map. Large Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

POPULAR EDITIONS OF
MR MURRAY'S STANDARD WORKS

Large Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net each.

The New Forest. Its Traditions, Inhabitants, and Customs.
By ROSE C. DE CRESPIGNY and HORACE HUTCHINSON. With a
Photogravure Frontispiece, other Illustrations and a Map. Large
Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

Historical Memorials of Canterbury. By the late
ARTHUR P. STANLEY, Dean of Westminster. With Plans and
Illustrations. Large Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

Stanley's Life of Arnold. With Preface by Sir JOSHUA
FITCH. With Portrait and other Illustrations. Large Crown
8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

Lux Mundi. A Series of Studies in the Religion of the
Incarnation by Various Writers. Edited by the Right Rev.
CHARLES GORE, D.D. Large Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

THE AUTHORITATIVE EDITION OF
GEORGE BORROW'S WORKS

Large Crown 8vo. With Illustrations. 6s. each.

Also Pocket Edition printed on Thin Paper. With Photogravure
Frontispiece. In Leather, 2s. 6d. net. Cloth, 2s. net.

**The Bible in Spain ; or, the Journeys, Adventures, and
Imprisonments of an Englishman in an Attempt to Circulate the
Scriptures in the Peninsula.** With Notes and Glossary by ULICK
BURKE, M.A.

**The Gypsies of Spain : Their Manners, Customs, Religion,
and Language.**

Lavengro : The Scholar, the Gipsy, the Priest.

Romany Rye : A Sequel to "Lavengro."

Wild Wales : Its People, Language, and Scenery.

**Romano Lavo Lil ; or, The Word Book of the Gipsy
Language.** By the late GEORGE BORROW. Large Crown 8vo, 6s.

This book has been out of print for many years, but the revived interest in Borrow's
writings has called for a reprint.

**The Life, Writings, and Correspondence of George
Borrow, 1803-1881.** Based on Official and other Authentic
Documents. By Professor WILLIAM I. KNAPP, PH.D., LL.D.
With Portrait and Illustrations. 2 Vols. Demy 8vo, 32s.

"It was worth waiting for . . . an exceedingly fascinating book."—*Manchester
Guardian*.

POPULAR EDITION OF THE
WORKS OF SAMUEL SMILES.

Large Crown 8vo, bound in a specially designed cover,
3s. 6d. each.

Self-Help. With Illustrations of Conduct and Perseverance.
Illustrated.

Character. A Book of Noble Characteristics.

Duty. With Illustrations of Courage, Patience, and Endurance.

Thrift. A Book of Domestic Counsel.

Industrial Biography. Iron-Workers and Tool-Makers.

Life and Labour; or, Characteristics of Men of Industry, Culture, and Genius.

Men of Invention and Industry. With Illustrations.

The Life of a Scotch Naturalist, Thos. Edward.
With Portrait and Illustrations.

James Nasmyth, Engineer. An Autobiography. Portrait and Illustrations.

Jasmin. Barber, Poet, Philanthropist.

Josiah Wedgwood. The great Artistic Potter. His Personal History.

Boy's Voyage Round the World. Illustrated.

Robert Dick, Geologist and Botanist. With Portrait and numerous Illustrations.

The Huguenots. Their Settlements, Churches, and Industries in England and Ireland.

Lives of the Engineers: from the Earliest Period to the Death of the Stephensons. Portraits and Illustrations. 5 vols.
Popular Edition. Large Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. each.

Vermuyden, Myddleton, Perry, James Brindley—Early Engineers.

Smeaton and Rennie—Harbours, Lighthouses, and Bridges.

Metcalfe and Telford—History of Roads.

Boulton and Watt—The Steam Engine.

George and Robert Stephenson—The Locomotive.

Life of George Stephenson. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

A Publisher and his Friends: Memoir and Correspondence of the second John Murray, with an Account of the Origin and Progress of the House, 1768-1843. With Portraits. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 32s.

Autobiography of Samuel Smiles. Edited by THOMAS MACKAY. With Portraits. Demy 8vo, 15s. net.

Four Volumes of Poems by BLISS CARMAN.

Large Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net each.

The Pipes of Pan.

Songs of the Sea Children.

From the Green Book of the Bards.

Songs from a Northern Garden.

"Mr Carman's verses attain a notable gracefulness, both in thought and expression. The note of joy runs in them all like a fine sap . . . the entire work is a treasure and a delight."—*To-Day*.

Poems. By BLISS CARMAN. Limited Edition on Hand-Made Paper, 2 vols., Folio, Polish Persian, £2, 2s. net.

Essays by BLISS CARMAN.

The Kinship of Nature. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"It is long since we came across a new book with so much at once of invigoration and charm."—*Glasgow Herald*.

The Friendship of Art. With Portrait. Large crown 8vo, 6s.

TO ALL LOVERS OF MUSIC.

MR MURRAY'S MUSICAL SERIES.

Crown 8vo, 5s. net each.

The Orchestra and Orchestral Music. With 8 Portraits and other Illustrations.

What is Good Music? Suggestions to Persons desiring to Cultivate a Taste in Musical Art.

How Music Developed. By W. J. HENDERSON.

Music : How it came to be what it is. By HANNAH SMITH. With Illustrations.

Songs and Song Writers. By HENRY T. FINCK. With 8 Portraits.

The Opera Past and Present. An Historical Sketch. By WILLIAM FOSTER APTHORP. With Portraits.

Choirs and Choral Music. By ARTHUR MEES. With Portraits.

How to Listen to Music. Hints and Suggestions to Untaught Lovers of the Art. By HENRY EDWARD KREHBIEL. With 11 Portraits.

A Book of British Song. Edited by CECIL J. SHARP, Principal of the Hampstead Conservatoire. With Pianoforte Score and Words. Large 4to, 7s. 6d. net. Also a small crown 8vo edition with Words and Airs only. Cloth, 2s.; paper, 1s. 6d.

"We have nothing but praise for 'A Book of British Song.' . . . The songs are exceedingly well chosen, and represent the choicest of our great store of traditional ballads. . . . In the music of school and home nothing better than this wholesome and handy collection of national songs could be desired, and we cordially wish it success."—*Yorkshire Post*.

WORKS BY MRS BISHOP

(ISABELLA L. BIRD).

Hawaiian Archipelago; or, Six Months among the Palm Groves, Coral Reefs, and Volcanoes of the Sandwich Islands. Illustrations. Cheap Edition. Large Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains. Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

The Golden Chersonese and the Way Thither. Illustrations. Large Crown 8vo, 14s.

Unbeaten Tracks in Japan. Illustrations. Cheap Edition. Large Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

Korea and Her Neighbours. A Narrative of Travel, with an Account of the Recent Vicissitudes and Present Position of the Country. Cheap Edition. With Maps and Illustrations. In one vol. 5s. net.

Journeys in Persia and Kurdistan. With Maps and Illustrations. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, 24s.

The Yang-tse Valley and Beyond. An Account of Journeys in Central and Western China, chiefly in the Province of Sze-Chuan, and among the Man-tze of the Somo Territory. With Map and Illustrations. 8vo, 21s. net.

CHEAP EDITION OF

DARWIN'S LIFE AND WORKS.

Large Crown 8vo. Green cloth, 2s. 6d. net each vol.

Charles Darwin. His Life told in an Autobiographical Chapter and in a Selected Series of his Published Letters. Edited by his son, FRANCIS DARWIN. With Portrait.

The Origin of Species, by means of Natural Selection. Also smaller type, paper covers, 1s. net.

The Descent of Man, and Selection in relation to Sex. With Illustrations.

The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication. With Illustrations. 2 vols.

A Naturalist's Voyage. Journal of Researches into the Natural History and Geology of the countries visited during the voyage of H.M.S. *Beagle* round the world, under the command of Captain FITZROY, R.N. With many Illustrations.

The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms, with Observations on their Habits. With Illustrations.

The Various Contrivances by which Orchids are Fertilised by Insects. With Illustrations.

The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals. Edited by FRANCIS DARWIN. With Photographic and other Illustrations.

The Poetical Works of Lord Byron. The only complete and copyright text in one volume. Edited with an Introduction by ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE. Crown 8vo. With Photogravure Portrait. Price 6s. net.

The Confessions of Lord Byron : A Collection of His Private Opinions of Men and of Matters, taken from the New and Enlarged Edition of his "Letters and Journals." Arranged by W. A. LEWIS BETTANY. With Two Portraits in Photogravure. Square Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

"Here in this handy volume is the cream of the correspondence skimmed by a skilful and appreciative hand. It presents a portrait, done by himself for the Uffizi Gallery of Literature, of one of the strongest, most remarkable personalities ever born into a world it occasionally shocked."—"THE BARON DE BOOK WORMS," in *Punch*.

The House of Quiet. An Autobiography. By J. T. Fourth Impression. Demy 8vo, 8s. net.

"These sketches are done with a delicate sympathy, with observation, and with an amused quiet humour which has great charm . . . they are attractive, sweet, and human; we should call them clever if they were not something much better than clever."—*Athenaeum*.

Between the Acts. By HENRY W. NEVINSON, Author of "The Plea of Pan." Cheap Edition. Square Demy 8vo, 6s.

"You will be more than charmed, even fascinated, by the scenes and sketches in Mr Nevinson's 'Between the Acts.'"—*Truth*.

The Sailing of the Long-Ships, and other Poems. By HENRY NEWBOLT. Author of "Admirals All," "The Island Race," etc. Third Impression. Small Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

"This volume will be acquired and valued by all who care for vigorous and tender verse."—*Globe*.

The Year of Trafalgar. Being an Account of the Battle and of the Events which led up to it, with a collection of the Poems and Ballads written thereupon between 1805 and 1905. By HENRY NEWBOLT, Author of "Admirals All," "The Island Race," "The Sailing of the Long-ships," etc. With Photogravure Portrait of Lord Nelson, Maps, and Plans. Large Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

"This combination of naval history, tactical criticism, and poetical appreciation affords a theme which seems specially suited to Mr Newbolt's genius. . . . We can only be grateful to Mr Newbolt for giving us a book at once opportune for the moment, and withal so written as to be valuable and interesting for much more than the moment."—*The Times Literary Supplement*.

Round the Horn Before the Mast. By A. BASIL LUBBOCK. Cheap Edition, with Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"Mr Basil Lubbock has written a book that Clark Russell could hardly have given us in his palmiest days. . . . Not the least remarkable feature of this fascinating 'yarn' is its obvious truthfulness. Who takes up Mr Lubbock's tale of the sea, and puts it down before finishing it, must be a dull individual."—*Sunday Special*.

River, Road, and Rail. Some Engineering Reminiscences of Undertakings in Various Parts of the World, including the Simplon Tunnel and the Zambesi Falls Bridge. By FRANCIS FOX, Memb. Inst. Civil Engineers. With Illustrations. Large Crown 8vo, 8s. net.

"A really charming dissertation on the lighter side of engineering. . . . The book is full of entertainment."—*Morning Post*.

From the Cape to the Zambesi. By G. T. HUTCHINSON. With an Introduction by Colonel FRANK RHODES, C.B., D.S.O. With many Illustrations from Photographs taken by Colonel Rhodes and the Author. Square Demy 8vo, 9s. net.

"The whole book is really an enlightening one on South Africa, and is worthy of careful attention by statesmen, politicians, economists, and general readers."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

Sixteen Years in Siberia. The Experiences of a Russian Revolutionist. By LEO DEUTSCH. Translated and Edited by HELEN CHISHOLM. With a new preface and the correspondence of Prince Bismarck and Count von Bulow on the extradition of the Author and others. With Portraits and other Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 6s. net.

"It is one of those absorbing human documents which hold and thrill you from its first line to its last . . . a story the dramatic features of which far exceed anything that even the wildest melodramatist would have dared to invent . . . with this important difference in the interest, that it is all true—is all a narration of real men, real women, real society."—*T.P.'s Weekly*.

Point and Pillow Lace. A Short Account of various kinds, Ancient and Modern, and how to recognise them. By MARY SHARP. With Illustrations. Cheap Edition. Square Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

Sun-Babies. Studies in Indian Child Life. By CORNELIA SORABJI. With Illustrations. Square Demy 8vo, 6s.

"Miss Sorabji's charmingly-written little book, in which that remarkable woman tells, in eight sketches, the story of the child-life of India, and incidentally not a little of the profoundly absorbing story of Indian domestic life at large. The book is full of a wonderful tenderness."—*Vanity Fair*.

An Indian Garden. By Mrs HENRY COOPER EGGAR. With Coloured Frontispiece and 18 Illustrations. Square Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

"Mrs Eggar's notes are delightful. . . . Readers in England and in India will profit by a book in which the descriptions are as true as they are well told, with vivacity and spirit remarkable anywhere, but positively astonishing in a 'ditch-dweller.'"—*Athenæum*.

The Heart of a Continent. A narrative of travels in Manchuria, across the Gobi Desert, through the Himalayas, the Pamirs, and Hunza, 1884-1894. By Col. Sir FRANCIS EDWARD YOUNGHUSBAND, K.C.I.E. With Portrait of Author, a Map, and other Illustrations. New and Cheaper Edition. Demy 8vo, 6s. net.

"One of the most interesting books of Asiatic travel we possess, and should be welcome to a wide circle of readers. . . . Colonel Younghusband has an interesting and varied theme, and he tells his story well. This narrative by one of our most famous explorers should be read by all who aspire to serve their country in the East for it is a model of conduct, as well as a storehouse of information."—*World*.

Some Indian Friends and Acquaintances. By Lieut.-Col. D. D. CUNNINGHAM, C.I.E., F.R.S. With 8 Coloured and numerous other Illustrations by the Author. Square Demy 8vo, 12s. net.

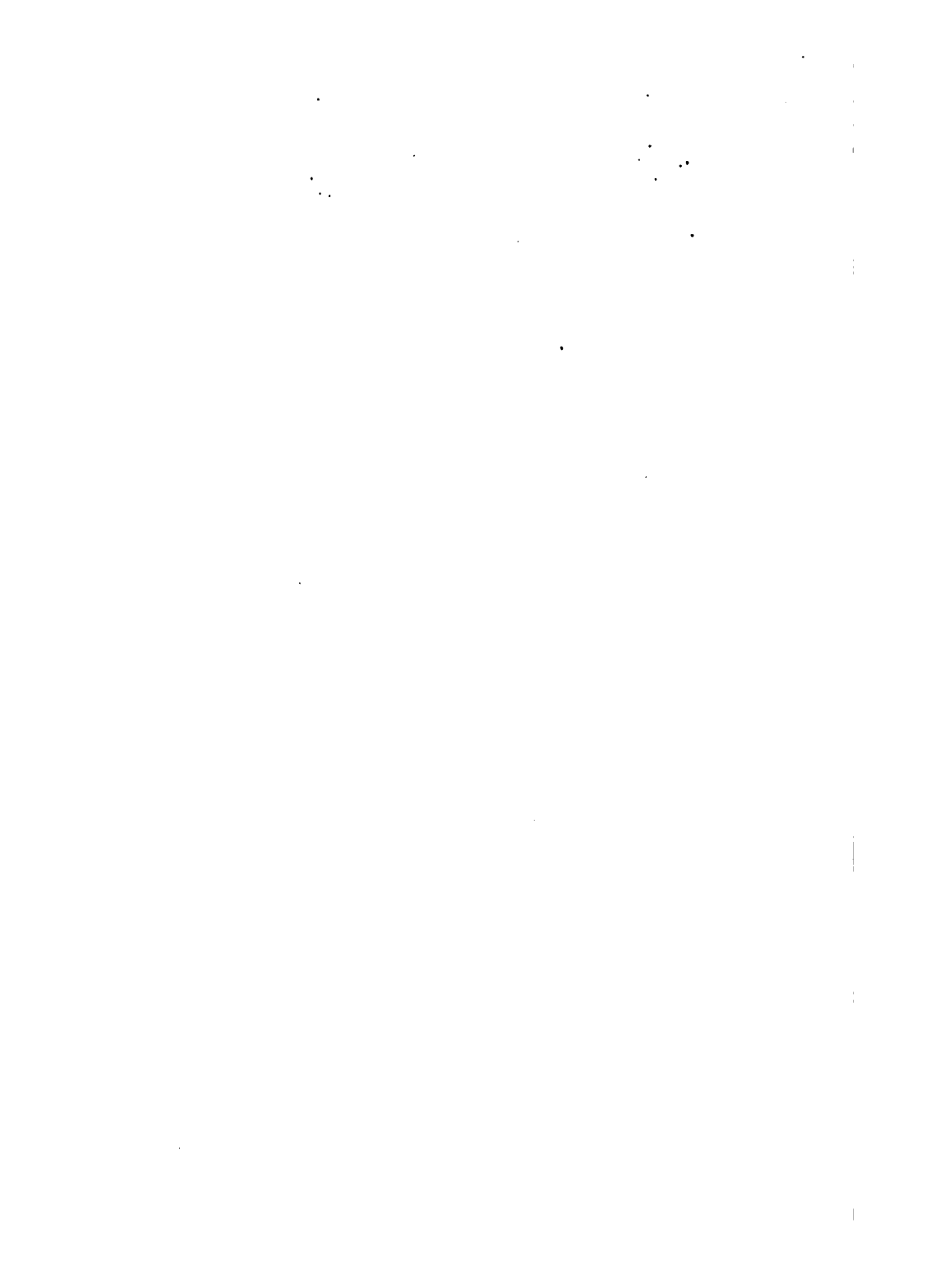
"Seldom does a book give us such unqualified pleasure. It is at once popular and scientific, written in a pleasing style and with a thorough knowledge of the subject."—*The Guardian*.

"Colonel Cunningham has made his account of his little Indian friends and acquaintances most fascinating."—*Morning Post*.

Animals that have Owned Us. By W. H. POLLOCK, Author of "Verses Old and New," "Nine Men's Morrice," etc. Square Demy, 5s. net.

"Written lightly, brightly, and humorously, these sketches of observation are very pleasant reading."—*The Guardian*.

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.



Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 019 485 957

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
CECIL H. GREEN LIBRARY
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004
(415) 723-1493

All books may be recalled after 7 days

DATE DUE

